



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

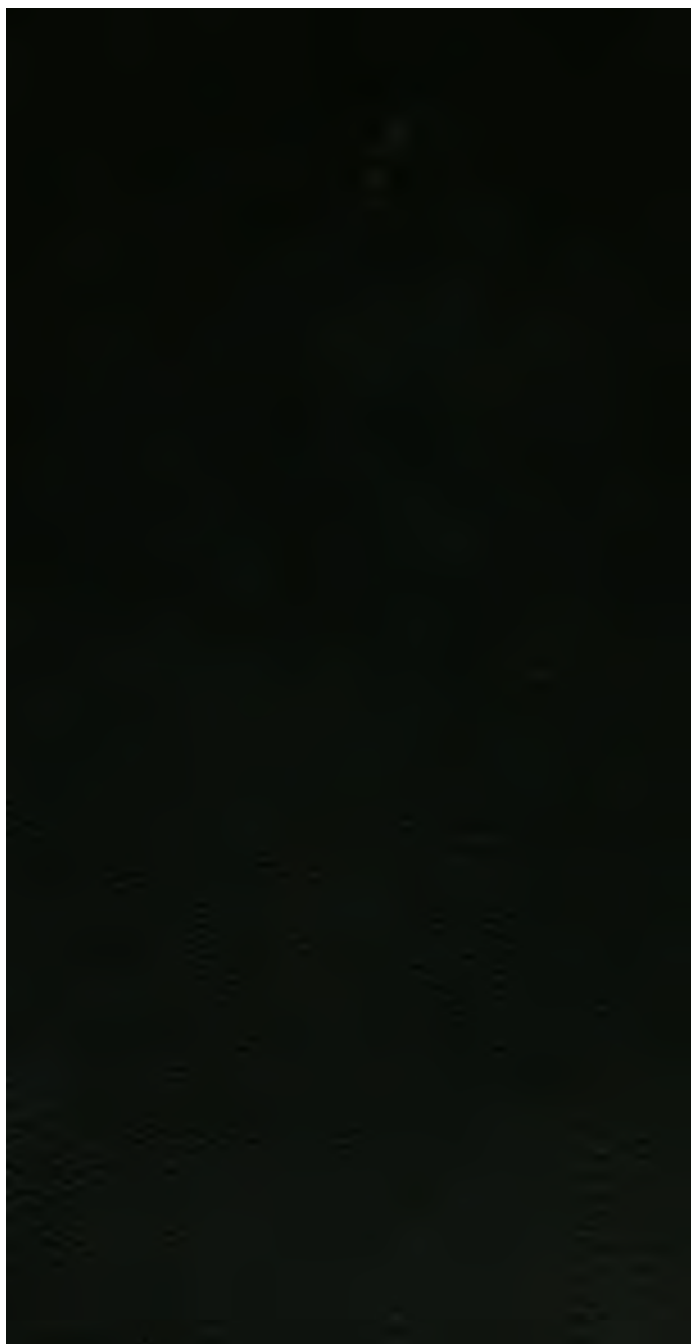
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

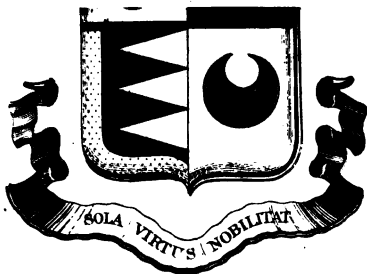
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



KF 25106

FROM
THE DON QUIXOTE
COLLECTION GIVEN
TO THE
HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY BY
CARL T. KELLER, '94



WILLIAM HENDERSON.

Ex Libris
Edwin Clark Jones.





THE
HISTORY
OF
DON QUIXOTE.



THE
HISTORY
OF
THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN,
DON QUIXOTE
OF
LA MANCHA;

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH,
By MOTTEUX.

A NEW EDITION,
WITH
COPIOUS NOTES;
AND
AN ESSAY ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
CERVANTES.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO. LONDON;
AND ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO.,
EDINBURGH.

1822.

KF 25106



Printed by James Ballantyne and Co., Edinburgh.

CONTENTS
OF
VOLUME FOURTH.

PART II.—CONTINUED.

	PAGE.
CHAPTER XVII.	
Where you will find set forth the highest and utmost proof that great Don Quixote ever gave, or could give, of his incredible Courage ; with the successful issue of the Adventure of the Lions	1
CHAPTER XVIII.	
How Don Quixote was entertained at the Castle or House of the Knight of the Green Coat, with other extravagant Passages	16
CHAPTER XIX.	
The Adventure of the Amorous Shepherd, and other truly comical Passages	29
CHAPTER XX.	
An Account of rich Camacho's wedding, and what befel poor Basil	38
CHAPTER XXI.	
The progress of Camacho's Wedding, with other delight- ful Accidents	50

CHAPTER XXII.

- An Account of the great Adventure of Montesinos' Cave,
situated in the heart of La Mancha, which the val-
orous Don Quixote successfully achieved 58

CHAPTER XXIII.

- Of the wonderful Things which the unparalleled Don
Quixote declared he had seen in the deep Cave of Mon-
tesinos, the greatness and impossibility of which makes
this Adventure pass for apocryphal 70

CHAPTER XXIV.

- Which gives an account of a thousand Flimflams and Sto-
ries, as impertinent as necessary to the right understand-
ing of this grand History 84

CHAPTER XXV.

- Where you find the grounds of the Braying Adventures,
that of the Puppet-player, and the memorable divining
of the fortune-telling Ape 94

CHAPTER XXVI.

- A pleasant Account of the Puppet-play, with other very
good Things truly 106

CHAPTER XXVII.

- Wherein is discovered who Master Peter was, and his
Ape; as also Don Quixote's ill success in the Braying
Adventure, which did not end so happily as he desired
and expected 118

CHAPTER XXVIII.

- Of some things which Benengeli tells us he that reads
shall know, if he reads them with attention 129

CHAPTER XXIX.

The famous Adventure of the Enchanted Bark . . . 137

CHAPTER XXX.

What happened to Don Quixote with the Fair Huntress 146

CHAPTER XXXI.

Which treats of many and great Matters . . . 153

CHAPTER XXXII.

Don Quixote's Answer to his reprover, with other grave
and merry Accidents . . . 166

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The savoury Conference which the Duchess and her Wo-
men held with Sancho Panza, worth your reading and
observation . . . 187

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Containing Ways and Means for disenchanting the peer-
less Dulcinea del Toboso, being one of the most famous
Adventures in the whole book . . . 198

CHAPTER XXXV.

Wherein is contained the Information given to Don Quix-
ote how to disenchant Dulcinea, with other wonderful
Passages . . . 209

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The strange and never-thought-of Adventure of the Dis-
consolate Matron, *alias* the Countess Trifaldi, with
Sancho Panza's Letter to his wife, Tereza Panza . . 219

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The famous Adventure of the Disconsolate Matron con-
tinued . . . 227

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Account which the Disconsolate Matron gives of her Misfortune	231
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Where Trifaldi continues her stupendous and memorable Story	241
---	-----

CHAPTER XL.

Of some Things that relate to this Adventure, and appertain to this memorable Story	245
---	-----

CHAPTER XLI.

Of Clavileno's (<i>alias</i> Wooden Peg's) arrival, with the Conclusion of this tedious Adventure	244
--	-----

CHAPTER XLII.

The Instructions which Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza before he went to the Government of his Island, with other Matters of Moment	267
---	-----

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Second Part of Don Quixote's advice to Sancho Panza.	275
--	-----

NOTES	285
-----------------	-----

THE
L I F E
AND
ACHIEVEMENTS
OF THE RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART II.—CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Where you will find set forth the highest and utmost proof that great Don Quixote ever gave, or could give, of his incredible Courage ; with the successful issue of the Adventure of the Lions.

THE history relates, that Sancho was chaffering with the shepherds for some curds, when Don Quixote called to him ; and finding that his master was in haste, he did not know what to do with them, nor what to bring them in ; yet loth to lose his purchase (for he had already paid for them) he bethought

himself at last of clapping them into the helmet, where having them safe, he went to know his master's pleasure. As soon as he came up to him, "Give me that helmet, friend," said the knight, "for if I understand any thing of adventures, I des-cry one yonder that obliges me to arm."

The gentleman in green, hearing this, looked about to see what was the matter, but could perceive nothing but a waggon, which made towards them ; and by the little flags about it, he judged it to be one of the king's carriages, and so he told Don Quixote. But his head was too much possessed with notions of adventures to give any credit to what the gentleman said ; "Sir," answered he, "fore-warned, fore-armed ; a man loses nothing by standing on his guard. I know by experience, that I have enemies visible and invisible, and I cannot tell when nor where, nor in what shape they may attack me." At the same time he snatched the helmet out of Sancho's hands, before he could discharge it of the curds, and clapped it on his head, without examining the contents. Now the curds being squeezed between his bare crown and the iron, the whey began to run all about his face and head ; which so surprised him, that, calling to Sancho in great disorder, "What's this," cried he, "Sancho ! What's the matter with me ? Sure my skull is growing soft, or my brains are melting, or else I sweat from head to foot ! But if I do, I am sure it is not for fear. This certainly must be a very dreadful adventure that is approaching. Give me something to wipe me if thou can'st, for I am almost blinded with the torrent of sweat."

Sancho did not dare to say a word, but giving him a cloth, blessed his stars that his master had not found him out. Don Quixote dried himself, and taking off the helmet to see what it should be that felt so cold on his head, perceiving some white stuff, and putting it to his nose, soon found what it was. "Now, by the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso," cried he, "thou hast put curds in my helmet, vile traitor, and unmannerly squire!"—"Nay," replied Sancho cunningly, and keeping his countenance, "if they be curds, good your worship, give them me hither, and I will eat them: But hold; now I think on it, the devil eat them for me; for he himself must have put them there. What! I offer to do so beastly a trick! Do you think I have no more manners? As sure as I am alive, sir, I have got my enchanters too, that owe me a grudge, and plague me as a limb of your worship; and I warrant have put that nasty stuff there on purpose to set you against me, and make you fall foul on my bones. But I hope they have missed their aim this time, i'troth! My master is a wise man, and must needs know that I had neither curds nor milk, nor any thing of that kind; and if I had met with curds, I should sooner have put them in my belly than his helmet."—"Well," said Don Quixote, "there may be something in that."

The gentleman had observed these passages, and stood amazed, but especially at what immediately followed; for the knight-errant having put on the helmet again, fixed himself well in the stirrups, tried whether his sword were loose enough in his scab-

bard, and rested his lance. "Now," cried he, "come what will come ; here am I, who dare encounter the devil himself *in propria persona*." By this time the waggon was come up with them, attended only by the carter, mounted on one of the mules, and another man that sat on the forepart of the waggon. Don Quixote making up to them, "Whither go ye, friends ?" said he, "What waggon is this ? What do you convey in it ? And what is the meaning of these colours ?"—"The waggon is mine," answered the waggoner : "I have there two brave lions, which the general of Oran is sending to the king our master, and these colours are to let the people understand that what goes here belongs to him."—"And are the lions large ?" inquired Don Quixote. "Very large," answered the man in the forepart of the waggon : "There never came bigger from Africa into Spain. I am their keeper," added he, "and have had charge of several others, but I never saw the like of these before. In the foremost cage is a he lion, and in the other behind, a lioness. By this time they are cruel hungry, for they have not eaten to-day ; therefore, pray, good sir, ride out of the way, for we must make haste to get to the place where we intend to feed them."—"What !" said Don Quixote, with a scornful smile, "lion whelps against me ! Against me those puny beasts ! And at this time of day ? Well, I will make those gentlemen, that sent their lions this way, know whether I am a man to be scared with lions. Get off, honest fellow ; and since you are the keeper, open their cages, and let them both out ; for, mau-

gre and in despite of those enchanters that have sent them to try me, I will make the creatures know, in the midst of this very field, who Don Quixote de la Mancha is.”—“So,” thought the gentleman to himself, “now has our poor knight discovered what he is; the curds, I find, have softened his skull, and mellowed his brains.”

While he was making this reflection, Sancho came up to him, and begged him to dissuade his master from his rash attempt. “O, good dear sir!” cried he, “for pity-sake, hinder my master from falling upon these lions, by all means, or we shall be torn a-pieces.”—“Why,” said the gentleman, “is your master so arrant a madman then, that you should fear he would set upon such furious beasts?”—“Ah, sir!” said Sancho, “he is not mad, but woundy venturesome.”—“Well,” replied the gentleman, “I will take care there shall be no harm done;” and with that advancing up to Don Quixote, who was urging the lion-keeper to open the cage, “Sir,” said he, “knights-errant ought to engage in adventures from which there may be some hopes of coming off with safety, but not in such as are altogether desperate; for that courage which borders on temerity, is more like madness than true fortitude. Besides, these lions are not come against you, but sent as a present to the king, and therefore, it is not the best way to detain them, or stop the waggon.” “Pray, sweet sir,” replied Don Quixote, “go and amuse yourself with your tame partridges and your ferrets, and leave every one to his own business. This is mine, and I know best whether these wor-

thy lions are sent against me or no." Then turning about to the keeper, "Sirrah! you rascal you," said he; "either open your cages immediately, or I vow to God, I will pin thee to the waggon with this lance."—"Good sir," cried the waggoner, seeing this strange apparition in armour so resolute, "for mercy's sake, do but let me take out our mules first, and get out of harm's way with them as fast as I can, before the lions get out; for if they should once set upon the poor beasts, I should be undone for ever; for alas! that cart and they are all I have in the world to get a living with."—"Thou man of little faith," said Don Quixote, "take them out quickly then, and go with them where thou wilt; though thou shalt presently see that thy precaution was needless, and thou mightest have spared thy pains."

The waggoner on this made all the haste he could to take out his mules, while the keeper cried out as loud as he was able, "Bear witness, all ye that are here present, that it is against my will I am forced to open the cages and let loose the lions; and that I protest to this gentleman here, that he shall be answerable for all the mischief and damage they may do; together with the loss of my salary and fees. And now, sirs, shift for yourselves as fast as you can, before I open the cages: For, as for myself, I know the lions will do me no harm." Once more the gentleman tried to dissuade Don Quixote from doing so mad a thing; telling him, that he tempted heaven, in exposing himself without reason to so great a danger. To this Don Quixote made no other answer, but that he knew what he had to do. "Consider,

however, what you do," replied the gentleman, "for it is most certain that you are very much mistaken."—"Well, sir," said Don Quixote, "if you care not to be spectator of an action, which you think is like to be tragical, e'en put spurs to your mare, and provide for your safety." Sancho, hearing this, came up to his master with tears in his eyes, and begged him not to go about this fearful undertaking, to which the adventure of the windmills, and the fullingmills, and all the brunts he had ever borne in his life, were but children's play. "Good your worship," cried he, "do but mind, here is no enchantment in the case, nor any thing like it. Alack-a-day ! sir, I peeped even now through the grates of the cage, and I am sure I saw the claw of a true lion, and such a claw as makes me think the lion that owns it must be as big as a mountain."—"Alas, poor fellow !" said Don Quixote, "thy fear will make him as big as half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me; and if I chance to fall here, thou knowest our old agreement ; repair to Dulcinea—I say no more." To this he added some expressions; which cut off all hopes of his giving over his mad design.

The gentleman in the green would have opposed him ; but, considering the other much better armed, and that it was not prudence to encounter a madman, he even took the opportunity, while Don Quixote was storming at the keeper, to march off with his mare, as Sancho did with Dapple, and the carter with his mules, every one making the best of their way to get as far as they could from the waggon, before the lions were let loose. Poor Sancho at

the same time made sad lamentations for his master's death ; for he gave him for lost, not questioning but the lions had already got him into their clutches. He cursed his ill fortune, and the hour he came again to his service ; but for all his wailing and lamenting, he punched on poor Dapple, to get as far as he could from the lions. The keeper, perceiving the persons who fled to be at a good distance, fell to arguing and entreating Don Quixote as he had done before. But the knight told him again, that all his reasons and entreaties were but in vain, and bid him say no more, but immediately despatch.

Now while the keeper took time to open the foremost cage, Don Quixote stood debating with himself, whether he had best make his attack on foot or on horseback ; and upon mature deliberation, he resolved to do it on foot, lest Rozinante, not used to lions, should be put into disorder. Accordingly he quitted his horse, threw aside his lance, grasped his shield, and drew his sword ; then advancing with a deliberate motion, and an undaunted heart, he posted himself just before the door of the cage, commending himself to heaven, and afterwards to his lady Dulcinea.

Here the author of this faithful history could not forbear breaking the thread of his narration, and raised by wonder to rapture and enthusiasm, makes the following exclamation. " O thou most magnanimous hero ! Brave and unutterably bold Don Quixote de la Mancha ! Thou mirror and grand exemplar of valour ! Thou second, and new Don Emanuel de Leon, the late glory and honour of all Spanish cavaliers ! What words, what

colours shall I use to express, to paint in equal lines, this astonishing deed of thine! What language shall I employ to convince posterity of the truth of this thy more than human enterprize! What praises can be coined, and eulogies invented, that will not be outvied by thy superior merit, though hyperboles were piled on hyperboles! Thou, alone, on foot, intrepid and magnanimous, with nothing but a sword, and that none of the sharpest, with thy single shield, and that none of the brightest, stood'st ready to receive and encounter the savage force of two vast lions, as fierce as ever roared within the Lybian deserts. Then let thy own unrivalled deeds, that best can speak thy praise, amaze the world, and fill the mouth of fame, brave champion of la Mancha: while I am obliged to leave off the high theme, for want of vigour to maintain the flight." Here ended the author's exclamation, and the history goes on.

The keeper observing the posture Don Quixote had put himself in, and that it was not possible for him to prevent letting out the lions, without incurring the resentment of the desperate knight, set the door of the foremost cage wide open; where, as I have said, the male lion lay, who appeared of a monstrous bigness, and of a hideous frightful aspect. The first thing he did was to roll and turn himself round in his cage; in the next place, he stretched out one of his paws, put forth his claws, and roused himself. After that he gaped and yawned for a good while, and shewed his dreadful fangs, and then thrust out half a yard of broad tongue, and with it licked the dust out of his eyes and face. Having done this, he

thrust his head quite out of the cage, and stared about with his eyes that looked like two live coals of fire ; a sight and motion enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. But Don Quixote only regarded it with attention, wishing his grim adversary would leap out of his hold, and come within his reach, that he might exercise his valour, and cut the monster piece-meal. To this height of extravagance had his folly transported him ; but the generous lion, more gentle than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravados, after he had looked about him a while, turned his tail, and having shewed Don Quixote his posteriors, very contentedly lay down again in his apartment.

Don Quixote, seeing this, commanded the keeper to rouse him with his pole, and force him out whether he would or no. " Not I, indeed sir," answered the keeper ; " I dare not do it for my life ; for if I provoke him, I am sure to be the first he will tear to pieces. Let me advise you, sir, to be satisfied with your day's work. 'Tis as much as the bravest he that wears a head can pretend to do. Then pray go no farther, I beseech you : The door stands open, the lion is at his choice, whether he will come out or no. You have waited for him, you see he does not care to look you in the face ; and since he did not come out at the first, I dare engage he will not stir out this day. You have shewn enough the greatness of your courage. No man is obliged to do more than challenge his enemy, and wait for him in the field. If he comes not, that is his own fault, and the scandal is his, as the honour the challenger's."

"'Tis true," replied Don Quixote. "Come, shut the cage-door, honest friend, and give me a certificate under thy hand, in the amplest form thou can'st devise, of what thou hast seen me perform ; how thou didst open the cage for the lion ; how I expected his coming, and he did not come out ; how, upon his not coming out then, I staid his own time, and instead of meeting me, he turned tail and lay down. I am obliged to do no more. So, enchantments avaunt ! and heaven prosper truth, justice, and knight-errantry ! Shut the door, as I bid thee, while I make signs to those that ran away from us, and get them to come back, that they may have an account of this exploit from thy own mouth." The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote clapping on the point of his lance the handkerchief, with which he had wiped off the curds from his face, waved it in the air, and called as loud as he was able to the fugitives, who fled nevertheless, looking behind them all the way, and trooped on in a body with the gentleman in green at the head of them.

At last, Sancho observed the signal of the white flag, and calling out to the rest, "Hold," cried he, "my master calls to us ; I will be hanged if he has not got the better of the lions." At this they all faced about, and perceived Don Quixote flourishing his ensign ; whereupon recovering a little from their fright, they leisurely rode back, till they could plainly distinguish Don Quixote's voice ; and then they came up to the waggon. As soon as they were got near it, "Come on, friend," said he to the carter ; "put thy mules to the waggon again, and pursue thy

journey ; and, Sancho, do thou give him two ducats for the lion-keeper and himself, to make them amends for the time I have detained them.”—“ Ay, that I will with all my heart,” quoth Sancho ; “ but what is become of the lions ? Are they dead or alive ?” Then the keeper very formally related the whole action, not failing to exaggerate, to the best of his skill, Don Quixote’s courage ; how at his sight alone the lion was so terrified, that he neither would nor durst quit his stronghold ; though for that end his cage-door was kept open for a considerable time ; and how at length upon his remonstrating to the knight, who would have had the lion forced out, that it was presuming too much upon heaven, he had permitted, though with great reluctancy, that the lion should be shut up again. “ Well, Sancho,” said Don Quixote to his squire, “ what dost thou think of this ? Can enchantment prevail over true fortitude ? No, these magicians may perhaps rob me of success, but never of my invincible greatness of mind.”

In short, Sancho gave the waggoner and the keeper the two pieces. The first harnessed his mules, and the last thanked Don Quixote for his noble bounty, and promised to acquaint the king himself with his heroic action when he came to court. “ Well,” said Don Quixote, “ if his majesty should chance to inquire who the person was that did this thing, tell him it was the Knight of the Lions ; a name I intend henceforth to take up, in lieu of that which I hitherto assumed, of the Knight of the Woful Figure ; in which proceeding I do but conform to the ancient custom of knights-errant, who changed their names

as often as they pleased, or as it suited with their advantage."

After this, the waggon made the best of its way, as Don Quixote, Sancho, and the gentleman in green, did of theirs. The latter for a great while was so taken up with making his observations on Don Quixote, that he had not time to speak a syllable; not knowing what opinion to have of a person, in whom he discovered such a mixture of good sense and extravagance. He was a stranger to the first part of his history; for, had he read it, he could not have wondered either at his words or actions: But not knowing the nature of his madness, he took him to be wise and distracted by fits; since in his discourse he still expressed himself justly and handsomely enough; but in his actions all was wild, extravagant, and unaccountable. "For," said the gentleman to himself, "can there be any thing more foolish, than for this man to put on his helmet full of curds, and then believe them conveyed there by enchanters; or any thing more extravagant than forcibly to endeavour to fight with lions?"

In the midst of this soliloquy, Don Quixote interrupted him. "Without doubt, sir," said he, "you take me for a downright madman, and indeed my actions may seem to speak me no less. But for all that, give me leave to tell you, I am not so mad, nor is my understanding so defective, as I suppose you may fancy. What a noble figure does the gallant knight make, who in the midst of some spacious place transfixes a furious bull with his lance in the view of his prince! What a noble figure makes the knight, who

before the ladies, at a harmless tournament, comes prancing through the lists inclosed in shining steel ; or those court champions, who in exercises of martial kind, or that at least are such in appearance, shew their activity : and though all they do is nothing but for recreation, are thought the ornament of a prince's court ! But a much nobler figure is the knight-errant, who, fired with the thirst of a glorious fame, wanders through deserts, through solitary wildernesses, through woods, through cross-ways, over mountains and valleys, in quest of perilous adventures, resolved to bring them to a happy conclusion. Yes, I say, a nobler figure is a knight-errant succouring a widow in some depopulated place, than the court-knight making his addresses to the city dames. Every knight has his particular employment. Let the courtier wait on the ladies ; let him with splendid equipage adorn his prince's court, and with a magnificent table support poor gentlemen. Let him give birth to feasts and tournaments, and shew his grandeur, and liberality, and munificence, and especially his piety ; in all these things he fulfils the duties of his station. But as for the knight-errant, let him search into all the corners of the world, enter into the most intricate labyrinths, and every hour be ready to attempt impossibility itself : Let him in desolate wilds baffle the rigour of the weather, the scorching heat of the sun's fiercest beams, and the inclemency of winds and snow : Let lions never fright him, dragons daunt him, nor evil spirits deter him. To go in quest of these, to meet, to dare, to conflict, and to overcome them all, is his principal and proper office. Since then my stars

have decreed me to be one of those adventurous knights, I think myself obliged to attempt every thing that seems to come within the verge of my profession. This, sir, engaged me to encounter those lions just now, judging it to be my immediate business, though I was sensible of the extreme rashness of the undertaking. For well I know, that valour is a virtue situate between the two vicious extremes of cowardice and temerity. But certainly it is not so ill for a valiant man to rise to a degree of rashness, as it is to fall short, and border upon cowardice. For as it is easier for a prodigal to become liberal, than a miser ; so it is easier for the hardy and rash person to be reduced to true bravery, than for the coward ever to rise to that virtue: And therefore, in thus attempting adventures, believe me, Signor Don Diego, it is better to exceed the bounds a little, and overdo, rather than underdo the thing ; because it sounds better in people's ears to hear it said, how that such a knight is rash and hardy, than such a knight is dastardly and timorous."

"For my part, sir," answered Don Diego, "I think all you have said and done is agreeable to the exactest rules of reason ; and I believe, if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry were lost, they might be all recovered from you, your breast seeming to be the safe repository and archive where they are lodged. But it grows late ; let us make a little more haste to get to our village, and to my habitation, where you may rest yourself after the fatigues, which doubtless you have sustained, if not in body, at least in mind, whose pains often afflict the body too." "Sir," answer-

ed Don Quixote, "I esteem your offer as a singular favour;" and so, putting on a little faster than they had done before, about two in the afternoon they reached the village, and got to the house of Don Diego, whom now Don Quixote called the Knight of the Green Coat.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How Don Quixote was entertained at the Castle or House of the Knight of the Green Coat, with other extravagant Passages.

DON QUIXOTE found, that Don Diego de Miranda's house was spacious, after the country manner; the arms of the family were over the gate in rough stone, the buttery in the fore-yard, the cellar under the porch, and all around several great jars of that sort commonly made at Toboso; the sight of which bringing to his remembrance his enchanted and transformed Dulcinea, he heaved a deep sigh, and neither minding what he said, nor who was by, broke out into the following exclamation:

"* O! pledges, once my comfort and relief,
Though pleasing still, discovered now with grief."

"O ye Tobosian urns, that awaken in my mind
the thoughts of the sweet pledge of my most bitter

* *O dulces prendas*, the beginning of a sonnet in the *Diana* of Montemayor.

sorrows ! Don Diego's son, who, as it has been said, was a student, and poetically inclined, heard these words as he came with his mother to welcome him home ; and, as well as she, was not a little surprised to see what a strange creature his father had brought with him. Don Quixote alighted from Rozinante, and very courteously desiring to kiss her ladyship's hands, " Madam," said Don Diego, " this gentleman is the noble Don Quixote de la Mancha, the wisest, and most valiant knight-errant in the world; pray let him find a welcome suitable to his merit, and your usual civility." Thereupon Donna Christina (for that was the lady's name) received him very kindly, and with great marks of respect ; to which Don Quixote made a proper and handsome return ; and then almost the same compliments passed between him and the young gentleman, whom Don Quixote judged by his words to be a man of wit and sense.

Here the author inserts a long description of every particular in Don Diego's house, giving us an inventory of all the goods and chattels, and every circumstance peculiar to the house of a rich country gentleman : But the translator presumed that it would be better to omit these little things, and such like insignificant matters, being foreign to the main subject of this history, which ought to be more grounded on material truth, than cold and insipid digressions.

Don Quixote was brought into a fair room, where Sancho took off his armour, and then the knight ap-

peared in a pair of close breeches, and a doublet of shamoy-leather, all besmeared with the rust of his armour. About his neck he wore a plain band, unstarched, after the manner of a student ; about his legs sad-coloured spatter-dashes, and on his feet a pair of wax-leather shoes. He hung his trusty sword by his side in a belt of a sea-wolf's skin ; which makes many of opinion he had been long troubled with a pain in the kidneys. Over all this he clapped on a long cloak of good russet-cloth : But first of all he washed his head and face in five kettle-fulls of water, if not in six : for as to the exact number there is some dispute. And it is observable, that the water still retained a tincture of whey : Thanks to Sancho's gluttony, which had made him clap into his master's helmet those dismal curds, that so contaminated his awful head and face.

In this dress the knight, with a graceful and sprightly air, walked into another room, where Don Lorenzo, the young gentleman whom we have already mentioned, waited his coming, to keep him company till the cloth was laid ; the mistress of the house being gone in the meantime to provide a handsome entertainment, that might convince her guest she understood how to make those welcome that came to her house. But before the knight was ready, Don Lorenzo had leisure to discourse his father about him.—“ Pray, sir,” said he, “ who is this gentleman you have brought with you ? Considering his name, his aspect, and the title of knight-errant, which you give him, neither my mother nor I can tell what to think of him.”—“ Truly, son,” answer-

ed Don Diego, "I do not know what to say to you ; all that I can inform you of is, that I have seen him play the maddest pranks in the world, and yet say a thousand sensible things that contradict his actions. But discourse him yourself, and feel the pulse of his understanding ; make use of your sense to judge of his ; though, to tell you the truth, I believe his folly exceeds his discretion."

Don Lorenzo then went to entertain Don Quixote, and after some discourse had passed between them, "Sir," said the knight, "I am not wholly a stranger to your merit ; Don Diego de Miranda, your father, has given me to understand you are a person of excellent parts, and especially a great poet."—"Sir," answered the young gentleman, "I may perhaps pretend to poetry, but never to be a great poet : It is true, I am somewhat given to rhyming, and love to read good authors ; but I am very far from deserving to be thought one of their number."—"I do not mislike your modesty," replied Don Quixote ; "it is a virtue not often found among poets, for almost every one of them thinks himself the greatest in the world."—"There is no rule without an exception," said Don Lorenzo ; "and it is not impossible but there may be one who may deserve the name, though he does not think so himself."—"That is very unlikely," replied Don Quixote. "But pray, sir, tell me what verses are those that your father says you are so puzzled about ? If it should be what we call a gloss or a paraphrase, I understand something of that way of writing, and

should be glad to see it. If the composition be designed for a poetical prize, I would advise you only to put in for the second ; for the first always goes by favour, and is rather granted to the great quality of the author than to his merit ; but as to the next, it is adjudged to the most deserving ; so that the third may in a manner be esteemed the second, and the first no more than the third, according to the methods used in our universities of giving degrees. And yet, after all, it is no small matter to gain the honour of being called the first."

Hitherto all is well, thought Don Lorenzo to himself, I cannot think thee mad yet ; let us go on.— With that addressing himself to Don Quixote, " Sir," said he, " you seem to me to have frequented the schools ; pray what science has been your particular study ?"—" That of knight-errantry," answered Don Quixote, " which is as good as that of poetry, and somewhat better too."—" I do not know what sort of a science that is," said Don Lorenzo, " nor indeed did I ever hear of it before."—" It is a science," answered Don Quixote, " that includes in itself all the other sciences in the world, or at least the greatest part of them : Whoever professes it, ought to be learned in the laws, and understand distributive and commutative justice, in order to right all mankind. He ought to be a divine, to give a reason of his faith, and vindicate his religion by dint of argument. He ought to be skilled in physic, especially in the botanic part of it, that he may know the nature of simples, and have recourse to those herbs that can cure wounds ; for a knight-errant must not expect

to find surgeons in the woods and deserts. He must be an astronomer, to understand the motions of the celestial orbs, and find out by the stars the hour of the night, and the longitude and latitude of the climate on which fortune throws him : and he ought to be well instructed in all the other parts of the mathematics, that science being of constant use to a professor of arms, on many accounts too numerous to be related. I need not tell you, that all the divine and moral virtues must centre in his mind. To descend to less material qualifications ; he must be able to swim like a fish, know how to shoe a horse, mend a saddle or bridle : and returning to higher matters, he ought to be inviolably devoted to heaven and his mistress, chaste in his thoughts, modest in words, and liberal and valiant in deeds ; patient in afflictions, charitable to the poor ; and finally, a maintainer of truth, though it cost him his life to defend it. These are the endowments to constitute a good knight-errant ; and now, sir, be you a judge, whether the professors of chivalry have an easy task to perform, and whether such a science may not stand in competition with the most celebrated and best of those that are taught in colleges ?"—“ If it be so,” answered Don Lorenzo, “ I say it deserves the pre-eminence over all other sciences.”—“ What do you mean, sir, by that, If it be so ?” cried Don Quixote.—“ I mean, sir,” cried Don Lorenzo, “ that I doubt whether there are now, or ever were, any knights-errant, especially with so many rare accomplishments.”—“ This makes good what I have often said,” answered Don Quixote ; “ most people will

6

not be persuaded there ever were any knights-errant in the world. Now, sir, because I verily believe, that unless heaven will work some miracle to convince them that there have been, and still are knights-errant, those incredulous persons are too much wedded to their opinion to admit such a belief; I will not now lose time to endeavour to let you see how much you and they are mistaken; all I design to do, is only to beseech heaven to convince you of your being in an error, that you may see how useful knights-errant were in former ages, and the vast advantages that would result in ours from the assistance of men of that profession. But now effeminacy, sloth, luxury, and ignoble pleasures, triumph, for the punishment of our sins."—Now, said Lorenzo to himself, our gentleman has already betrayed his blind side; but yet he gives a colour of reason to his extravagance, and I were a fool should I think otherwise.

Here they were called to dinner, which ended the discourse: And at that time Don Diego taking his son aside, asked him what he thought of the stranger? "I think, sir," said Don Lorenzo, "that it is not in the power of all the physicians in the world to cure his distemper. He is mad past recovery, but yet he has lucid intervals." In short, they dined, and their entertainment proved such as the old gentleman had told the knight he used to give his guests, neat, plentiful, and well-ordered. But that which Don Quixote most admired, was the extraordinary silence he observed through the whole house, as if it had been a monastery of mute Carthusians.

The cloth being removed, grace said, and hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly desired Don Lorenzo to shew him the verses he had wrote for the poetical prize.—“ Well, sir,” answered he, “ because I will not be like those poets that are unwilling to shew their verses when entreated to do it, but will tire you with them when nobody desires it, I will shew you my gloss or paraphrase, which I did not write with a design to get a prize, but only to exercise my muse.” —“ I remember,” said Don Quixote, “ a friend of mine, a man of sense, once told me, he would not advise any one to break his brains about that sort of composition ; and he gave me this reason for it, That the gloss or comment could never come up to the theme ; so far from it, that most commonly it left it altogether, and run contrary to the thought of the author. Besides he said, that the rules to which custom ties up the composers of those elaborate amusements are too strict, allowing no interrogations, no such interjections as *said he*, or *shall I say* ; no changing of nouns into verbs ; nor any altering of the sense : Besides several other confinements that cramp up those who puzzle their brains with such a crabbed way of glossing, as you yourself, sir, without doubt must know.” —“ Really, Signior Don Quixote,” said Don Lorenzo, “ I would fain catch you tripping, but you still slip from me like an eel.” —“ I do not know, sir,” replied Don Quixote, “ what you mean by your slipping.” —“ I will tell you another time,” answered the young gentleman ; “ in the meanwhile be pleased to hear the Theme and Paraphrase, which is this :

THE THEME.

" Could I recal departed joy,
 Though barr'd the hopes of greater gain,
 Or now the future hours employ,
 That must succeed my present pain !"

THE GLOSS, OR PARAPHRASE.

I.

" All fortune's blessings disappear,
 She's fickle as the wind ;
 And now I find her as severe,
 As once I thought her kind.
 How soon the fleeting pleasure's past !
 How long the lingering sorrows last !
 Unconstant goddess, through thy hate,
 Do not thy prostrate slave destroy,
 I'd ne'er complain, but bless my fate,
Could I recal departed joy.

II.

" Of all thy gifts I beg but this,
 Glut all mankind with more ;
 Transport them with redoubled bliss,
 But only mine restore.
 With thought of pleasure once possess'd,
 I'm now as curst as I was bless'd ;
 Oh would the charming hour return,
 How pleased I'd live, how free from pain !
 I ne'er would pine, I ne'er would mourn,
Though barr'd the hopes of greater gain.

III.

" But oh ! the blessing I implore,
 Not fate itself can give !
 Since time elapsed exists no more,
 No power can bid it live.

Our days soon vanish into nought,
 And have no being but in thought.
 Whate'er began must end at last;
 In vain we twice would youth enjoy;
 In vain would we recal the past,
Or now the future hours employ.

IV.

“ Deceived by hope, and rack'd by fear,
 No longer life can please;
 I'll then no more its torments bear,
 Since death so soon can ease.
 This hour I'll die——But let me pause——
 A rising doubt my courage awes.
 Assist, ye powers, that rule my fate,
 Alarm my thoughts, my rage refrain,
 Convince my soul there's yet a state
That must succeed my present pain.”

As soon as Don Lorenzo had read over his paraphrase, Don Quixote rose from his seat, and taking him by the hand, “ By the highest mansions in the skies,” cried the knight aloud, “ noble youth, you are the best poet in the world, and deserve to be crowned with laurel, not at Cyprus or Gaeta, as a certain poet said, whom heaven forgive, but at the University of Athens, were it still in being, and at those of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca. May those judges, that deny you the honour of the first prize, be shot with arrows by the god of verse, and may the muses abhor to come within their houses! Pray, sir, if I may beg that favour, let me hear you read one of your loftiest productions, for I desire to have a full taste of your admirable genius.” I need not tell you that Don Lorenzo was mightily pleased to hear

himself praised by Don Quixote, though he believed him to be mad ; so bewitching and welcome a thing is adulation, even from those we at other times despise. Don Lorenzo verified this truth, by his ready compliance with Don Quixote's request, and recited to him the following sonnet, on the story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

A SONNET.

" See how, to bless the loving boy,
The nymph, for whom he burns with equal fires,
Pierces the wall that parts them from their joy,
While hovering love prompts, gazes, and admires.

" The trembling maid in whispers and in sighs
Dares hardly breathe the passion she betrays :
But silence speaks, and love through ravish'd eyes,
Their thoughts, their flames, their very souls conveys.

" Wild with desires, they sally out at last,
But quickly find their ruin in their haste :
And rashly lose all pleasure in despair.

" O strange mischance ! But do not fortune blame ;
Love join'd them first, then death, the grave, and fame ;
What loving wretch a nobler fate would share !"

" Now heaven be praised," said Don Quixote, when Don Lorenzo had made an end. " Among the infinite number of insipid men of rhyme, I have at last found a man of rhyme and reason, and, in a word, an absolute poet."

Don Quixote staid four days at Don Diego's house, and, during all that time, met with a very generous entertainment. However, he then desired his leave to go, and returned him a thousand thanks for his kind reception ; letting him know, that the duty of his profession did not admit of his staying any longer out of action ; and therefore he designed to go in quest of adventures, which he knew were plentifully to be found in that part of Spain ; and that he would employ his time in that till the tilts and tournaments began at Saragosa, to which place it was now his chief intent to go. However, he would first go to Montesino's cave, about which so many wonderful stories were told in those parts ; and there he would endeavour to explore and discover the source and original springs of the seven lakes, commonly called the lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his son highly commended his noble resolution, and desired him to command whatever their house afforded, assuring him he was sincerely welcome to do it ; the respect they had for his honourable profession, and his particular merit, obliging them to do him all manner of service.

In short, the day of his departure came, a day of joy and gladness to Don Quixote, but of grief and sadness to poor Sancho, who had no mind to change his quarters, and liked the good cheer and plenty at Don Diego's house, much better than his short hungry commons in forests and deserts, or the sorry pittance of his ill-stored wallets, which he however crammed and stuffed with what he thought could best make the change of his condition tolerable. And now Don

Quixote taking his leave of Don Lorenzo, "Sir," said he, "I don't know whether I have already said it to you, but if I have, give me leave to repeat it once more, that if you are ambitious of climbing up to the difficult, and in a manner inaccessible, summit of the temple of Fame, your surest way is to leave on one hand the narrow path of poetry, and follow the narrower track of knight-errantry, which in a trice may raise you to an imperial throne." With these words, Don Quixote seemed to have summed up the whole evidence of his madness. However, he could not conclude without adding something more: "Heaven knows," said he, "how willingly I would take Don Lorenzo with me, to instruct him in those virtues that are annexed to the employment I profess, to spare the humble, and crush the proud and haughty. But since his tender years do not qualify him for the hardships of that life, and his laudable exercises detain him, I must rest contented with letting you know, that one way to acquire fame in poetry, is, to be governed by other men's judgment more than your own: For it is natural to fathers and mothers not to think their own children ugly; and this error is no where so common as in the offspring of the mind."

Don Diego and his son were again surprised to hear this medley of good sense and extravagance, and to find the poor gentleman so strongly bent on the quest of these unlucky adventures, the only aim and object of his desires.

After this, and many compliments, and mutual reiterations of offers of service, Don Quixote having taken leave of the lady of the castle, he on Rozinante,

and Sancho on Dapple, set out, and pursued their journey.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Adventure of the Amorous Shepherd, and other truly comical Passages.

DON QUIXOTE had not travelled far, when he was overtaken by two men that looked like students or ecclesiastics, with two farmers, all mounted upon asses. One of the scholars had behind him a small bundle of linen, and two pair of stockings, trussed up in green buckram like a portmanteau ; the other had no other luggage but a couple of foils and a pair of fencing pumps. And the husbandmen had a parcel of other things, which shewed, that having made their market at some adjacent town, they were now returning home with their ware. They all admired (as indeed all others did that ever beheld him) what kind of a fellow Don Quixote was, seeing him make a figure so different from any thing they had ever seen. The knight saluted them, and perceiving their road lay the same way, offered them his company, entreating them, however, to move an easier pace, because their asses went faster than his horse ; and to engage them the more, he gave them a hint of his circumstances and profession ; that he was a knight-errant travelling round the world in quest of adventures ; that his proper name was Don Quixote de la

Mancha, but his titular denomination, the Knight of the Lions.

All this was Greek, or pedlar's French, to the countrymen ; but the students presently found out his blind side. However, with a respectful distance, "Sir Knight," said one of them, "if you are not fixed to any set stage, as persons of your function seldom are, let us beg the honour of your company ; and you shall be entertained with one of the finest and most sumptuous weddings, that ever was seen, either in La Mancha, or many leagues round it."—"The nuptials of some young prince, I presume?" said Don Quixote.—"No, sir," answered the other, "but of a yeoman's son, and a neighbour's daughter ; he the richest in all this country, and she the handsomest you ever saw. The entertainment at the wedding will be new and extraordinary ; it is to be kept in a meadow near the village where the bride lives. They call her Quiteria the Handsome, by reason of her beauty ; and the bridegroom Camacho the Rich, on account of his wealth. They are well matched as to age, for she draws towards eighteen, and he is about two and twenty, though some nice folks, that have all the pedigrees in the world in their heads, will tell ye, that the bride comes of a better family than he ; but that is not minded now-a-days, for money, you know, will hide many faults. And, indeed, this same Camacho is as free as a prince, and designs to spare no cost upon his wedding. He has taken a fancy to get the meadow shaded with boughs, that are to cover it like an arbour, so that the sun will have much ado to peep through, and visit the green

grass underneath. There are also provided for the diversion of the company, several sorts of anticks and morrice-dancers, some with swords, and some with bells ; for there are young fellows in his village can manage them cleverly. I say nothing of those that play tricks with the soles of their shoes when they dance, leaving that to the judgments of their guests. But nothing that I have told or might tell you of this wedding, is like to make it so remarkable as the things which I imagine poor Basil's despair will do. This Basil is a young fellow, that lives next door to Quiteria's father. Hence love took occasion to give birth to an amour, like that of old, between Pyramus and Thisbe ; for Basil's love grew up with him from a child, and she encouraged his passion with all the kind return that modesty could grant ; insomuch, that the mutual affection of the two little ones was the common talk of the village. But Quiteria coming to years of maturity, her father began to deny Basil the usual access to his house ; and to cut off his farther pretence, declared his resolution of marrying her to Camacho, who is indeed his superior in estate, though far short of him in all other qualifications ; for Basil, to give the devil his due, is the cleverest fellow we have ; he will pitch ye a bar, wrestle, or play at tennis with the best he in the country ; he runs like a stag, leaps like a buck, plays at nine-pins so well, you would think he tips them down by witchcraft ; sings like a lark ; touches a guitar so rarely, he even makes it speak ; and to complete his perfections, he handles a sword like a fencer."

“For that very single qualification,” said Don Quixote, “he deserves not only Quiteria the Handsome, but a princess; nay, Queen Guinever herself, were she now living, in spite of Sir Lancelot and all that would oppose it.”—“Well,” quoth Sancho, who had been silent, and listening all the while, “my wife used to tell me, she would have everyone marry with their match. Like to like, quoth the devil to the collier, and every sow to her own trough, as the other saying is: As for my part, all I would have is, that honest Basil e’en marry her! for methinks I have a huge liking to the young man; and so heaven bless them together, say I, and a murrain seize those that will spoil a good match between those that love one another!”—“Nay,” said Don Quixote, “if marriage should be always the consequence of mutual love, what would become of the prerogative of parents, and their authority over their children? If young girls might always chuse their own husbands, we should have the best families intermarry with coachmen and grooms; and young heiresses would throw themselves away upon the first wild young fellows, whose promising outsides and assurance make them set up for fortunes, though all their stock consists in impudence. For the understanding, which alone should distinguish and chuse in these cases as in all others, is apt to be blinded or biassed by love and affection; and matrimony is so nice and critical a point, that it requires not only our own cautious management, but even the direction of a superior power to chuse right. Whoever undertakes a long journey, if he be wise, makes it

his business to find out an agreeable companion. How cautious then should he be, who is to take a journey for life, whose fellow-traveller must not part with him but at the grave; his companion at bed and board, and sharer of all the pleasures and fatigues of his journey; as the wife must be to the husband! She is no such sort of ware, that a man can be rid of when he pleases: When once that is purchased, no exchange, no sale, no alienation can be made: she is an inseparable accident to man: marriage is a noose, which, fastened about the neck, runs the closer, and fits more uneasy by our struggling to get loose: it is a Gordian knot which none can untie, and being twisted with our thread of life, nothing but the scythe of death can cut it. I could dwell longer on this subject, but that I long to know from the gentleman, whether he can tell us any thing more of Basil."

"All I can tell you," said the student, "is, that he is in the case of all desperate lovers; since the moment he heard of this intended marriage, he has never been seen to smile or talk rationally; he is in a deep melancholy, that might indeed rather be called a dozing frenzy; he talks to himself, and seems out of his senses; he hardly eats or sleeps, and lives like a savage in the open fields; his only sustenance a little fruit, and his only bed the hard ground; sometimes he lifts up his eyes to heaven, then fixes them on the ground, and in either posture stands like a statue. In short, he is reduced to that condition, that we who are his acquaintance verily believe, that

the consummation of this wedding to-morrow will be attended by his death."

"Heaven forbid, marry and amen!" cried Sancho. "Who can tell what may happen? he that gives a broken head can give a plaister. This is one day, but to-morrow is another, and strange things may fall out in the roasting of an egg. After a storm comes a calm. Many a man that went to bed well, has found himself dead in the morning when he awaked. Who can put a spoke in fortune's wheel? nobody here, I am sure. Between a woman's yea and nay, I would not engage to put a pin's-point, so close they be one to another. If Mrs Quiteria love Mr Basil, she will give Camacho the bag to hold: for this same love, they say, looks through spectacles, that makes copper like gold, a cart like a coach, and a shrimp like a lobster."—"Whither, in the name of ill-luck, art thou running now, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "When thou fallest to threading thy proverbs and old wives sayings, the devil (who I wish had thee) can't stop thee. What dost thou know, poor animal, of fortune, or her wheel, or any thing else?"—"Why truly, sir," quoth Sancho, "if you don't understand me, no wonder if my sentences be thought nonsense. But let that pass, I understand myself; and I am sure I have not talked so much like a ninny. But you, forsooth, are so sharp a cricket."—"A critic, blockhead," said Don Quixote, "thou confounded corrupter of human speech!"—"By yea and by nay," quoth Sancho, "what makes you so angry, sir? I was never brought up at school nor varsity,

to know when I murder a hard word. I was never at court to learn to spell, sir. Some are born in one town, some in another ; one at St Jago, another at Toledo ; and even there all are not so nicely spoke .”

“ You are in the right, friend,” said the student : “ those natives of that city, who live among the tanners, or about the market of Zocodover, and are confined to mean conversation, cannot speak so well as those that frequent the polite part of the town, and yet they are all of Toledo. But propriety, purity, and elegance of style, may be found among men of breeding and judgment, let them be born where they will ; for their judgment is in the grammar of good language, though practice and example will go a great way. As for my part, I have had the happiness of good education ; it has been my fortune to study the civil law at Salamanca, and I have made it my business all along to express myself properly, neither like a rustic nor a pedant.”— “ Ay, ay, sir,” said the other student, “ your parts might have qualified you for a master of arts degree, had you not misemployed them in minding so much those foolish foils you carry about with you, and that make you lag behind your juniors.”— “ Look you, good Sir Batchelor,” said the other, “ your mean opinion of these foils is erroneous and absurd ; for I can deduce the usefulness of the art of fencing from several undeniable axioms.”— “ Psha,” said Corchuelo, for so was the other called, “ don’t tell me of axioms : I will fight you, sir, at your weapons. Here am I that understand neither quart, nor tierce ; but I have an arm, I have strength, and I have courage.

Give me one of your foils, and in spite of all your distances, circles, falsifies, angles, and all other terms of your art, I will shew you there is nothing in it, and will make reason glitter in your eyes. That man breathes not vital air, that I will turn my back on. And he must have more than human force, that can stand his ground against me.”—“As for standing ground,” said the artist, “I won’t be obliged to it. But have a care, sir, how you press upon a man of skill, for ten to one, at the very first advance, but he is in your body up to the hilt.”—“I will try that presently,” said Corchuelo; and springing briskly from his ass, snatched one of the foils which the student carried. “Hold, hold, sir,” said Don Quixote, “I will stand judge of the field, and see fair play on both sides;” and interposing with his lance, he alighted, and gave the artist time to put himself in his posture, and take his distance.

Then Corchuelo flew at him like a fury, helter skelter, cut and thrust, backstroke and forestroke, single and double, and laid on like any lion. But the student stopped him in the middle of his career with such a dab in the teeth, that he made Corchuelo foam at the mouth. He made him kiss the button of his foil, as if it had been a relic, though not altogether with so much devotion. In short, he told all the buttons of his short cassock with pure clean thrusts, and made the skirts of it hang about him in rags like fish tails. Twice he struck off his hat, and in fine, so mauled and tired him, that through perfect vexation Corchuelo took the foil by

the hilt, and hurled it from him with such violence, that one of the countrymen that were by, happening to be a notary-public, has it upon record to this day, that he threw it almost three quarters of a league ; which testimony has served, and yet serves to let posterity know that strength is overcome by art.

At last Corchuelo, puffing and blowing, sat down to rest himself, and Sancho, coming up to him, " Mr Batchelor," quoth he, " henceforward take a fool's advice, and never challenge a man to fence, but to wrestle or pitch the bar ; you seem cut out for those sports : but this fencing is a ticklish point, sir, meddle no more with it ; for I have heard some of your masters of the science say, they can hit the eye of a needle with the point of a sword." Corchuelo acknowledged himself convinced of an error by experience, and embracing the artist, they became the better friends for this tilting. So, without staying for the notary that went for the foil, and could not be back in a great while, they put on to the town where Quiteria lived, they all dwelling in the same village.

By the way, the student held forth upon the excellency of the noble science of defence, with so many plain and convincing reasons, drawn from expressive figures and mathematical demonstrations, that all were satisfied of the excellency of the art, and Corchuelo was reclaimed from his incredulity. It was now pretty dark ; but before they got to the village, there appeared an entire blazing constellation : Their ears were entertained with the pleasing, but confu-

sed sounds of several sorts of music, drums, fiddles, pipes, tabors and bells ; and as they approached nearer still, they found a large harbour at the entrance of the town stuck full of lights, which burnt undisturbed by the least breeze of wind. The musicians, which are the life and soul of diversion at a wedding, went up and down in bands about the meadow. In short, some danced, some sung, some played, and mirth and jollity revelled through that delicious seat of pleasure. Others were employed in raising scaffolds for the better view of the shows and entertainments prepared for the happy Camacho's wedding, and likewise to solemnize poor Basil's funeral. All the persuasions and endeavours of the students and countrymen could not move Don Quixote to enter the town ; urging for his reason the custom of knights-errant, who chose to lodge in fields and forests under the canopy of heaven, rather than in soft beds under a gilded roof ; and therefore he left them, and went a little out of the road, full sore against Sancho's will, who had not yet forgot the good lodging and entertainment he had at Don Diego's house or castle.

CHAPTER XX.

An Account of rich Camacho's wedding, and what befel poor Basil.

SCARCE had the fair Aurora given place to the refulgent ruler of the day, and given him time, with

the heat of his prevailing rays, to dry the liquid pearls on his golden locks, when Don Quixote, shaking off sluggish sleep from his drowsy limbs, arose and called his squire : but finding him still snoring, " O thou most happy mortal upon earth," said he, " how sweet is thy repose ! envied by none, and envying no man's greatness, secure thou sleepest, thy soul composed and calm ! no power of magic persecutes thee, nor are thy thoughts affrighted by enchantments. Sleep on, sleep on, a hundred times, sleep on. Those jealous cares that break a lover's heart, do not extend to thee ; neither the dread of craving creditors, nor the dismal foresight of inevitable want, or care of finding bread for a helpless family, keep thee waking. Ambition does not make thee uneasy, the pomp and vanity of this world do not perplex thy mind ; for all thy care's extent reaches but to thy ass. Thy person and thy welfare thou hast committed to my charge, a burthen imposed on masters by nature and custom, to weigh and counterpoise the offices of servants. Which is the greatest slave ? The servant's business is performed by a few manual duties, which only reconcile him more to rest, and make him sleep more sound ; while the anxious master has not leisure to close his eyes, but must labour day and night to make provision for the subsistence of his servant ; not only in time of abundance, but even when the heavens deny those kindly showers that must supply this want."

To all this fine expostulation Sancho answered not a word ; but slept on, and was not to be waked by his master's calling, or otherwise, till he pricked

him in the buttocks with the sharp end of his lance. At length opening his eye-lids half way, and rubbing them, after he had gaped and yawned and stretched his drowsy limbs, he looked about him, and snuffing up his nose, "I am much mistaken," quoth he, "if from this same arbour there come not a pure steam of a good broiled rasher, that comforts my nostrils more than all the herbs and rushes hereabouts. And by my holy dame, a wedding that begins so savourly must be a dainty one."—"Away, cormorant," said Don Quixote; "rouse and let us go see it, and learn how it fares with the disdained Basil."—"Fare!" quoth Sancho; "why, if he be poor, he must e'en be so still, and not think to marry Quiteria. It is a pretty fancy, i'faith! for a fellow who has not a cross, to run madding after what is meat for his betters. I will lay my neck that Camacho covers this same Basil from head to foot with white sixpences, and will spend ye more at a breakfast than the other is worth, and be never the worse. And do you think that Madam Quiteria will quit her fine rich gowns and petticoats, her necklaces of pearl, her jewels, her finery and bravery, and all that Camacho has given her, and may afford to give her, to marry a fellow with whom she must knit or spin for her living? What signifies his bar-pitching and fencing? Will that pay for a pint of wine at a tavern? If all those rare parts won't go to market, and make the pot boil, the deuce take them for me: though where they light on a man that has wherewithal, may I never stir, if they do not set him off rarely. With good materials on a good foundation, a man may

build a good house, and money is the best foundation in the world.”—“For heaven’s sake, dear Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “bring thy tedious harangue to a conclusion. For my part, I believe, wert thou let alone when thy clack is once set a going, thou wouldest scarce allow thyself time to eat or sleep, but wouldest prate on to the end of the chapter.”—“Troth, master,” replied Sancho, “your memory must be very short, not to remember the articles of our agreement before I came this last journey with you. I was to speak what I would, and when I would, provided I said nothing against my neighbour, or your worship’s authority ; and I don’t see that I have broken my indentures yet.”—“remember no such article,” said Don Quixote ; “and though it were so, it is my pleasure you now be silent and attend me ; for the instruments we heard last night begin to cheer the vallies, and doubtless the marriage will be solemnized this morning, ere the heat of the day prevent the diversion.”

Thereupon Sancho said no more, but saddled Rozinante, and clapped his pack-saddle on Dapple’s back ; then both mounting, away they rode fair and softly into the arbour. The first thing that blessed Sancho’s sight there, was a whole steer spitted on a large elm, before a mighty fire made of a pile of wood, that seemed a flaming mountain. Round this bonfire were placed six capacious pots, cast in no common mould, or rather six ample coppers, every one containing a whole shamble of meat, and entire sheep were sunk and lost in them, and soaked as conveniently as pigeons. The branches of the

trees round were all garnished with an infinite number of cased hares, and plucked fowls of several sorts: and then for drink, Sancho told above three-score skins of wine, each of which contained above two arrobas,* and, as it afterwards proved, sprightly liquor. A goodly pile of white loaves made a large rampart on the one side, and a stately wall of cheeses set up like bricks, made a comely bulwark on the other. Two pans of oil, each bigger than a dyer's vat, served to fry their pancakes, which they lifted out with two strong peels when they were fried enough, and then they dipped them in as large a kettle of honey prepared for that purpose. To dress all this provision, there were above fifty cooks, men and women, all cleanly, diligent and cheerful. In the ample belly of the steer, they had stewed up twelve little sucking pigs embowelled, to give it the more savoury taste. Spices of all sorts lay about in such plenty, that they appeared to be bought by wholesale. In short, the whole provision was indeed country-like, but plentiful enough to feast an army.

Sancho beheld all this with wonder and delight. The first temptation that captivated his senses was the goodly pots; his bowels yearned, and his mouth watered at the dainty contents: by and by he falls desperately in love with the skins of wine; and lastly, his affections were fixed on the frying-pans, if

* In Spain they reckon the quantity of wine by the weight, an arroba being 28 pounds, so that two of them make seven gallons.

such honourable kettles may accept of the name. The scent of the fried meat put him into such a commotion of spirit, that he could hold out no longer, but accosting one of the busy cooks with all the smooth and hungry reasons he was master of, he begged his leave to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pans. "Friend," quoth the cook, "no hunger must be felt near us to-day (thanks to the founder.) 'Light, 'light, man, and if thou can'st find ever a ladle there, skim out a pullet or two, and much good may do you."—"Alack-a-day," quoth Sancho, "I see no ladle, sir."—"Blood and suet," cried the cook, "what a silly helpless fellow thou art! Let me see." With that he took a kettle, and sowsing into one of the p ts, he fished out three hens and a couple of geese at one heave. "Here, friend," said he to Sancho, "take this and make shift to stay your stomach with that scum till dinner be ready."—"Heaven reward you," cried Sancho, "but where shall I put it?"—"Here," answered the cook, "take ladle and all, and thank the founder, once more I say; nobody will grudge it thee."

While Sancho was thus employed, Don Quixote saw twelve young farmer's sons, all dressed very gay, enter upon stately mares, as richly and gaudily equipped as the country could afford, with little bells fastened to their furniture. These in a close body made several careers up and down the meadow, merrily shouting and crying out, "Long live Camacho and Quiteria! he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest in the world!" Poor ignorants,

(thought Don Quixote, overhearing them,) you speak as you know; but had you ever seen my Dulcinea del Toboso, you would not be so lavish of your praises here.—In a little while, at several other parts of the spacious harbour entered a great number of dancers, and amongst the rest twenty-four young active country-lads in their fine Holland-shirts, with their handkerchiefs wrought with several colours of fine silk, wound about their heads, each of them with sword in hand. They danced a military dance, and skirmished with one another, mixing and intermixing with their naked swords, with wonderful sleight and activity, without hurting each other in the least.

This dance pleased Don Quixote mightily, and though he was no stranger to such sort of dances, he thought it the best he had ever seen. There was another he also liked very well, performed all by most beautiful young maids, between fourteen and eighteen years of age, clad in slight green, with their hair partly filletted up with ribbons, and partly hanging loose about their shoulders, as bright and lovely as the sun's golden beams. Above all they wore garlands of roses, jasmine, amaranth, and honey-suckles. They were led up by a reverend old man, and a matronly woman, both much more light and active than their years seemed to promise. They danced to the music of Zamora bagpipes; and such was the modesty of their looks, and the agility of their feet, that they appeared the prettiest dancers in the world.

After these, came in an artificial dance or masque, consisting of eight nymphs, cast into two divisions, of which Love led one, and Wealth the other ; one with his wings, his bow, his arrows, and his quiver ; the other arrayed in several gaudy colours of gold and silk. The nymphs of Cupid's party had their names inscribed in large characters behind their backs. The first was Poesy, Prudence was the next, the third Nobility, and Valour was the fourth. Those that attended Wealth were Liberality, Reward, Treasure, and Peaceable Possession. Before them came a pageant representing a castle, drawn by four savages clad in green, covered over with ivy, and grim surly vizards on their faces, so to the life, that they had almost frightened Sancho. On the frontispiece, and on every quarter of the edifices, was inscribed, " The castle of Wise Reservedness." Four expert musicians played to them on pipe and tabor. Cupid began the dance, and, after two movements, he cast up his eyes, and bent his bow against a virgin that stood upon the battlements of the castle, addressing himself in this manner.

THE MASQUE.

LOVE.

" My name is Love, supreme my sway,
The greatest good and greatest pain.
Air, earth, and seas my power obey,
And gods themselves must drag my chain.

" In every heart my throne I keep,
Fear ne'er could daunt my daring soul :
I fire the bosom of the deep,
And the profoundest hell controul."—

Having spoken these verses, Cupid shot an arrow over the castle, and retired to his station. Then Wealth advanced, and performed two movements ; after which the music stopped, and he expressed himself thus :

W E A L T H.

" Love's my incentive and my end,
But I'm a greater power than Love ;
Though earthly born, I earth transcend,
For Wealth's a blessing from above.

" Bright maid, with me receive and bless
The surest pledge of all success ;
Desired by all, used right by few,
But best bestow'd, when graced by you."—

Wealth withdrew, and Poesy came forward, and after she had performed her movements like the rest, fixing her eyes upon the lady of the castle, repeated these lines :

P O E S Y.

" Sweet Poesy in moving lays
Love into hearts, sense into souls conveys ;
With sacred rage can tune to bliss or woe,
Sways all the man, and gives him heaven below.

"Bright nymph, with every grace adorn'd,
Shall noble verse by thee be scorn'd?
'Tis wit can best thy beauty prize;
Then raise the muse, and thou by her shalt rise."

Poesy retired, and Liberty advanced from
Wealth's side, and after the dance spoke thus :

LIBERALITY.

"Behold that noble golden mien
Betwixt the sparing and profuse!
Good sense and merit must be seen
Where Liberty's in use.

"But I for thee will lavish seem;
For thee profuseness I'll approve:
For, where the merit is extreme,
Who'd not be prodigal of love."

In this manner all the persons of each party advanced and spoke their verses, of which some were pretty and some foolish enough. Among the rest, Don Quixote, though he had a good memory, remembered only these here set down. Then the two divisions joined into a very pretty country dance; and still as Cupid passed by the castle, he shot a flight of arrows, and Wealth battered it with golden balls; then drawing out a great purse of Roman cat's-skin, that seemed full of money, he threw it against the castle, the boards of which were presently disjointed, and fell down, leaving the virgin discovered without any defence. Thereupon Wealth immediately entered with his party, and throwing a

golden chain about her neck, made a shew of leading her prisoner : But then Cupid with his attendants came to her rescue ; and both parties engaging, were parted by the savages, who joining the boards together, inclosed the virgin as before ; and all was performed with measure, and to the music, that played all the while ; and so the show ended, to the great content of the spectators.

When all was over, Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, who it was that composed the entertainment ? She answered, that it was a certain clergyman who lived in their town, that had a rare talent that way. " I dare lay a wager," said Don Quixote, " he was more a friend to Basil than to Camacho, and knows better what belongs to a play than a prayer-book : He has expressed Basil's parts and Camacho's estate very naturally in the design of your dance."—" God bless the king and Camacho, say I," quoth Sancho, who heard this. " Well, Sancho," says Don Quixote, " thou art a white-livered rogue to change parties as thou dost ; thou art like the rabble, which always cry, Long live the Conqueror."—" I know not what I am like," replied Sancho ; " but this I know, that this kettle-full of geese and hens is a bribe for a prince. Camacho has filled my belly, and therefore has won my heart. When shall I ladle out such dainty scum out of Basil's porridge-pots ?" added he, shewing his master the meat, and falling on lustily ; " therefore a fig for his abilities, say I. As he sows so let him reap, and as he reaps so let him sow. My old grannam (rest her soul) was wont to say,

there were but two families in the world—Have-much and Have-little ; and she had ever a great kindness for the family of the Have-much. A doctor gives his advice by the pulse of your pocket ; and an ass covered with gold looks better than an horse with a pack-saddle ; so once more I say, Camacho, for my money.”

“ Hast thou not done yet ?” said Don Quixote. “ I must have done,” answered Sancho, “ because I find you begin to be in a passion, else I had work cut out for three days and a half.”—“ Well !” said Don Quixote, “ thou wilt never be silent till thy mouth is full of clay ; when thou art dead, I hope I shall have some rest.”—“ Faith and troth, now, master,” quoth Sancho, “ you did ill to talk of death, heaven bless us, it is no child’s play ; you have even spoiled my dinner ; the very thought of raw bones and lantern jaws makes me sick. Death eats up all things, both the young lamb and old sheep ; and I have heard our parson say, death values a prince no more than a clown ; all is fish that comes to his net ; he throws at all, and sweeps stakes ; he is no mower that takes a nap at noon-day, but drives on, fair weather or foul, and cuts down the green grass as well as the ripe corn : He is neither squeamish nor queesy-stomached, for he swallows without chewing, and crams down all things into his ungracious maw ; and though you can see no belly he has, he has a confounded dropsy, and thirsts after men’s lives, which he guggles down like mother’s milk.”

“ Hold, hold,” cried the knight, “ go no further, for thou art come to a very handsome period ; thou

hast said as much of death in thy home-spun cant, as a good preacher could have done : Thou hast got the nack of preaching, man ! I must get thee a pulpit and benefice, I think.”—“ He preaches well that lives well,” quoth Sancho ; “ that is all the divinity I understand.”—“ Thou hast divinity enough,” said the Don ; “ only I wonder at one thing. It is said the beginning of wisdom proceeds from the fear of Heaven ; how happens it then, that thou, who fearest a lizard more than Omnipotence, should’st be so wise ? ”—“ Pray, sir,” replied Sancho, “ judge you of your knight-errantry, and don’t meddle with other men’s fears, for I am as pretty a fearer of Heaven as any of my neighbours ; and so let me despatch this *scrum*, (and much good may it do thee, honest Sancho ;) consider, sir, we must give an account for our idle words, another day ; I must have the other pluck at the kettle.” With that he attacked it with so courageous an appetite, that he sharpened his master’s, who would certainly have kept him company, had he not been prevented by that which necessity obliges me to relate this instant.

CHAPTER XXI.

The progress of Camacho’s Wedding with other delightful Accidents.

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were discoursing, as the former chapter has told you, they were interrupted by a great noise of joy and acclamations

raised by the horsemen, who, shouting and galloping, went to meet the young couple, who, surrounded by a thousand instruments and devices, were coming to the harbour, accompanied by the curate, their relations, and all the better sort of the neighbourhood, set out in their holiday clothes. "Hey-day!" quoth Sancho, as soon as he saw the bride, "what have we here? Adzookers, this is no country lass, but a fine court lady, all in her silks and satins, by the mass! Look, look ye, master, see if, instead of glass necklaces, she have not on fillets of rich coral; and instead of green serge of Cuencha, a thirty-piled velvet. I'll warrant her lacing is white linen too; but hold, may I never squint if it be not satin! Bless us! see what rings she has on her fingers; no jet, no pewter baubles, pure beaten gold, as I am a sinner, and set with pearls too! if every pearl be not as white as a syllabub, and each of them as precious as an eye! How she is bedizened, and glistens from top to toe! And now yonder again, what fine long locks the young slut has got! if they be not false, I never saw longer in my born days. Ah, jade! what a fine stately person she is! What a many trinkets and glaring gewgaws are dangling in her hair and about her neck! Cudsniggers! she puts me in mind of an over-loaden date-tree. In my conscience! she is a juicy bit, a mettled wench, and might well pass muster in Flanders. Well! I say no more, but happy is the man that has thee!"

Don Quixote could not help smiling to hear Sancho set forth the bride after his rustic way, though at the same time he beheld her with admiration,

thinking her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, except his mistress Dulcinea. However, the fair Quiteria appeared somewhat pale, probably with the ill rest which brides commonly have the night before their marriage, in order to dress themselves to advantage. There was a large scaffold erected on one side of the meadow, and adorned with carpets and boughs, for the marriage ceremony, and the more convenient prospect of the shows and entertainments.

The procession was just arrived to this place, when they heard a piercing outcry, and a voice calling out, "Stay, rash and hasty people, stay!" Upon which all turning about, they saw a person coming after them in a black coat, bordered with crimson powdered with flames of fire. On his head he wore a garland of mournful cypress, and a large truncheon in his hand, headed with an iron spike. As soon as he drew near, they knew him to be the gallant Basil, and the whole assembly began to fear some mischief would ensue, seeing him come thus unlooked for, and with such an outcry and behaviour. He came up tired and panting before the bride and bridegroom; then leaning on his truncheon, he fixed his eyes on Quiteria, turning pale and trembling at the same time, and with a fearful hollow voice, "Too well you know," cried he, "unkind Quiteria, that, by the ties of truth, and law of that Heaven which we all revere, while I have life you cannot be married to another. You may remember too, that all the while I staid, hoping that time and industry might better my fortune, and render me a match more

equal to you, I never offered to transcend the bounds of honourable love, by soliciting favours to the prejudice of your virtue. But you, forgetting all the ties between us, are going now to break them, and give my right to another, whose large possessions, though they can procure him all other blessings, I had never envied, could they not have purchased you. But no more. The fates have ordained it, and I will further their design, by removing this unhappy obstacle out of your way. Live, rich Camacho, live happy with the ungrateful Quiteria many years, and let the poor, the miserable Basil die, whose poverty has clipped the wings of his felicity, and laid him in the grave !”

Saying these last words, he drew out of his supposed truncheon a short tuck that was concealed in it, and setting the hilt of it to the ground, he fell upon the point in such a manner that it came out all bloody at his back, the poor wretch weltering on the ground in blood. His friends, strangely confounded by this sad accident, ran to help him, and Don Quixote, forsaking Rozinante, made haste to his assistance, and taking him up in his arms, found there was still life in him. They would fain have drawn the sword out of his body, but the curate urged it was not convenient till he had made confession, and prepared himself for death, which would immediately attend the effusion of blood, upon pulling the tuck out of his body.

While they were debating this point, Basil seemed to come a little to himself, and calling on the bride, “ Oh ! Quiteria,” said he, with a faint and

doleful voice, "now, now, in this last and departing minute of my life, even in this dreadful agony of death, would you but vouchsafe to give me your hand, and own yourself my wife, I should think myself rewarded for the torments I endure; and, pleased to think this desperate deed made me yours, though but for a moment, I would die contented." The curate, hearing this, very earnestly recommended to him the care of his soul's health, which at the present juncture was more proper than any gratification of his outward man; that his time was but short, and he ought to be very earnest with Heaven, in imploring its mercy and forgiveness for all his sins, but especially for this last desperate action. To which Basil answered, "that he could think of no happiness till Quiteria yielded to be his; but if she would do it, that satisfaction would calm his spirits, and dispose him to confess himself heartily,"

Don Quixote, hearing this, cried out aloud, "that Basil's demand was just and reasonable, and Signior Camacho might as honourably receive her as the worthy Basil's widow, as if he had received her at her father's hands. Say but the word, madam," continued he, "pronounce it once to save a man from despair and damnation; you will not be long bound to it, since the nuptial bed of this bridegroom must be the grave." Camacho stood all this while strangely confounded, till at last he was prevailed on, by the repeated importunities of Basil's friends, to consent that Quiteria should humour the dying man, knowing her own happiness would thereby be deferred but a few minutes longer. Then they all bent their

entreaties to Quiteria, some with tears in their eyes, others with all the engaging arguments their pity could suggest. She stood a long time inexorable, and did not return any answer, till at last the curate came to her, and bid her resolve what she would do, for Basil was just ready to give up the ghost. But then the poor virgin, trembling and dismayed, without speaking a word, came to poor Basil, who lay gasping for breath, with his eyes fixed in his head as if he were just expiring; she kneeled down by him, and with the most manifest signs of grief beckoned to him for his hand. Then Basil opening his eyes, and fixing them in a languishing posture on hers, "Oh! Quiteria," said he, "your heart at last relents when your pity comes too late. Thy arms are now extended to relieve me, when those of death draw me to their embraces; and they, alas! are much too strong for thine. All I desire of thee, O fatal beauty, is this, let not that fair hand deceive me now, as it has done before, but confess, that what you do is free and voluntary, without constraint, or in compliance to any one's commands; declare me openly thy true and lawful husband: thou wilt not sure dissemble with one in death, and deal falsely with his departing soul, that all his life has been true to thee?"

In the midst of all this discourse he fainted away, and all the by-standers thought him gone. The poor Quiteria, with a blushing modesty, a kind of violence upon herself, took him by the hand, and with a great deal of emotion, "No force," said she, "could ever work upon my will to this degree; therefore believe

it purely my own free will and inclination, that I here publicly declare you my only lawful husband: here is my hand in pledge, and I expect yours as freely in return, if your pains and this sudden accident have not yet bereft you of all sense.”—“ I give it you,” said Basil, with all the presence of mind imaginable, “ and here I own myself thy husband.”—“ And I thy wife,” said she, “ whether thy life be long, or whether from my arms they bear thee this instant to the grave.”—“ Methinks,” quoth Sancho, “ this young man talks too much for a man in his condition ; pray advise him to leave off his wooing, and mind his soul’s health. I am afraid his death is more in his tongue than between his teeth.” Now when Basil and Quiteria had thus plighted their faith to each other, while yet their hands were joined together, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, poured on them both the nuptial blessing, beseeching heaven, at the same time, to have mercy on the new-married man’s soul, and in a manner mixing the burial service with the matrimonial.

As soon as the benediction was pronounced, up starts Basil briskly from the ground, and with an unexpected activity whips the sword out of his body, and caught his dear Quiteria close in his arms. All the spectators stood amazed, and some of the simpler sort stuck not to cry out, “ A miracle, a miracle !” —“ No, no,” cried Basil, “ no miracle, no miracle, but a stratagem, a stratagem.” The curate, more astonished and concerned than all the rest, came with both his hands to feel the wound, and discovered that the sword had no where passed through

the cunning Basil's body, but only through a tin pipe full of blood artfully fitted to his body, and, as it was afterwards known, so prepared, that the blood could not congeal. In short, the curate, Camacho, and the company, found they had all been egregiously imposed upon. As for the bride, she was so far from being displeased, that hearing it urged that the marriage could not stand good in law, because it was fraudulent and deceitful, she publicly declared that she again confirmed it to be just, and by the free consent of both parties.

Camacho, and his friends, judging by this, that the trick was premeditated, and that she was privy to the plot, enraged at this horrid disappointment, had recourse to a stronger argument, and, drawing their swords, set furiously on Basil, in whose defence almost as many were immediately unsheathed. Don Quixote immediately mounting, with his lance couched, and covered with his shield, led the van of Basil's party, and falling in with the enemy, charged clear through the gross of their battalia. Sancho, who never liked any dangerous work, resolved to stand neuter, and so retired under the walls of the mighty pot whence he had got the precious skimmings, thinking that would be respected whatever side gained the battle.

Don Quixote, addressing himself to Camacho's party, "Hold, gentlemen," cried he, "it is not just thus with arms to redress the injuries of love. Love and war are the same thing, and stratagems and policy are as allowable in the one as in the other. Quiteria was designed for Basil, and he for her, by the

unalterable decrees of Heaven. Camacho's riches may purchase him a bride, and more content elsewhere, and those whom Heaven has joined let no man put asunder. Basil had but this one lamb, and the lamb of his bosom. Let none therefore offer to take his single delight from him, though presuming on his power ; for here I solemnly declare, that he who first attempts it must pass through me, and this lance through him." At which he shook his lance in the air with so much vigour and dexterity, that he cast a sudden terror into those that beheld him, who did not know the threatening champion.

In short, Don Quixote's words, the good curate's diligent mediation, together with Quiteria's inconstancy, brought Camacho to a truce ; and he then discreetly considered, that since Quiteria loved Basil before marriage, it was probable she would love him afterwards, and that therefore he had more reason to thank Heaven for so good a riddance, than to repine at losing her. This thought, improved by some other considerations, brought both parties to a fair accommodation ; and Camacho, to shew he did not resent the disappointment, blaming rather Quiteria's levity than Basil's policy, invited the whole company to stay, and take share of what he had provided. But Basil, whose virtues, in spite of his poverty, had secured him many friends, drew away part of the company to attend him and his bride to her own town ; and among the rest Don Quixote, whom they all honoured as a person of extraordinary worth and bravery. Poor Sancho followed his master with a heavy heart ; he could not be reconciled to the

thoughts of turning his back so soon upon the good cheer and jollity at Camacho's feast, that lasted till night ; and had a strange hankering after those dear flesh-pots of Egypt, which, though he left behind in reality, he yet carried along with him in mind. The beloved *acum* which he had, that was nigh guttled already, made him view with sorrow the almost empty kettle, the dear casket where his treasure lay : So that stomaching mightily his master's defection from Camacho's feast, he sullenly paced on after Rozinante, very much out of humour, though he had just filled his belly.

CHAPTER XXII.

An Account of the great Adventure of Montesinos' Cave, situated in the heart of La Mancha, which the Valorous Don Quixote successfully achieved.

THE new-married couple entertained Don Quixote very nobly, in acknowledgment of his readiness to defend their cause ; they esteemed his wisdom equal to his valour, and thought him both a Cid in arms, and a Cicero in arts. Honest Sancho too re-eruted himself to the purpose, during the three days his master staid, and so came to his good humour again. Basil then informed them, that Quiteria knew nothing of his stratagem : but being a pure device of his own, he had made some of his nearest friends acquainted with it, that they should stand

by him if occasion were, and bring him off upon the discovery of the deceit.—“ It deserves a handsomer name,” said Don Quixote, “ since conducive to so good and honourable an end, as the marriage of a loving couple. By the way, sir, you must know, that the greatest obstacle to love, is want, and a narrow fortune : for the continual bands and cements of mutual affection are mirth, content, satisfaction, and jollity. These, managed by skilful hands, can make variety in the pleasures of wedlock, preparing the same thing always with some additional circumstance, to render it new and delightful. But when pressing necessity and indigence deprive us of those pleasures that prevent satiety, the yoke of matrimony is often found very galling, and the burden intolerable.”

These words were chiefly directed by Don Quixote to Basil, to advise him by the way to give over those airy sports and exercises, which indeed might feed his youth with praise, but not his old age with bread, and to bethink himself of some grave and substantial employment, that might afford him a competency, and something of a stock for his declining years. Then pursuing his discourse : “ The honourable poor man,” said he, “ if the poor can deserve that epithet, when he has a beautiful wife, is blessed with a jewel : He that deprives him of her, robs him of his honour, and may be said to deprive him of his life. The woman that is beautiful, and keeps her honesty when her husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurel, as the conquerors were of old. Beauty is a tempting bait, that at-

tracts the eyes of all beholders, and the princely eagles, and the most high-flown birds, stoop to its pleasing lure. But when they find it in necessity, then kites and crows, and other ravenous birds, will all be grappling with the alluring prey. She that can withstand these dangerous attacks, well deserves to be the crown of her husband. However, sir, take this along with you, as the opinion of a wise man, whose name I have forgot ; he said, there was but one good woman in the world, and his advice was, that every married man should think his own wife was she, as being the only way to live contented. For my own part, I need not make the application to myself, for I am not married, nor have I as yet any thoughts that way ; but if I had, it would not be a woman's fortune, but her character, should recommend her ; for public reputation is the life of a lady's virtue, and the outward appearance of modesty is in one sense as good as the reality ; since a private sin is not so prejudicial in this world, as a public indecency. If you bring a woman honest to your bosom, it is easy keeping her so, and perhaps you may improve her virtues. If you take an unchaste partner to your bed, it is hard mending her ; for the extremities of vice and virtue are so great in a woman, and their points so far asunder, that it is very improbable, I won't say impossible, they should ever be reconciled."

Sancho, who had patiently listened so far, could not forbear making some remarks on his master's talk. " This master of mine," thought he to himself, " when I am talking some good things, full of pith

and marrow, as he may be now, was wont to tell me that I should tie a pulpit at my back, and stroll with it about the world to retail my rarities; but I might as well tell him, that when once he begins to tack his sentences together, a single pulpit is too little for him; he had need have two for every finger, and go peddling about the market and cry, Who buys my ware? Old Nick take him for a knight-errant! I think he is one of the seven wise masters. I thought he knew nothing but his knight-errantry, but now I see the devil a thing can escape him; he has an oar in every man's boat, and a finger in every pye." As he muttered this somewhat loud his master overheard him. "What is that thou art grumbling about, Sancho?" said he.—"Nothing, sir, nothing," quoth Sancho. "I was only wishing I had heard your worship preach this doctrine before I married, then mayhap I might have with the old proverb said, A sound man needs no physician."—"What, is Teresa so bad then?" asked Don Quixote.—"Not so very bad neither," answered Sancho; "nor yet so good as I would have her."—"Fie, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou dost not do well to speak ill of thy wife, who is a good mother to thy children."—"There is no love lost, sir," quoth Sancho, "for she speaks as ill of me, when the fit takes her, especially when she is in one of her jealous moods, for then Old Nick himself could not bear her maundering."

Don Quixote having tarried three days with the young couple, and been entertained like a prince, he entreated the student, who fenced so well, to help

him to a guide that might conduct him to Montesinos' cave, resolving to go down into it, and prove by his own eye-sight the wonders that were reported of it round the country. The student recommended a cousin-german of his for his conductor, who, he said, was an ingenious lad, a pretty scholar, and a great admirer of books of knight-errantry, and could shew him the famous lake of Ruydera too: adding, that he would be very good company for the knight, as being one that wrote books for the booksellers, in order to dedicate them to great men. Accordingly, the learned cousin came, mounted on an ass with foal; his pack-saddle covered with an old carpet, or coarse packing-cloth. Thereupon Sancho having got ready Rozinante and Dapple, well stuffed his wallet, and the student's knapsack to boot, they all took their leave, steering the nearest course to Montesinos' cave.

To pass the time on the road, Don Quixote asked the guide, to what course of study he chiefly applied himself?—"Sir," answered the scholar, "my business is writing, and copy-money my chief study. I have published some things with the general approbation of the world, and much to my own advantage. Perhaps, sir, you may have heard of one of my books called, 'The Treatise of Liveries and Devices;' in which I have obliged the public with no less than seven hundred and three sorts of liveries and devices, with their colours, mottos, and cyphers; so that any courtier may furnish himself there upon any extraordinary appearance, with what may suit his fancy or circumstances, without racking his own

invention to find what is agreeable to his inclination. I can furnish the jealous, the forsaken, the disdained, the absent, with what will fit them to a hair. Another piece, which I now have on the anvil, I design to call the 'Metamorphosis, or The Spanish Ovid;' an invention very new and extraordinary. It is in short, 'Ovid Burlesqued;' wherein I discover who the Giralda* of Seville was; who the angel of Magdalen; I tell ye what was the pipe of Vecinguerra of Cordova, what the bulls of Guisando, the Sierra Morena, the fountains of Laganitos, and Lavapies at Madrid; not forgetting that of Piojo, nor those of the golden pipe, and the abbey; and I embellish the fables with allegories, metaphors, and translations, that will both delight and instruct. Another work, which I soon design for the press, I call a supplement to Polydore Virgil, concerning the invention of things; a piece, I will assure you, sir, that shews the great pains and learning of the compiler, and perhaps in a better style than the old author. For example, he has forgot to tell us, who was the first that was troubled with a catarrh in the world; and who was the first that was fluxed for the French disease. Now, sir, I immediately resolve it, and confirm my assertion by the testimony of at least four-and-twenty authentic writers; by which quotations alone, you may guess, sir, at what pains I have been to instruct and benefit the public."

* All these are noted things, or places in Spain, on which many fabulous stories are grounded. See Notes.

Sancho having hearkened with great attention all this while, "Pray, sir," quoth he to him, "so heaven guide your right hand in all you write, let me ask you who was the first man that scratched his head?"—"Scratched his head, friend?" answered the author.—"Ay, sir, scratched his head?" quoth Sancho: "Sure you that know all things, can tell me that, or the devil is in it! What think you of old father Adam?"—"Old father Adam?" answered the scholar: "let me see—father Adam had a head, he had hair, he had hands, and he could scratch: But father Adam was the first man; *Ergo*, Father Adam was the first man that scratched his head. It is plain you are in the right."—"O ho, am I so, sir?" quoth Sancho. "Another question, by your leave, sir, Who was the first tumbler in the world?"—"Truly, friend," answered the student, "that is a point I cannot resolve you without consulting my books; but as soon as ever I get home, I will study night and day to find it out."—"For two fair words," quoth Sancho, "I will save you that trouble."—"Can you resolve that doubt?" asked the author.—"Ay, marry, can I," said Sancho: "The first tumbler in the world was Lucifer; when he was cast out of heaven he tumbled into hell."—"You are positively in the right," said the scholar.—"Where did you get that, Sancho?" said Don Quixote; "for I dare swear it is none of your own."—"Mum!" quoth Sancho. "In asking of foolish questions, and selling of bargains, let Sancho alone, quo' I; I do not want the help of my neighbours."—"Truly," said

Don Quixote, "thou hast given thy question a better epithet than thou art aware of: For there are some men who busy their heads, and lose a world of time in making discoveries, the knowledge of which is good for nothing upon the earth, unless it be to make the discoverers laughed at."—

With these, and such diverting discourses, they passed their journey, till they came to the cave the next day, having lain the night before in an inconsiderable village on the road. There they bought a hundred fathom of cordage to hang Don Quixote by, and let him down to the lowest part of the cave; he being resolved to go to the very bottom, were it as deep as hell. The mouth of it was inaccessible, being quite stopped up with weeds, bushes, brambles, and wild fig-trees, though the entrance was wide and spacious. Don Quixote was no sooner come to the place, but he prepared for his expedition into that under-world, telling the scholar, that he was resolved to reach the bottom, though deep as the profound abyss; and all having alighted, the squire and his guide accordingly girt him fast with a rope. While this was doing, "Good sweet sir," quoth Sancho, "consider what you do. Do not venture into such a cursed black hole! Look before you leap, sir, and be not so wilful as to bury yourself alive. Do not hang yourself like a bottle or a bucket, that is let down to be soused in a well. Alack-a-day, sir, it is none of your business to pry thus into every hole, and go down to the pit of hell for the nonce."—"Peace, coward," said the knight,

“and bind me fast; for surely for me such an enterprize as this is reserved.”—“Pray, sir,” said the student, “when you are in, be very vigilant in exploring and observing all the rarities in the place. Let nothing escape your eyes, perhaps you may discover there some things worthy to be inserted in my *Metamorphoses*.”—“Lethim alone,” quoth Sancho, “he will go through stitch with it: He will make a hog or a dog of it, I will warrant you.”—

Don Quixote being well bound, not over his armour, but his doublet, bethought himself of one thing they had forgot.—“We did ill,” said he, “not to provide ourselves with a little bell, that I should have carried down with me, to ring for more or less rope as I may have occasion for, and inform you of my being alive. But since there is no remedy, heaven prosper me.” Then kneeling down, he in a low voice recommended himself to the Divine Providence for assistance and success in an adventure so strange, and in all appearance so dangerous. Then raising his voice, “O thou, mistress of my life and motions,” cried he, “most illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, if the prayers of an adventurous absent lover may reach the ears of the far distant object of his wishes, by the power of thy unspeakable beauty, I conjure thee to grant me thy favour and protection, in this plunge and precipice of my fortune! I am now going to ingulph, and cast myself into this dismal profundity, that the world may know nothing can be impossible to him, who, influenced by thy smiles, attempts, under the banner of thy beauty, the most difficult task.”—

This said, he got up again, and approaching the entrance of the cave, he found it stopped up with brakes and bushes, so that he must be obliged to make his way by force. Whereupon, drawing his sword, he began to cut and slash the brambles that stopped up the mouth of the cave, when presently an infinite number of over-grown crows and daws came rushing and fluttering out of the cave about his ears, so thick, and with such an impetuosity, as overwhelmed him to the ground. He was not superstitious enough to draw any ill omen from the flight of the birds ; besides, it was no small encouragement to him, that he spied no bats nor owls, nor other ill-boding birds of night among them : He therefore rose again with an undaunted heart, and committed himself to the black and dreadful abyss. But Sancho first gave him his benediction, and making a thousand crosses over him, " Heaven be thy guide," quoth he, " and our * Lady of the Rock in France, with the Trinity of Gaeta, thou flower and cream, and scum of all knights-errant ! Go thy ways, thou hackster of the world, heart of steel, and arms of brass ! and mayest thou come back sound, wind and limb, out of this dreadful hole which thou art running into, once more to see the warm sun, which thou art now leaving."—

The scholar too prayed to the same effect for the knight's happy return. Don Quixote then called for more rope, which they gave him by degrees, till

* Particular places of devotion.

his voice was drowned in the winding of the cave, and their cordage was run out. That done they began to consider whether they should hoist him up again immediately or no ; however, they resolved to stay half an hour, and then they began to draw up the rope, but were strangely surprised to find no weight upon it ; which made them conclude, the poor gentleman was certainly lost. Sancho, bursting out in tears, made a heavy lamentation, and fell a hauling up the rope as fast as he could, to be thoroughly satisfied. But after they had drawn up about four-score fathoms, they felt a weight again, which made them take heart ; and at length they plainly saw Don Quixote.—“ Welcome,” cried Sancho to him, as soon as he came in sight ; “ welcome, dear master. I am glad you are come back again ; we were afraid you had been pawned for the reckoning.” But Sancho had no answer to his compliment ; and when they had pulled the knight quite up, they found that his eyes were closed as if he had been fast asleep. They laid him on the ground, and unbound him. Yet he made no sign of waking, and all their turning and shaking was little enough to make him come to himself.

At last he began to stretch his limbs, as if he had waked out of the most profound sleep, and staring wildly about him, “ Heaven forgive you, friends !” cried he, “ for you have raised me from one of the sweetest lives that ever mortal led, and most delightful sights that ever eyes beheld. Now I perceive how fleeting are all the joys of this transitory life ; they are but an imperfect dream, they fade like a

flower, and vanish like a shadow. Oh ill-fated Montesinos ! Oh Durandarte, unfortunately wounded ! Oh unhappy Belerma ! Oh deplorable Guadiana ! and you the distressed daughters of Ruydera, whose flowing waters shew what streams of tears once trickled from your lovely eyes !” These expressions, uttered with great passion and concern, surprised the scholar and Sancho, and they desired to know his meaning, and what he had seen in that hell upon earth.—“ Call it not hell,” answered Don Quixote, “ for it deserves a better name, as I shall soon let you know. But first give me something to eat, for I am prodigiously hungry.” They then spread the scholar’s coarse saddle-cloth for a carpet ; and examining their old cup-board, the knapsack, they all three sat down on the grass, and eat heartily together, like men that were a meal or two behind-hand. When they had done, “ let no man stir,” said Don Quixote ; “ sit still, and hear me with attention.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

Of the wonderful Things which the unparalleled Don Quixote declared he had seen in the deep Cave of Montesinos, the greatness and impossibility of which makes this Adventure pass for apocryphal.

It was now past four in the afternoon, and the sun was opportunely hid behind the clouds, which, interposing between his rays, invited Don Quixote, without heat or trouble, to relate to his illustrious

auditors the wonders he had seen in Montesinos' cave.

“About twelve or fourteen men's depth,” said he, “in the profundity of this cavern, on the right hand, there is a concavity wide enough to contain a large waggon, mules and all. This place is not wholly dark, for through some chinks and narrow holes, that reach to the distant surface of the earth, there comes a glimmering light. I discovered this recess, being already weary of hanging by the loins, discouraged by the profound darkness of the region below me, destitute of a guide, and not knowing whither I went : resolving therefore to rest myself there a while, I called to you to give me no more rope, but it seems you did not hear me. I therefore entered, and coiling up the cord, sat upon it very melancholy, and thinking how I should most conveniently get down to the bottom, having nobody to guide or support me. While thus I sat pensive, and lost in thought, insensibly, without any previous drowsiness, I found myself surprised by sleep ; and after that, not knowing how, nor which way I wakened, I unexpectedly found myself in the finest, the sweetest, and most delightful meadow, that ever nature adorned with her beauties, or the most inventive fancy could ever imagine. Now, that I might be sure this was neither a dream nor an illusion, I rubbed my eyes, blowed my nose, and felt several parts of my body, and convinced myself, that I was really awake, with the use of all my senses, and all the faculties of my understanding sound and active : as at this moment.

“ Presently I discovered a royal and sumptuous palace, of which the walls and battlements seemed all of clear and transparent crystal. At the same time, the spacious gates opening, there came out towards me a venerable old man, clad in a sad-coloured robe, so long that it swept the ground ; on his breast and shoulders he had a green satin tippet after the manner of those worn in colleges. On his head he wore a black Milan cap, and his broad hoary beard reached down below his middle. He had no kind of weapon in his hands, but a rosary of beads about the bigness of walnuts, and his credo beads appeared as large as ordinary ostrich-eggs. The awful and grave aspect, the pace, the port and goodly presence of this old man, each of them apart, and much more all together, struck me with veneration and astonishment. He came up to me, and, without any previous ceremony, embracing me close, ‘ It is a long time,’ said he, ‘ most renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, that we who dwell in this enchanted solitude have hoped to see you here ; that you may inform the upper world of the surprising prodigies concealed from human knowledge in this subterranean hollow, called the cave of Montesinos : An enterprize reserved alone for your insuperable heart, and stupendous resolution. Go with me then, thou most illustrious knight, and behold the wonders inclosed within the transparent castle, of which I am the perpetual governor and chief warden, being the same individual Montesinos, from whom this cavern took its name.’

“ No sooner had the reverend old man let me know

who he was, but I entreated him to tell me, whether it was true or no, that, at his friend Durandarte's dying request, he had taken out his heart with a small dagger, the very moment he expired, and carried it to his mistress Belerma, as the story was current in the world?—"It is literally true," answered the old gentleman, "except that single circumstance of the dagger; for I used neither a small nor a large dagger on this occasion, but a well polished poniard, as sharp as an awl."

"I will be hanged," quoth Sancho, "if it was not one of your Seville poniards of Raymond de Hoze's making."—"That cannot be," said Don Quixote, "for that cutler lived but the other day, and the battle of Roncesvalles, where this accident happened, was fought many ages ago: but this is of no importance to the story."—"You are in the right, sir," said the student, "and pray go on, for I hearken to your relation with the greatest satisfaction imaginable."

"That, sir," said the knight, "increases my pleasure in telling it. But to proceed: The venerable Montesinos, having conducted me into the crystal palace, led me into a spacious ground-room, exceeding cool, and all of alabaster. In the middle of it stood a stately marble tomb, that seemed a masterpiece of art; upon which lay a knight extended all at length, not of stone or brass, as on other monuments, but pure flesh and bones: He covered the region of his heart with his right hand, which seemed to me somewhat hairy, and very full of sinews, a sign of the great strength of the body to which it belonged. Montesinos, observing that I viewed

this spectacle with surprise, 'Behold,' said he, 'the flower and mirror of all the amorous and valiant knights of his age, my friend Durandarte, who, together with me and many others of both sexes, are kept here enchanted by Merlin that British magician, who, they say, was the son of the Devil, though I cannot believe it; only his knowledge was so great, that he might be said to know more than the devil. Here I say we are enchanted, but how and for what cause no man can tell, though time, I hope, will shortly reveal it. But the most wonderful part of my fortune is this; I am as certain, as that the sun now shines, that Durandarte died in my arms; and that with these hands I took out his heart, by the same token that it weighed above two pounds, a sure mark of his courage; for, by the rules of natural philosophy, the most valiant men have still the biggest hearts. Nevertheless, though this knight really died, he still complains and sighs sometimes as if he were alive.'

"Scarce had Montesinos spoke these words, but the miserable Durandarte cried out aloud, 'Oh! cousin Montesinos, the last and dying request of your departing friend, was to take my heart out of my breast with a poniard or a dagger, and carry it to Belerma.' The venerable Montesinos, hearing this, fell on his knees before the afflicted knight, and with tears in his eyes, 'Long, long ago,' said he, 'Durandarte, thou dearest of my kinsmen, have I performed what you enjoined me on that bitter fatal day when you expired. I took out your heart with all imaginable care, not leaving the least par-

ticle of it in your breast : I gently wiped it with a laced handkerchief, and posted away with it to France, as soon as I had committed your dear remains to the bosom of the earth, having shed tears enough to have washed my hands clear of the blood they had gathered by plunging in your entrails. To confirm this truth yet farther, at the first place where I stopped from Roncesvalles, I laid a little salt upon your heart, to preserve it from putrefaction, and keep it, if not fresh, at least free from any ill smell, till I presented it into the hands of Belerma, who with you and me, and Guadiana * your squire, as also Ruydera (the lady's woman) with her seven daughters, her two nieces, and many others of your friends and acquaintance, is here confined by the necromantic charms of the magician Merlin; and though it be now above five hundred years since we were first conveyed into this enchanted castle, we are still alive, except Ruydera, her daughters and nieces, who by the favour of Merlin, that pitied their tears, were turned into so many lakes, still extant in the world of the living, and in the province of La Mancha, distinguished by the name of the lakes of Ruydera ; seven of them belonged to the kings of Spain, and the two nieces to the Knights of the most Holy Order of St John. Your squire Guadiana, lamenting his hard fate, was in like manner metamorphosed into a river that bears his name ;

* Guadiana, a river in Spain, that sinks into the earth, and rises again a great distance off.

yet still so sensible of your disaster, that when he first arose out of the bowels of the earth to flow along its surface, and saw the sun in a strange hemisphere, he plunged again under ground, striving to hide his melting sorrows from the world; but the natural current of his waters forcing a passage up again, he is compelled to appear, where the sun and mortals may see him. Those lakes mixing their waters in his bosom, he swells, and glides along in sullen state to Portugal, often expressing his deep melancholy by the muddy and turbid colour of his streams; which, as they refuse to please the sight, so likewise deny to indulge mortal appetite, by breeding such fair and savoury fish as may be found in the golden Tagus. All this I have often told you, my dearest Durandarte; and since you return me no answer, I must conclude you believe me not, or that you do not hear me; for which (witness it heaven) I am extremely grieved. But now I have other news to tell ye, which, though perhaps it may not assuage your sorrows, yet I am sure it will not increase them. Open your eyes, and behold in your presence that mighty knight, of whom Merlin the sage has foretold so many wonders: That Don Quixote de la Mancha, I mean, who has not only restored to the world the function of knight-errantry, that has lain so long in oblivion, but advanced it to greater fame than it could boast in former ages, the nonage of the world. It is by his power we may expect to see the fatal charm dissolved, that keeps us here confined; for great performances are properly reserved for great per-

sonages.'—'And should it not be so?' answered the grieving Durandarte, with a faint and languishing voice,—'Should it not be so, I say? Oh! cousin, patience, and shuffle the cards.' Then turning on one side, without speaking a word more, he relapsed into his usual silence.

"After this, I was alarmed with piteous howling and crying, which, mixed with lamentable sighs and groans, obliged me to turn about, to see whence it proceeded. Then through the crystal-wall I saw a mournful procession of most beautiful damsels, all in black, marching in two ranks, with turbans on their heads after the Turkish fashion; and last of all came a majestic lady, dressed also in mourning, with a long white veil, that reached from her head down to the ground. Her turban was twice as big as the biggest of the rest: She was somewhat beetle-browed, her nose was flattish, her mouth wide, but her lips red; her teeth, which she sometimes discovered, seemed to be thin and snaggy, but indeed as white as blanched almonds. She held a fine handkerchief, and within it I could perceive a heart of flesh, so dry and withered, that it looked like mummy. Montesinos informed me, that the procession consisted of Durandarte's and Belerma's servants, who were enchanted there with their master and mistress: but that the last was Belerma herself, who with her attendants used four days in the week constantly thus to sing, or rather howl their dirges over the heart and body of his cousin; and that though Belerma appeared a little haggard at that juncture, occasioned by the grief she bore in her own

heart, for that which she carried in her hand ; yet had I seen her before her misfortunes had sunk her eyes and tarnished her complexion, worse than the diseases of her sex, from which she was free, I must have owned, that even the celebrated Dulcinea del Toboso, so famous in La Mancha, and over the whole universe, could scarce have vied with her in gracefulness and beauty.

“ Hold there, good Signior Don Montesinos, said I. You know that comparisons are odious, therefore no more comparing, I beseech you ; but go on with your story. The peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the Lady Belerma is what she is, and has been : so no more upon that subject.— ‘ I beg your pardon,’ answered Montesinos ; ‘ Signior Don Quixote, I might have guessed indeed that you were the Lady Dulcinea’s Knight, and therefore I ought to have bit my tongue off, sooner than to have compared her to any thing lower than heaven itself.’ This satisfaction, which I thought sufficient from the great Montesinos, stifled the resentment I else had shewn, for hearing my mistress compared to Belerma.”—“ Nay, marry,” quoth Sancho, “ I wonder you did not catch the old doating hunk by the weasond, and maul, and thresh him thick and three-fold ! How could you leave one hair on his chin ?”—“ No, no, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “ there is always a respect due to our seniors, though they be no knights ; but most when they are such, and under the oppression of enchantment. However, I am satisfied, that in what discourse passed between us, I took care not to have anything that looked like an affront fixed upon me.”

—“ But, sir,” asked the scholar, “ how could you see and hear so many strange things in so little time ? I cannot conceive how you could do it.”—“ How long,” said Don Quixote, “ do you reckon that I have been in the cave ? ”—“ A little above an hour,” answered Sancho.—“ That is impossible,” said Don Quixote, “ for I saw morning and evening, and evening and morning, three times since ; so that I could not be absent less than three days from this upper world.”—“ Ay, ay,” quoth Sancho, “ my master is in the right ; for these enchantments, that have the greatest share in all his concerns, may make that seem three days and three nights to him, which is but an hour to other people.”—“ It must be so,” said Don Quixote.—“ I hope, sir,” said the scholar, “ you have eaten something in all that time.”—“ Not one morsel,” replied Don Quixote, “ neither have had the least desire to eat, or so much as thought of it all the while.”—“ Do not they that are enchanted sometimes eat ? ” asked the scholar.—“ They never do,” answered Don Quixote, “ and consequently they are never troubled with exonerating the dregs of food ; though it is not unlikely that their nails, their beards and hair still grow.”—“ Do they never sleep neither ? ” said Sancho.—“ Never,” said Don Quixote ; “ at least they never closed their eyes while I was among them, nor I neither.”—“ This makes good the saying,” quoth Sancho, “ Tell me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art. Troth ! you have all been enchanted together. No wonder if you neither eat nor slept, since you were in the land of those that always watch and fast.

But, sir, would you have me speak as I think ; and pray do not take it in ill part, for if I believe one word of all you have said——” “ What do you mean, friend ?” said the student. “ Do you think the noble Don Quixote would be guilty of a lye ? and if he had a mind to stretch a little, could he, think you, have had leisure to frame such a number of stories in so short a time ?”——“ I do not think that my master would lye neither,” said Sancho.—“ What do ye think then, sir ?” said Don Quixote.—“ Why truly, sir,” quoth Sancho, “ I do believe that this same cunning man, this Merlin, that bewitched, or enchanted, as you call it, all that rabble of people you talk of, may have crammed and enchanted some way or other, all that you have told us, and have yet to tell us, into your noddle.”——“ It is not impossible but such a thing may happen,” said Don Quixote, “ though I am convinced it was otherwise with me ; for I am positive that I saw with these eyes, and felt with these hands, all I have mentioned. But what will you think when I tell you, among many wonderful things, that I saw three country-wenches leaping and skipping about those pleasant fields like so many wild-goats ; and at first sight knew one of them to be the peerless Dulcinea, and the other two the very same we spoke to not far from Toboso. I asked Montesinos if he knew them ? He answered in the negative ; but imagined them some enchanted ladies, who were newly come, and that the appearance of strange faces was no rarity among them, for many of the past ages and the present were enchanted there, under several dis-

guises ; and that, among the rest, he knew Queen Guinever and her woman Quintaniona, that officiated as Sir Lancelot's cup-bearer, as he came from Britain."

Sancho, hearing his master talk at this rate, had like to have forgot himself, and burst out a-laughing ; for he well knew that Dulcinea's enchantment was a lie, and that he himself was the chief magician, and raiser of the story ; and thence, concluding his master stark mad, " In an ill hour," quoth he, " dear master of mine, and in a woful day, went your worship down to the other world ; and in a worse hour met you with that plaguy Montesinos, that has sent you back in this rueful pickle. You went hence in your right senses ; could talk prettily enough now and then ; had your handsome proverbs and wise sayings every foot, and would give wholesome counsel to all that would take it ; but now, bless me ! you talk as if you had left your brains in the devil's cellar."—" I know thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, " and therefore I regard thy words as little as possible."—" And I yours," replied Sancho : " nay, you may cripple, lame, or kill me, if you please, either for what I have said, or mean to say ; I must speak my mind though I die for it. But before your blood is up, pray, sir, tell me how did you know it was your mistress ? Did you speak to her ? What did she say to you ? and what did you say to her ?"—" I knew her again," said Don Quixote, " by the same clothes she wore when thou shew'dst her to me. I spoke to her ; but she made

no answer, but suddenly turned away, and fled from me like a whirlwind. I intended to have followed her, had not Montesinos told me it would be to no purpose; warning me besides, that it was high time to return to the upper air; and, changing the discourse, he told me that I should hereafter be made acquainted with the means of disenchanting them all. But while Montesinos and I were thus talking together, a very odd accident, the thoughts of which trouble me still, broke off our conversation. For, as we were in the height of our discourse, who should come to me but one of the unfortunate Dulcinea's companions, and, before I was aware, with a faint and doleful voice, 'Sir,' said she, 'my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso gives her service to you, and desires to know how you do; and, being a little short of money at present, she desires you, of all love and kindness, to lend her six reals upon this new fustian petticoat, or more or less, as you can spare it, sir, and she will take care to redeem it very honestly in a little time.'

"The message surprised me strangely; and therefore, turning to Montesinos, 'Is it possible, sir,' said I, 'that persons of quality, when enchanted, are in want?'—'O! very possible, sir,' said he; 'poverty rages every where, and spares neither quality enchanted nor unenchanted; and therefore, since the Lady Dulcinea desires you to lend her these six reals, and the pawn is a good pawn, let her have the money; for sure it is very low with her at this time.' 'I scorn to take pawns,' said I; 'but my misfortune is, that I cannot answer the full request; for

I have but four reals about me ;* and that was the money thou gavest me the other day, Sancho, to distribute among the poor. However, I gave her all I had, and desired her to tell her mistress, I was very sorry for her wants ; and that if I had all the treasures which Cressus possessed, they should be at her service ; and withal, that I died every hour for want of her reviving company ; and made it my humble and earnest request, that she would vouchsafe to see and converse with her captive servant, and weather-beaten knight. ‘Tell her,’ continued I, ‘when she least expects it, she will come to hear how I made an oath, as the Marquis of Mantua did, when he found his nephew Baldwin ready to expire on the mountain, never to eat upon a table-cloth, and several other particulars, which he swore to observe, till he had revenged his death ; so, in the like solemn manner will I swear, never to desist from traversing the habitable globe, and ranging through all the seven parts of the world, more indefatigable than ever was done by Prince Pedro * of Portugal, till I have freed her from her enchantment.’—‘All this and more you owe my mistress,’ said the damsel ; and then, having got the four reals, instead of dropping me a curtsey, she cut me a caper in the air two yards high.”

“Now Heaven defend us !” cried Sancho. “Who

* This Prince Pedro of Portugal was a great traveller for the time he lived in, which gave occasion to the spreading of many fables concerning him, and which made the ignorant vulgar say, he travelled over seven parts of the world.

could ever have believed that these devilish enchanters and enchantments should have so much power as to bewitch my master at this rate, and craze his sound understanding in this manner? Alas! sir, for the love of Heaven take care of yourself. What will the world say of you? Rouse up your dozing senses, and do not dote upon those whimsies that have so wretchedly cracked that rare head-piece of yours.”—“ Well,” said Don Quixote, “ I cannot be angry at thy ignorant tittle-tattle, because it proceeds from thy love towards me. Thou thinkest, poor fellow, that whatever is beyond the sphere of thy narrow comprehension must be impossible; but, as I have already said, there will come a time when I shall give thee an account of some things I have seen below, that will convince thee of the reality of those I told thee now, the truth of which admits of no dispute.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

Which gives an account of a thousand Flimflams and Stories, as impertinent as necessary to the right understanding of this grand History.

THE translator of this famous history declares, that, at the beginning of the chapter which treats of the adventure of Montesinos' cave, he found a marginal annotation, written with the Arabian author's own hand, in these words :

“ I cannot be persuaded, nor believe, that all the wonderful accidents said to have happened to the

valorous Don Quixote in the cave, so punctually befel him as he relates them: for, the course of his adventures hitherto has been very natural, and bore the face of probability; but in this there appears no coherence with reason, and nothing but monstrous incongruities. But, on the other hand, if we consider the honour, worth, and integrity, of the noble Don Quixote, we have not the least reason to suspect he would be guilty of a lie; but rather that he would sooner have been transfixed with arrows. Besides, he has been so particular in his relation of that adventure, and given so many circumstances, that I dare not declare it absolutely apocryphal; especially when I consider, that he had not time enough to invent such a cluster of fables. I therefore insert it among the rest, without offering to determine whether it is true or false; leaving it to the discretion of the judicious reader. Though I must acquaint him by the way, that Don Quixote, upon his death-bed, utterly disowned this adventure, as a perfect fable, which, he said, he had invented purely to please his humour, being suitable to such as he had formerly read in romances." And so much by way of digression.

The scholar thought Sancho the most saucy servant, and his master the calmest madman, that ever he saw; though he attributed the patience of the latter to a certain good humour, and easiness of temper, infused into him by the sight of his mistress Dulcinea, even under enchantment; otherwise he would have thought his not checking Sancho a greater sign of madness than his discourse. "Noble

Don Quixote," said he; "for four principal reasons, I am extremely pleased with having taken this journey with you. First, it has procured me the honour of your acquaintance, which I shall always esteem a singular happiness. In the second place, sir, the secrets of Montesinos' cave, and the transformations of Guadiana, and Ruydera's lakes, have been revealed to me, which may look very great in my Spanish Ovid. My third advantage is, to have discovered the antiquity of card-playing, which I find to have been a pastime in use even in the Emperor Charles the Great's time, as may be collected from the words of Durandarte, who, after a long speech of Montesinos', said, as he waked, 'Patience, and shuffle the cards;' which vulgar expression he could never have learned in his enchantment. It follows, therefore, that he must have heard it when he lived in France, which was in the reign of that emperor; which observation is nicked, I think, very opportunely for my supplement to Polydore Virgil, who, as I remember, has not touched upon card-playing. I will insert it in my work, I'll assure you, sir, as a matter of great importance, having the testimony of so authentic and ancient an author as Sir Durandarte. The fourth part of my good fortune, is to know the certain and true source of the river Guadiana, which has hitherto disappointed all human inquiries."

"There is a great deal of reason in what you say," answered Don Quixote; "but, under favour, sir, pray, tell me, should you happen to get a licence to publish your book, which I somewhat doubt,

whom will you pitch upon for your patron?"—"O, sir!" answered the author, "there are grandees † enough in Spain, sure, that I may dedicate to."—"Truly, not many," said Don Quixote; "there are, indeed, several, whose merits deserve the praise of a dedication, but very few, whose generosity will reward the pains and civility of the author. I must confess, I know a prince, whose generosity may make amends for what is wanting in the rest; and that to such a degree, that, should I make bold to come to particulars, and speak of his great merits, it would be enough to stir up a noble emulation in above four generous breasts; but more of this some other time—it is late now, and therefore convenient to think of a lodging."

"Hard by us here, sir," said the author, "is a hermitage, the retirement of a devout person, who, as they say, was once a soldier, and is looked upon as a good christian; and so charitable, that he has built there a little house at his own expence, purely for the entertainment of strangers."—"But does he keep hens there, trow?" asked Sancho.—"Few hermits in this age are without them," said Don Quixote; "for their way of living now falls short of the strictness and austerity of those in the deserts of Egypt, who went clad only with palm-leaves, and fed on the roots of the earth. Now, because I speak well of these of old, I would not have you think I reflect on the others. No, I only mean that their

* Grandees are such of the nobility as have the privilege of being covered before the king.

penances are not so severe as in former days ; yet this does not hinder but that the hermits of the present age may be good men. I look upon them to be such ; at least, their dissimulation secures them from scandal ; and the hypocrite that puts on the form of holiness, does certainly less harm than the bare-faced sinner."

As they went on in their discourse, they saw a man following them a great pace on foot, and switching up a mule laden with lances and halberts. He presently overtook them, gave them the time of the day, and passed by. "Stay, honest fellow," cried Don Quixote, seeing him go so fast, "make no more haste than is consistent with good speed."—"I cannot stay, sir," said the man ; "for these weapons that you see must be used to-morrow morning ; so, sir, I am in haste—good bye—I shall lodge to-night at the inn beyond the hermitage ; if you chance to go that way, there you may find me ; and I will tell you strange news : so fare ye well." Then, whipping his mule, away he moved forwards, so fast that Don Quixote had not leisure to ask him any more questions.

The knight, who had always an itching ear after novelties, to satisfy his curiosity immediately proposed their holding straight on to the inn, without stopping at the hermitage, where the scholar designed to have staid all night. Well, they all consented, and made the best of their way : however, when they came near the hermitage, the scholar desired Don Quixote to call with him for a moment, and drink a glass of wine at the door. Sancho no soon-

er heard this proposed, but he turned Dapple that way, and rode thither before ; but, to his grief, the hospitable hermit was abroad, and nobody at home but the hermit's companion, who, being asked whether he had any *strong* liquor within, made answer, that he could not come at any, but as for *small* water, he might have his belly-full. " Body of me ! " quoth Sancho, " were mine a water-thirst, or had I liking to your cold comfort, there are wells enough upon the road, where I might have swilled my skinful. Oh ! the good cheer at Don Diego's house, and the savoury scum at Camacho's wedding ! when shall I find your fellow ! " They now spurred on towards the inn, and soon overtook on the road a young fellow, beating it on the hoof pretty leisurely. He carried his sword over his shoulder, with a bundle of clothes hanging upon it, which, to all outward appearance, consisted of a pair of breeches, a cloak, and a shirt or two. He had on a tattered velvet jerkin, with a ragged satin lining : his shirt hung out, his stockings were of silk, and his shoes square at the toes, after the court fashion. He seemed about eighteen or nineteen years of age, a good, pleasant-looking lad, and of a lively and active disposition. To pass the fatigue of his journey the best he could, he sung all the way ; and, as they came near him, was just ending the last words of a ballad, which the scholar got by heart, and were these.

" A plague on ill luck ! now my ready's all gone,
To the wars poor pilgarlick must trudge ;
Though had I but money to rake as I've done,
The devil a foot would I budge."

“So, young gentleman,” said Don Quixote to him, “methinks you go very light and airy. Whither are you bound, I pray you, if a man may be so bold?”—“I am going to the wars, sir,” answered the youth; “and for my travelling thus, heat and poverty will excuse it.”—“I admit the heat,” replied Don Quixote; “but why poverty, I beseech you?”—“Because I have no clothes to put on,” replied the lad, “but what I carry in this bundle; and if I should wear them out upon the road, I should have nothing to make a handsome figure with in any town; for I have no money to buy new ones, till I overtake a regiment of foot, that lies about some twelve leagues off, where I design to list myself, and then I shall not want a conveniency to ride with the baggage till we come to Carthagena, where, I hear, they are to embark; for I had rather serve the king abroad, than any beggarly courtier at home.”—“But pray,” said the scholar, “have not you laid up something while you were there?”—“Had I served any of your grandees or great persons,” said the young man, “I might have done well enough, and have had a commission by this time; for their foot-boys are presently advanced to captains and lieutenants, or some other good post; but a plague on it, sir, it was always my ill fortune to serve pitiful upstarts and younger brothers; and my allowance was commonly so ill paid, and so small, that the better half was scarce enough to wash my linen; how then should a poor devil of a page, who would make his fortune, come to any good in such a miserable service?”—“But,” said Don Quixote, “how

comes it about that in all this time you could not get yourself a whole livery?"—"Alack-a-day, sir," answered the lad, "I had a couple; but my masters dealt with me as they do with novices in monasteries; if they go off before they profess, the fresh habit is taken from them, and they return them their own clothes. For you must know, that such as I served, only buy liveries for a little ostentation; so, when they have made their appearance at court, they sneak down into the country, and then the poor servants are stripped, and must even betake themselves to their rags again."

"A sordid trick," said Don Quixote; "or, as the Italians call it, a notorious *espilorcheria*.* Well, you need not repine at leaving the court, since you do it with so good a design; for there is nothing in the world more commendable than to serve God in the first place, and the king in the next, especially in the profession of arms, which, if it does not procure a man so much riches as learning, may at least entitle him to more honour. It is true, that more families have been advanced by the gown, but yet your gentlemen of the sword, whatever the reason of it is, have always I know not what advantage above the men of learning; and something of glory and splendour attends them, that makes them outshine the rest of mankind. But take my advice along with you, child; if you intend to raise yourself by military employment, I would not have you be uneasy

* *Espilorcheria*, a beggarly mean action.

with the thoughts of what misfortunes may befall you ; the worst can be but to die, and if it be a good honourable death, your fortune is made, and you are certainly happy. Julius Cæsar, that valiant Roman emperor, being asked what kind of death was best, 'That which is sudden and unexpected,' said he ; and though his answer had a relish of paganism, yet, with respect to human infirmities, it was very judicious ; for, suppose you should be cut off at the very first engagement by a cannon-ball, or the spring of a mine, what matters it ? it is all but dying, and there is an end of the business. As Terence says, a soldier makes a better figure dead in the field of battle, than alive and safe in flight. The more likely he is to rise in fame and preferment, the better discipline he keeps ; the better he obeys, the better he will know how to command : and pray, observe, my friend, that it is more honourable for a soldier to smell of gun-powder than of musk and amber ; or if old age overtakes you in this noble employment, though all over scars, though maimed and lame, you will still have honour to support you, and secure you from the contempt of poverty, nay, from poverty itself ; for there is care taken that veterans and disabled soldiers may not want ; neither are they to be used as some men do their negro slaves, who, when they are old, and past service, are turned naked out of doors, under pretence of freedom, to be made greater slaves to cold and hunger ; a slavery from which nothing but death can set the wretches free. But I will say no more to you on this subject at this time. Get up behind me,

and I will carry you to the inn, where you shall sup with me, and to-morrow morning make the best of your way, and may heaven prosper your good designs."

The page excused himself from riding behind the knight, but accepted of his invitation to supper very willingly. Sancho, who had all the while given ear to his master's discourse, is said to have been more than usually surprised, hearing him talk so wisely. Now blessing on thee, master of mine, thought he to himself, how comes it about that a man who says so many good things, should relate such ridiculous stories and whimsies as he would have us believe of Montesinos' cave? Well, Heaven knows best, and the proof of the pudding is the eating.—By this time it began to grow dark, and they arrived at the inn, where Don Quixote alighting, asked presently for the man with the lances and halberts. The innkeeper answered, that he was rubbing down his mule in the stable. Sancho was very well pleased to be at his journey's end, and the more, that his master took the house for a real inn, and not for a castle, as he used to do. He and the scholar then set up the asses, giving Rozinante the best manger and standing in the stable.

CHAPTER XXV.

Where you find the grounds of the Braying Adventures, that of the Puppet-player, and the memorable divining of the fortune-telling Ape.

DON QUIXOTE was on thorns to know the strange story that the fellow upon the road engaged to tell him ; so that, going into the stable, he rained him of his promise, and pressed him to relate the whole matter to him that moment. " My story will take up some time," quoth the man, " and is not to be told standing : have a little patience, master of mine, let me make an end of serving my mule, then I will serve your worship, and tell you such things as will make you stare."—" Do not let that hinder you," replied Don Quixote, " for I will help you myself." And so saying, he lent him a helping hand, cleansing the manger, and sifting the barley, which humble compliance obliged the fellow to tell his tale the more willingly ; so that, seating himself upon a bench, with Don Quixote, the scholar, the page, Sancho, and the inn-keeper about him, for his full auditory, he began in this manner.

" It happened on a time, that, in a borough about some four leagues and a half from this place, one of the * aldermen lost his ass. They say it was by

* Rigidor.

the roguery of a waggish jade that was his maid ; but that is neither here nor there—the ass was lost and gone, that is certain ; and what is more, it could not be found neither high nor low. This same ass had been missing about a fortnight, some say more, some less, when another alderman of the same town, meeting this same losing alderman in the market-place, ‘ Brother,’ quoth he, ‘ pay me well, and I will tell you news of your ass.’—‘ Troth !’ replied the other, ‘ that I will ; but then let me know where the poor beast is.’—‘ Why,’ answered the other, ‘ this morning what should I meet upon the mountains yonder but he, without either pack-saddle or furniture, and so lean that it grieved my heart to see him ; but yet so wild and skittish, that when I would have driven him home before me, he ran away as the devil were in him, and got into the thickest of the wood. Now, if you please, we will both go together and look for him ; I will but step home first and put up this ass, then I will come back to you, and we will about it out of hand.’—‘ Truly, brother,’ said the other, ‘ I am mightily beholden to you, and will do as much for you another time.’ The story happened neither more nor less, but such as I tell you, for so all that know it relate it word for word. In short, the two aldermen, hand in hand, a-foot trudged up the hills, and hunted up and down ; but after many a weary step, no ass was to be found. Upon which, quoth the alderman that had seen him to the other, ‘ Hark you me, brother, I have a device in my noddle to find out this same ass of yours, though he were under ground, as you shall hear,

You must know I can bray to admiration, and if you can but bray but never so little, the job is done.'—'Never so little!' cried the other; 'body of me, I won't vail my bonnet at braying to e'er an ass or alderman in the land.'—'Well, we shall try that,' quoth the other, 'for my contrivance is, that you go on one side of the hill, and I on the other; sometimes you shall bray, and sometimes I; so that, if your ass be but thereabouts, my life for yours, he will be sure to answer his kind, and bray again.'—'Gramercy, brother,' quoth the other; 'a rare device, i'fack! let you alone for plotting.' At the same time they parted according to agreement, and when they were far enough off, they both fell a-braying so perfectly well, that they cheated one another; and meeting, each in hopes to find the ass, 'Is it possible, brother,' said the owner of the ass, 'that it was not my ass that brayed?'—'No, marry, that it was not, it was I,' answered the other alderman. 'Well, brother,' cried the owner, 'then there is no manner of difference between you and an ass, as to matter of braying; I never heard any thing so natural in my life.'—'O fie! sir,' quoth the other, 'I am nothing to you: you shall lay two to one against the best brayer in the kingdom, and I will go your halves. Your voice is lofty, and of a great compass; you keep excellent time, and hold out a note rarely, and your cadence is full and ravishing. In short, sir, I knock under the table, and yield you the bays.'—'Well then, brother,' answered the owner, 'I shall always have the better opinion of myself for this one good quality; for though I knew

I brayed pretty well, I never thought myself so great a master before.'—'Well,' quoth the other, 'thus you see what rare parts may be lost for want of being known; and a man never knows his own strength till he puts it to a trial.'—'Right, brother,' quoth the owner; 'for I should never have found out this wonderful gift of mine, had it not been for this business in hand, and may we speed in it, I pray!' After these compliments they parted again, and went braying, this on one side of the hill, and that on the other. But all to no purpose, for they still deceived one another with their braying, and, running to the noise, met one another as before.

"At last they agreed to bray twice one after another, that by that token they might be sure it was not the ass, but they that brayed. But all in vain—they almost brayed their hearts out, but no answer from the ass. And indeed, how could it, poor creature! when they found him at last in the wood half-eaten by the wolves. 'Alack-a-day! poor Grizzle,' cried the owner; 'I do not wonder now he took so little notice of his loving master. Had he been alive, as sure as he was an ass, he would have brayed again. But let him go; this comfort I have at least, brother; though I have lost him, I have found out that rare talent of yours, that has hugely solaced me under this affliction.'—'The glass is in a good hand, Mr Alderman,' quoth the other, 'and if the abbot sings well, the young monk is not much behind him.'

"With this, these same aldermen, very much

down in the mouth, and very hoarse, went home, and told all their neighbours the whole story word for word ; one praising the other's skill in braying, and the other returning the compliment. In short, one got it by the end, and the other got it by the end ; the boys got it, and all the idle fellows got it, and there was such a brawling, and such a braying in our town, that one would have thought hell broke loose among us. But to let you see now how the devil never lies dead in a ditch, but catches at every foolish thing to set people by the ears, our neighbouring towns had it up ; and when they saw any of our townfolks, they fell a-braying, hitting us in the teeth with the braying of our aldermen. This made ill blood between us ; for we took it in mighty dudgeon, as well we might, and came to words upon it, and from words to blows ; for the people of our town are well known by this, as the beggar knows his dish, and are apt to be jeered wheresoever they go ; and then to it they go, ding dong, hand over head, in spite of law or gospel. And they have carried the jest so far, that I believe to-morrow, or next day, the men of our town, to wit, the brayers, will be in the field against those of another town about two leagues off, that are always plaguing us. Now, that we should be well provided, I have brought these lances and halberts that ye saw me carry. So this is my story, gentlefolks, and if it be not a strange one, I am woundily mistaken."

Here the honest man ended ; when presently enters a fellow, dressed in trowsers and doublet all of shamoy leather, and calling out, as if he were

somebody : "Landlord," cried he, "have you any lodgings? for here comes the fortune-telling ape, and the puppet-show of Melisandra's deliverance."—"Body of me!" cried the inn-keeper, "who's here? Master Peter! We shall have a merry night, faith! Honest Master Peter, you are welcome with all my heart; but where is the ape, and the show, that I cannot see them?"—"They will be here presently," said Peter; "I only came before, to see if you had any lodgings."—"Lodging, man," said the inn-keeper; "zookers! I would turn out the Duke of Alva himself, rather than Master Peter should want room. Come, come, bring in your things, for here are guests in the house to-night that will be good customers to you, I warrant you."—"That is a good hearing," said Peter; "and to encourage them I will lower my prices; and if I can but get my charges to-night, I will look for no more; so I will hasten forward the cart." This said, he ran out of the door again.

I had forgot to tell you, that this same Master Peter wore over his left eye, and half his cheek, a patch of green taffata, by which it was supposed that something ailed that side of his face. Don Quixote inquired who this Master Peter was, and what his ape and his show. "Why, sir," answered the inn-keeper, "he has strolled about the country this great while with a curious puppet-show, which represents the play of Melisandra and Don Gayferos, one of the best shows that has been acted time out of mind in this kingdom. Then he has an ape: bless us, sir, it is such an ape!—but I will say no more—you shall

see, sir. It will tell you every thing you ever did in your life. The like was never seen before. Ask him a question, it will listen to you ; and then, whip ! up it leaps on its master's shoulder, and whispers first in his ear what it knows, and then Master Peter tells you. He tells you what is to come, as well as what is past : it is true, he does not always hit so pat as to what is to come ; but after all, he is seldom in the wrong, which makes us apt to think the devil helps him at a dead lift. Two reals is the price for every question he answers, or his master for him, which is all one, you know ; and that will mount to money at the year's end, so that it is thought the rogue is well to pass ; and, indeed, much good may it do him, for he is a notable fellow, and a boon companion, and leads the merriest life in the world ; talks for six men, and drinks for a dozen ; and all this he gets by his tongue, his ape, and his show."

By this time Master Peter came back with his puppet-show and his ape in a cart. The ape was pretty lusty, without any tail, and his buttocks bare as a felt ; yet he was not very ugly neither. Don Quixote no sooner saw him, but coming up to him, " Mr Fortune-teller," said he, " will you be pleased to tell us what fish we shall catch, and what will become of us, and here is your fee ?" Saying this, he ordered Sancho to deliver Master Peter two reals. " Sir," answered Peter, " this animal gives no account of things to come ; he knows something, indeed, of matters past, and a little of the present." — " Odds bobs !" quoth Sancho, " I would not give

a brass-jack to know what is past, for who knows that better than myself? I am not so foolish as to pay for what I know already: but since you say he has such a knack at guessing the present, let good-man ape tell me what my wife Teresa is doing, and what she is about, and here are my two reals.”—“I will have nothing of you before-hand,” said Master Peter; so, clapping himself on his left shoulder, up skipped the ape thither at one frisk, and, laying his mouth to his ear, grated his teeth; and having made apish grimaces, and a chattering noise, for a minute or two, with another skip down he leaped upon the ground. Immediately upon this, Master Peter ran to Don Quixote, and fell on his knees, and, embracing his legs, “Oh glorious restorer of knight-errantry,” cried he, “I embrace these legs as I would the pillars of Hercules! Who can sufficiently extol the great Don Quixote de la Mancha, the reviver of drooping hearts, the prop and stay of the falling, the raiser of the fallen, and the staff of comfort to the weak and afflicted!” At these words Don Quixote stood amazed, Sancho quaked, the page wondered, the brayer blessed himself, the inn-keeper stared, and the scholar was in a brown study, all astonished at Master Peter’s speech, who then, turning to Sancho, “And thou, honest Sancho Panza,” said he, “the best squire to the best knight in the world, bless thy good stars, for thy good spouse, Teresa, is a good house-wife, and is at this instant dressing a pound of flax; by the same token, she has standing by her, on her left hand, a large broken-mouth jug, which holds a pretty scantling of wine, to cheer up

her spirits.”—“ By yea and nay,” quoth Sancho, “ that is likely enough ; for she is a true soul, and a jolly soul : were it not for a spice of jealousy that she has now and then, I would not change her for the giantess Andondona herself, who, as my master says, was as clever a piece of woman’s flesh as ever went upon two legs. Well, much good may it do thee, honest Teresa ; thou art resolved to provide for one, I find, though thy heirs starve for it.”—“ Well,” said Don Quixote, “ great is the knowledge procured by reading, travel, and experience. What on earth but the testimony of my own eyes could have persuaded me that apes had the gift of divination ! I am indeed the same Don Quixote de la Mancha, mentioned by this ingenious animal, though I must confess somewhat undeserving of so great a character as it has pleased him to bestow on me ; but nevertheless I am not sorry to have charity and compassion bear so great a part in my commendation, since my nature has always disposed me to do good to all men, and hurt to none.”

“ Now had I but money,” said the page, “ I would know of Mr Ape what luck I should have in the wars.”—“ I have told you already,” said Master Peter, who was got up from before Don Quixote, “ that this ape does not meddle with what is to come ; but if he could, it should cost you nothing, for Don Quixote’s sake, whom to oblige, I would sacrifice all the interest I have in the world ; and, as a mark of it, gentlemen, I freely set up my show, and give all the company in the house some diversion *gratis*.” The inn-keeper, hearing this,

was overjoyed ; and ordered Master Peter a convenient room to set up his motion, and he immediately went about it.

In the mean time Don Quixote, who could not bring himself to believe that an ape could do all this, taking Sancho to a corner of the stable, "Look ye, Sancho," said he, "I have been weighing and considering the wonderful gifts of this ape, and find, in short, Master Peter must have made a secret compact with the devil."—"Nay," quoth Sancho, misunderstanding the word *compact*, "if the devil and he have packed anything together in hugger-mugger, it is a pack of roguery, to be sure, and they are a pack of knaves for their pains, and let them e'en pack together, say I."—"Thou dost not apprehend me," said Don Quixote ; "I mean, the devil and he must have made an agreement together, that Satan should infuse this knowledge into the ape, to purchase the owner an estate ; and, in return, the last has certainly engaged his soul to this destructive seducer of mankind ; for the ape's knowledge is exactly of the same proportion with the devil's, which only extends to the discovery of things past and present, having no insight into futurity, but by such probable conjectures and conclusions as may be deduced from the former working of antecedent causes, true prescience and prediction being the sacred prerogative of God, to whose all-seeing eyes, all ages, past, present, and to come, without the distinction of succession and termination, are always present. From this, I say, it is apparent this ape is but the organ through which the devil delivers

his answers to those that ask it questions ; and this same rogue should be put into the Inquisition, and have the truth pressed out of his bones. For sure neither the master nor his ape can lay any pretence to judicial astrology, nor is the ape so conversant in the mathematics, I suppose, as to erect a scheme. Though I must confess that creatures of less parts, as foolish illiterate women, footmen and coblers, pretend now-a-days to draw certainties from the stars, as easily and as readily as they shuffle a pack of cards, to the disgrace of the sublime science, which they have the impudence to profess. I knew a lady that asked one of these figure-casters, if a little foisting bitch she had should have puppies, and how many, and of what colour ? My conjurer, after he had scrawled out his scheme, very judiciously pronounced, that the pretty creature should have three puppies, one green, one red, and another mixed colour, provided she would take dog between eleven and twelve at night or noon, either on a Monday or a Saturday ; and the success happened as exactly as could be expected from his art, for the bitch some days after died very fairly of a surfeit, and Master Figure-flinger was reputed a special conjurer all the town over, as most of these fellows are.”

—“ For all that,” said Sancho, “ I would have you ask Master Peter’s ape, whether the passages you told us concerning Montesinos’ cave be true or no ; for, saving the respect I owe your worship, I take them to be no better than fibs, and idle stories, or dreams at least.”—“ You may think what you will,” answered Don Quixote ; “ however, I will do as you

would have me, though I confess my conscience somewhat scruples to do such a thing."

While they were thus engaged in discourse, Master Peter came and told Don Quixote the show was ready to begin, and desired him to come and see it, for he was sure his worship would like it. The knight told him, he had a question to put to his ape first, and desired he might tell him, whether certain things that happened to him in Montesinos' cave were dreams or realities, for he doubted they had something of both in them.—Master Peter fetched his ape immediately, and, placing him just before the knight and his squire, "Look you," said he, "Mr Ape, this worthy knight would have you tell him whether some things which happened to him in Montesinos' cave are true or no?" Then, upon the usual signal, the ape, jumping upon Master Peter's left shoulder, chattered his answer into his ear, which the interpreter delivered thus to the inquirer. "The ape, sir, says, that part of those things are false, and part of them true, which is all he can resolve ye as to this question; and now his virtue has left him, and won't return till Friday next. If you would know any more, you must stay till then, and he will answer as many questions as you please."—"La you there now!" quoth Sancho, "did not I tell you that all you told us of Montesinos' cave would not hold water?"—"That the event will determine," replied the knight, "which we must leave to process of time to produce; for it brings every thing to light, though buried in the bowels of the earth. No more of this at present:

let us now see the puppet-show ; I fancy we shall find something in it worth seeing.”—“ Something !” said Master Peter ; “ sir, you shall see a thousand things worth seeing. I tell you, sir, I defy the world to shew such another. I say no more : *Operibus credite, et non verbis*. But now let us begin, for it grows late, and we have much to do, say, and shew.”

Don Quixote and Sancho complied, and went into the room where the show stood, with a good number of small wax-lights glimmering round about, that made it shine gloriously. Master Peter got to his station within, being the man that was to move the puppets ; and his boy stood before, to tell what the puppets said, and, with a white wand in his hand, to point at the several figures as they came in and out, and explain the mystery of the show. Then all the audience having taken their places, Don Quixote, Sancho, the scholar, and the page, being preferred to the rest, the boy, who was the mouth of the motion, began a story, that shall be heard or seen by those who will take the pains to read or hear the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A pleasant Account of the Puppet-play, with other very good Things truly.

THE Tyrians and the Trojans were all silent ; that is, the ears of all the spectators hung on the mouth of the interpreter of the show, when, in the

first place, they heard a loud flourish of kettle-drums and trumpets within the machine, and then several discharges of artillery ; which prelude being soon over, "Gentlemen," cried the boy, raising his voice, "we present you here with a true history, taken out of the chronicles of France, and the Spanish ballads, sung even by the boys about the streets, and in every body's mouth ; it tells you how Don Gayferos delivered his wife Melisandra, that was a prisoner among the Moors in Spain, in the city of Sansuena, now called Saragossa. Now, gallants, the first figure we present you with is Don Gayferos, playing at tables, according to the ballad :

' Now Gayferos the live-long day,
Oh arrant shame, at draughts does play ;
And, as at court most husbands do,
Forgets his lady fair and true.'

"Gentlemen, in the next place, mark that personage that peeps out there with a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand. It is the Emperor Charlemagne, the fair Melisandra's reputed father, who, vexed at the idleness and negligence of his son-in-law, comes to chide him ; and pray, observe with what passion and earnestness he rates him, as if he had a mind to lend him half a dozen sound raps over the pate with his sceptre ; nay, some authors do not stick to tell ye he gave him as many, and well laid on too. And after he had told him how his honour lay a-bleeding, till he had delivered his wife out of durance, among many other pithy sayings, 'Look to it,' quoth he to him as he went,

‘I will say no more.’ Mind how the emperor turns his back upon him, and how he leaves Don Gayferos nettled, and in the dumps. Now see how he starts up, and, in a rage, dings the tables one way, and whirls the men another; and, calling for his arms with all haste, borrows his cousin-german Orlando’s sword, Durindana, who withal offers to go along with him in this difficult adventure; but the valourous enraged knight will not let him, and says, he is able to deliver his wife himself, without his help, though they kept her down in the very centre of the earth. And now he is going to put on his armour, in order to begin his journey.

“Now, gentlemen, cast your eyes upon yon tower; you are to suppose it one of the towers of the castle of Saragossa, now called the Aljaferia. That lady, whom you see in the balcony there, in a Moorish habit, is the peerless Melisandra, that casts many a heavy look towards France, thinking of Paris and her husband, the only comfort in her imprisonment. But now!—silence, gentlemen, pray, silence! here is an accident wholly new, the like perhaps never heard of before. Don’t you see that Moor, who comes a-tiptoe, creeping and stealing along, with his finger in his mouth, behind Melisandra? Hear what a smack he gives on her sweet lips, and see how she spits, and wipes her mouth with her white smock-sleeve: see how she takes on, and tears her lovely hair for very madness, as if it were to blame this affront. Next, pray, observe that grave Moor that stands in the open gallery; that is Marsilius, the king of Sansuena, who, having

been an eye-witness of the sauciness of the Moor, ordered him immediately to be apprehended, though his kinsman and great favourite ; to have two hundred lashes given him ; then to be carried through the city, with criers before to proclaim his crime, the rods of justice behind. And look how all this is put in execution sooner almost than the fact is committed ; for your Moors, ye must know, don't use any form of indictment as we do, nor yet have they any legal trials."

"Child, child," said Don Quixote, "go on directly with your story, and don't keep us here with your excursions and ramblings out of the road. I tell you there must be a formal process, and legal trial, to prove matters of fact."—"Boy," said the master from behind the show, "do as the gentleman bids you. Don't run so much upon flourishes, but follow your plain song, without venturing on counter-points, for fear of spoiling all."—"I will, sir," quoth the boy, and so proceeding : "Now, sirs, he that you see there a-horse-back, wrapt up in the Gascoign-cloak, is Don Gayferos himself, whom his wife, now revenged on the Moor for his impudence, seeing from the battlements of the tower, takes him for a stranger, and talks with him as such, according to the ballad,

' Quoth Melisandra, if perchance,
Sir Traveller, you go for France,
For pity's sake, ask when you're there,
For Gayferos, my husband dear.'*

* See Notes.

“I omit the rest, not to tire you with a long story. It is sufficient that he makes himself known to her, as you may guess by the joy she shews ; and, accordingly, now see how she lets herself down from the balcony, to come at her loving husband, and get behind him ; but unhappily, alas ! one of the skirts of her gown is caught upon one of the spikes of the balcony, and there she hangs and hovers in the air miserably, without being able to get down. But see how heaven is merciful, and sends relief in the greatest distress ! Now Don Gayferos rides up to her, and, not fearing to tear her rich gown, lays hold on it, and at one pull brings her down ; and then at one lift sets her astride upon his horse’s crupper, bidding her to sit fast, and clap her arms about him, that she might not fall ; for the lady Melisandra was not used to that kind of riding.

“Observe now, gallants, how the horse neighs, and shews how proud he is of the burden of his brave master and fair mistress. Look now, how they turn their backs, and leave the city, and gallop it merrily away towards Paris. Peace be with you, for a peerless couple of true lovers ! may ye get safe and sound into your own country, without any lett or ill chance in your journey, and live as long as Nestor, in peace and quietness among your friends and relations.”—“Plainness, boy !” cried Master Peter, “none of your flights, I beseech you, for affectation is the devil.”—The boy answered nothing, but going on ; “Now, sirs,” quoth he, “some of those idle people, that love to pry into every thing, happened to spy Melisandra as she was making her es-

cape, and ran presently and gave Marsilius notice of it : whereupon he straight commanded to sound an alarm ; and now mind what a din and hurly-burly there is, and how the city shakes with the ring of the bells backwards in all the mosques !”—“ There you are out, boy,” said Don Quixote : “ The Moors have no bells, they only use kettle-drums, and a kind of shaulms like our waits or hautboys ; so that your ringing of bells in Sansuena is a mere absurdity, good Master Peter.”—“ Nay, sir,” said Master Peter, giving over ringing, “ if you stand upon these trifles with us, we shall never please you. Don’t be so severe a critic : Are there not a thousand plays that pass with great success and applause, though they have many greater absurdities, and nonsense in abundance ? On, boy, on, let there be as many impertinences as moats in the sun ; no matter, so I get the money.”—“ Well said,” answered Don Quixote. —“ And now, sirs,” quoth the boy, “ observe what a vast company of glittering horse comes pouring out of the city, in pursuit of the Christian lovers ; what a dreadful sound of trumpets, and clarions, and drums, and kettle-drums there is in the air. I fear they will overtake them, and then will the poor wretches be dragged along most barbarously at the tails of their horses, which would be sad indeed.”

Don Quixote, seeing such a number of Moors, and hearing such an alarm, thought it high time to assist the flying lovers ; and starting up, “ It shall never be said while I live,” cried he aloud, “ that I suffered such a wrong to be done to so famous a knight and so daring a lover as Don Gayferos. Forbear

then your unjust pursuit, ye base-born rascals ! Stop, or prepare to meet my furious resentment !” Then drawing out his sword, to make good his threats, at one spring he gets to the show, and with a violent fury lays at the Moorish puppets, cutting and slashing in a most terrible manner ; some he overthrows, and beheads others ; maims this, and cleaves that in peaces. Among the rest of his merciless strokes, he thundered one down with such a mighty force, that had not Master Peter luckily ducked and squatted down, it had certainly chopped off his head as easily as one might cut an apple.—“ Hold, hold, sir,” cried the puppet-player, after the narrow escape, “ hold for pity’s sake ! What do you mean, sir ? These are no real Moors that you cut and hack so, but poor harmless puppets made of paste-board. Think of what you do, you ruin me for ever. Oh that ever I was born ! you have broke me quite.” But Don Quixote, without minding his words, doubled and redoubled his blows so thick, and laid about him so outrageously, that in less than two credos he had cut all the strings and wires, mangled the puppets, and spoiled and demolished the whole motion. King Marsilius was in a grievous condition. The Emperor Charlemagne’s head and crown were cleft in two. The whole audience was in a sad consternation. The ape scampered off to the top of the house. The scholar was frightened out of his wits ; the page was very uneasy, and Sancho himself was in a terrible fright ; for, as he swore after the hurricane was over, he had never seen his master in such a rage before.

The general rout of the puppets being over, Don Quixote's fury began to abate; and with a more pacified countenance turning to the company, "Now," said he, "I could wish all those incredulous persons here who slight knight-errantry might receive conviction of their error, and behold undeniable proofs of the benefit of that function: for how miserable had been the condition of poor Don Gayferos and the fair Melisandra by this time, had I not been here and stood up in their defence! I make no question but those infidels would have apprehended them, and used them barbarously. Well, when all is done, long live knight-errantry; long let it live, I say, above all things whatsoever in this world!"—"Ay, ay," said Master Peter in a doleful tone, "let it live long for me, so I may die; for why should I live so unhappy, as to say with King Roderigo, * 'Yesterday I was lord of Spain, to-day have not a foot of land I can call mine?' It is not half an hour, nay scarce a moment, since I had kings and emperors at command. I had horses in abundance, and chests and bags full of fine things; but now you see me a poor sorry undone man, quite and clean broke and cast down, and in short a mere beggar. What is worst of all, I have lost my ape too, who I am sure will make me sweat ere I catch him again; and all through the rash fury of this Sir Knight here, who they say protects the fatherless, redresses wrongs,

* The last king of the Goths that reigned in Spain, conquered by the Moors. See Notes.

and does other charitable deeds, but has failed in all these good offices to miserable me, heaven be praised for it : Well may I call him the Knight of the Woful Figure, for he has put me and all that belongs to me in a woful case."

The puppet-player's lamentations moving Sancho's pity, " Come," quoth he, " don't cry, Master Peter, thou break'st my heart to hear thee take on so ; don't be cast down, man, for my master's a better Christian, I am sure, than to let any poor man come to loss by him : when he comes to know he has done you wrong, he will pay you for every farthing of damage, I will engage."—" Truly," said Master Peter, " if his worship would but pay me for the fashion of my puppets he has spoiled, I will ask no more, and he will discharge a good conscience ; for he that wrongs his neighbour, and does not make restitution, can never hope to be saved, that is certain."—" I grant it," said Don Quixote ; " but I am not sensible how I have in the least injured you, good Master Peter !"—" No, sir ! not injured me ?" cried Master Peter. " Why these poor relics that lie here on the cold ground, cry out for vengeance against you. Was it not the invincible force of that powerful arm of yours that has scattered and dismembered them so ? And whose were those bodies, sir, but mine ? and by whom was I maintained, but by them ?"

" Well," said Don Quixote, " now I am thoroughly convinced of a truth, which I have had reason to believe before, that those cursed magicians that daily

persecute me, do nothing but delude me, first drawing me into dangerous adventures by the appearances of them as really they are, and then presently after changing the face of things as they please. Really and truly, gentlemen, I vow and protest before you all that hear me, that all that was acted here seemed to be really transacted *ipso facto* as it appeared. To me, Melisandra appeared to be Melisandra, Don Gayferos was Don Gayferos, Marsilius Marsilius, and Charlemagne was the real Charlemagne. Which being so, I could not contain my fury, and acted according to the duties of my function, which obliges me to take the injured side. Now, though what I have done proves to be quite contrary to my good design, the fault ought not to be imputed to me, but to my persecuting foes; yet I own myself sorry for the mischance, and will condemn myself to pay the costs. Let Master Peter see what he must have for the figures that are damaged, and I will pay it him now in good and lawful money on the nail."—"Heaven bless your worship," cried Master Peter, with a profound cringe, "I could expect no less from the wonderful Christianity of the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the sure relief and bulwark of all miserable wanderers. Now let my landlord and the great Sancho be mediators and appraisers between your worship and myself, and I will stand to their award."

They agreed: and presently Master Peter taking up Marsilius, King of Saragossa, that lay by on the ground with his head off: "You see gentlemen," said he, "it is impossible to restore this king to his

former dignity ; and therefore, with submission to your better judgments, I think that for his destruction, and to get him a successor,* seven and twenty pence is little enough on conscience.”—“ Proceed,” said Don Quixote.—“ Then for this that is cleft in two,” said Master Peter, taking up the Emperor Charlemagne, “ I think he is richly worth † one and thirty pence half-penny.”—“ Not so richly neither,” quoth Sancho.—“ Truly,” said the innkeeper, “ I think, it is pretty reasonable ; but we will make it even money, let the poor fellow have half a crown.”—“ Come,” said Don Quixote, “ let him have his full price ; we will not stand haggling for so small a matter in a case like this : So make haste, Master Peter, for it is near supper-time, and I have some strong presumptions that I shall eat heartily.”—“ Now,” said Master Peter, “ for this figure here that is without a nose and blind with one eye, being the fair Melisandra, I will be reasonable with you ; give me ‡ fourteen pence, I would not take less from my brother.”—“ Nay,” said Don Quixote, “ the devil is in it, if Melisandra be not by this time with her husband, upon the frontiers of France at least ; for the horse that carried them seemed to me rather to fly than to gallop ; and now you tell me of a Melisandra here without a nose forsooth, when it is ten to one but she is now in her husband’s arms in a good bed in France. Come, come, friend, God

* Four reals and a half.

† Five reals and a quarter.

‡ Two reals and twelve maravedis.

help every man to his own ; let us have fair dealing ; so proceed."

Master Peter finding that the knight began to harp upon the old string, was afraid he would fly off ; and making as if he had better considered of it, " Cry ye mercy, sir," said he, " I was mistaken ; this could not be Melisandra indeed, but one of the damsels that waited on her ; and so I think five pence will be fair enough for her." In this manner he went on, setting his price upon the dead and wounded, which the arbitrators moderated to the content of both parties ; and the whole sum amounted to forty reals and three quarters, which Sancho paid him down ; and then Master Peter demanded two reals more, for the trouble of catching his ape. " Give it him," said Don Quixote, " and set the monkey to catch the ape ; and now would I give two hundred more to be assured that Don Gayferos and the lady Melisandra were safely arrived in France among their friends."—" Nobody can better tell than my ape," said Master Peter, " though the devil himself will hardly catch him, if hunger, or his kindness for me do not bring us together again to-night. However to-morrow will be a new day, and when it is light we will see what is to be done."

The whole disturbance being appeased, to supper they went lovingly together, and Don Quixote treated the whole company, for he was liberality itself. Before day the man with the lances and halberts left the inn, and some time after the scholar and the page came to take leave of the knight ; the first to return home, and the second to continue his journey,

towards whose charges Don Quixote gave him twelve reals. As for Master Peter, he knew too much of the knight's humour to desire to have anything to do with him, and therefore having picked up the ruins of the puppet-show, and got his ape again, by break of day he packed off to seek his fortune. The inn-keeper, who did not know Don Quixote, was as much surprised at his liberality as at his madness. In fine, Sancho paid him very honestly by his master's order, and mounting a little before eight o'clock, they left the inn, and proceeded on their journey; where we will leave them, that we may have an opportunity to relate some other matters very requisite for the better understanding of this famous history.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Wherein is discovered who Master Peter was, and his Ape; as also Don Quixote's ill success in the Braying Adventure, which did not end so happily as he desired and expected.

CID HAMET, the author of this celebrated history, begins this chapter with this asseveration, "I swear as a true Catholic;" which the translator illustrates and explains in this manner: That historian's swearing like a true Catholic, though he was a Mahometan Moor, ought to be received in no other sense, than that, As a true Catholic, when he affirms anything with an oath, does or ought to swear truth, So would he relate the truth as impartially as a

Christian would do, if he had taken such an oath, in what he designed to write of Don Quixote ; especially as to the account that is to be given us of the person who was known by the name of Master Peter, and the fortune-telling ape, whose answers occasioned such a noise, and created such an amazement all over the country. He says then, that any one who has read the foregoing part of this history, cannot but remember one Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote had rescued, with several other galley-slaves, in Sierra Morena ; a piece of service for which the knight was not over-burdened with thanks, and which that ungrateful pack of rogues repaid with a treatment altogether unworthy such a deliverance. This Gines de Passamonte, or, as Don Quixote called him, Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the very man that stole Sancho's ass ; the manner of which robbery, and the time when it was committed, being not inserted in the first part, has been the reason that some people have laid that, which was caused by the printer's neglect, to the inadvertency of the author. But it is beyond all question, that Gines stole the ass while Sancho slept on his back, making use of the same trick and artifice which Brunelo practised when he carried off Sacripante's horse from under his legs, at the siege of Albraca. However, Sancho got possession again, as has been told you before.

Gines, it seems, being obnoxious to the law, was apprehensive of the strict search that was made after him, in order to bring him to justice for his repeated villanies, which were so great and numerous, that he himself had wrote a large book of them ; and

therefore he thought it advisable to make the best of his way into the kingdom of Arragon, and having clapped a plaister over his left eye, resolved in that disguise to set up a puppet-show, and stroll with it about the country; for you must know, he had not his fellow at any thing that could be done by slight of hand. Now it happened, that in his way he fell into the company of some Christian slaves who came from Barbary, and struck a bargain with them for this ape, whom he taught to leap on his shoulder at a certain sign, and to make as if he whispered something in his ear. Having brought his ape to this, before he entered into any town he informed himself in the adjacent parts, as well as he could, of what particular accidents had happened to this or that person; and having a very retentive memory, the first thing he did was to give them a sight of his show, that represented sometimes one story and sometimes another, which were generally well known and taking among the vulgar. The next thing he had to do, was to commend the wonderful qualities of his ape, and tell the company, that the animal had the gift of revealing things past and present; but that in things to come, he was altogether uninstructed. He asked * two reals for every answer, though now-and-then he lowered his price as he felt the pulse of his customers. Sometimes when he came to the houses of people of whose concerns he had some account, and who would ask the ape no

* About a shilling.

questions, because they did not care to part with their money, he would notwithstanding be making signs to his ape, and tell them, the animal had acquainted him with this or that story, according to the information he had before ; and by that means he got a great credit among the common people, and drew a mighty crowd after him. At other times, though he knew nothing of the person, the subtlety of his wit supplied his want of knowledge, and brought him handsomely off : and nobody being so inquisitive or pressing as to make him declare by what means his ape attained to this gift of divination, he imposed on every one's understanding, and got almost what money he pleased.

He was no sooner come to the inn, but he knew Don Quixote, Sancho, and the rest of the company : But he had like to have paid dear for his knowledge, had the knight's sword fallen but a little lower when he made King Marsilius's head fly, and routed all his Moorish horse, as the reader may have observed in the foregoing chapter. And this may suffice in relation to Master Peter and his ape.

Now let us overtake our champion of La Mancha. After he had left the inn, he resolved to take a sight of the River Ebro, and the country about it, before he went to Saragossa, since he was not straitened for time, but might do that, and yet arrive soon enough to make one at the jousts and tournaments at that city. Two days he travelled without meeting with any thing worth his notice or the reader's, when on the third, as he was riding up a hill, he heard a great noise of drums, trumpets, and guns.

At first he thought some regiment of soldiers was on its march that way, which made him spur up Rozinante to the brow of the hill, that he might see them pass by ; and then he saw in a bottom above two hundred men, as near as he could guess, armed with various weapons, as lances, cross-bows, partisans, halberts, pikes, some few firelocks, and a great many targets. Thereupon he descended into the vale, and made his approaches towards the battalion so near as to be able to distinguish their banners, judge of their colours, and observe their devices ; more especially one that was to be seen on a standard of white satin, on which was represented to the life a little jack-ass, much like a Sardinian ass-colt, holding up his head, stretching out his neck, and thrusting out his tongue, in the very posture of an ass that is braying, with this distich written in fair characters about it :

“ ’Twas something more than nothing which one day
Made one and t’other worthy bailiff bray.”

Don Quixote drew this inference from the motto, that those were the inhabitants of the braying town, and he acquainted Sancho with what he had observed, giving him also to understand, that the man who told them the story of the two braying aldermen was apparently in the wrong, since, according to the verses on the standard, they were two bailiffs and not two aldermen. * “ It matters

* The Spanish word *alcalde* answers nearly to our bailiff of a corporation, as *regidor* does to that of alderman.

not one rush what you call them," quoth Sancho ; " for those very aldermen that brayed might in time come to be made bailiffs of the town, and so both those titles might have been given them well enough. But what is it to you or me, or the story, whether the two brayers were aldermen or bailiffs, so they but brayed as we are told ? As if a bailiff were not as likely to bray as an alderman."

In short, both master and man plainly understood, that the men who were thus up in arms, were those that were jeered for braying, got together to fight the people of another town, who had indeed abused them more than was the part of good neighbours ; thereupon Don Quixote advanced towards them, to Sancho's great grief, who had no manner of liking to such kind of adventures. The multitude soon got about the knight, taking him for some champion, who was come to their assistance. But Don Quixote, lifting up his vizor, with a graceful deportment rode up to the standard, and there all the chief leaders of the army got together about him, in order to take a survey of his person, no less amazed at this strange appearance than the rest. Don Quixote seeing them look so earnestly on him, and no man offer so much as a word or question, took occasion from their silence to break his own ; and, raising his voice, " Good gentlemen," cried he, " I beseech you with all the endearments imaginable, to give no interruption to the discourse I am now delivering to you, unless you find it distasteful or tedious ; which if I am unhappy enough to occasion, at the least hint you shall give me, I will clap a seal on my lips,

and a padlock on my tongue." They all cried that he might speak what he pleased, and they would hear him with all their hearts. Having this licence, Don Quixote proceeded.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am a knight-errant: Arms are my exercise; and my profession is to shew favour to those that are in necessity of favour, and to give assistance to those that are in distress. I have for some time been no stranger to the cause of your uneasiness, which excites you to take arms to be revenged on your insulting neighbours; and having often busied my intellectuals, in making reflections on the motives which have brought you together, I have drawn this inference from it, that according to the laws of arms, you really injure yourselves, in thinking yourselves affronted; for no particular person can give an affront to a whole town and society of men, except it be by accusing them all of high-treason in general, for want of knowing on which of them to fix some treasonable action, of which he supposes some of them to be guilty. We have an instance of this nature, in Don Diego Ordonez de Lara, who sent a challenge to all the inhabitants of Zamora, not knowing that Vellido de Olfos had assassinated the king his master in that town, without any accomplices; and so, accusing and defying them all, the defence and revenge belonged to them all in general. Though it must be owned, that Don Diego was somewhat unreasonable in his defiance, and strained the point too far: For, it was very little to the purpose to defy the dead, the waters, the bread, those that were yet unborn, with

many other trifling matters mentioned in the challenge. But let that pass ; for when once the choler boils over, the tongue grows unruly, and knows no moderation. Taking it for granted then, that no particular person can affront a whole kingdom, province, city, commonwealth, or body politic, it is but just to conclude, that it is needless to revenge such a pretended affront ; since such an abuse is no sufficient provocation, and indeed, positively no affront. It would be a pretty piece of wisdom, truly, should those out of the town of Reloxa sally out every day on those who spend their ill-natured breaths, miscalling them every where. It would be a fine business indeed, if the inhabitants of those several famous towns that are nick-named by our rabble, and called the one cheese-mongers, the other coster-mongers, these fish-mongers, and those soap-boilers, should know no better than to think themselves dishonoured, and in revenge be always drawing out their swords at the least word, for every idle insignificant quarrel. No, no, heaven forbid ! men of sagacity and wisdom, and well-governed commonwealths, are never induced to take up arms, nor endanger their persons, and estates, but on the four following occasions. In the first place, to defend the holy Catholic faith. Secondly, for the security of their lives, which they are commanded to preserve by the laws of God and nature. Thirdly, the preservation of their good name, the reputation of their family, and the conservation of their estates. Fourthly, the service due to their prince in a just war ; and if we please, we may add a fifth, which indeed may be re-

ferred to the second, the defence of our country. To these five capital causes may be subjoined several others, which may induce men to vindicate themselves, and have recourse even to the way of arms : But to take them up for mere trifles, and such occasions as rather challenge our mirth and contemptuous laughter than revenge, shews the person who is guilty of such proceedings to labour under a scarcity of sense. Besides, to seek after an unjust revenge (and indeed no human revenge can be just) is directly against the holy law we profess, which commands us to forgive our enemies, and to do good to those that hate us. An injunction, which though it seems difficult in the implicit obedience we should pay to it, yet is only so to those who have less of heaven than of the world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit. For, the Redeemer of mankind, whose words never could deceive, said, ‘ that his yoke was easy, and his burden light ;’ and according to that, he could prescribe nothing to our practice which was impossible to be done. Therefore, gentlemen, since reason and religion recommend love and peace to you, I hope you will not render yourselves obnoxious to all laws, both human and divine, by a breach of the public tranquillity.

“ The devil fetch me,” quoth Sancho to himself, “ if this master of mine must not have been bred a parson ; if not, he is as like one as one egg is like another.” Don Quixote paused a while, to take breath ; and, perceiving his auditory still willing to give him attention, had proceeded in his harangue, had not Sancho’s good opinion of his parts made him lay

hold on this opportunity to talk in his turn. "Gentlemen," quoth he, "my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, once called the Knight of the Woful Figure, and now the Knight of the Lions, is a very judicious gentleman, and talks Latin and his own mother-tongue as well as any of your varsity-doctors. Whatever discourse he takes in hand, he speaks ye to the purpose, and like a man of mettle; he has ye all the laws and rules of that same thing you call duel and punctilio of honour, at his fingers end; so that you have no more to do but to do as he says, and if in taking his counsel you ever tread awry, let the blame be laid on my shoulders. And indeed, as you have already been told, it is a very silly fancy to be ashamed to hear one bray; for I remember when I was a boy, I could bray as often as I listed, and nobody went about to hinder me; and I could do it so rarely, and to the life, without vanity be it spoken, that all the asses in our town would fall a braying when they heard me bray; yet for all this, I was an honest body's child, and came of good parentage, do ye see; it is true, indeed, four of the best young men in our parish envied me for this great ability of mine; but I cared not a rush for their spite. Now, that you may not think I tell you a flam, do but hear me, and then judge; for this rare art is like swimming, which, when once learned, is never to be forgotten!"

This said, he clapped both the palms of his hands to his nose, and fell a braying so obstreperously, that it made the neighbouring valleys ring again. But while he was thus braying, one of those that stood

next to him, believing he did it to mock them, gave him such a hearty blow with a quarter-staff on his back, that down he brought him to the ground.

Don Quixote, seeing what a rough entertainment had been given to his squire, moved with his lance in a threatening posture towards the man that had used poor Sancho thus ; but the crowd thrust themselves in such a manner between them, that the knight found it impracticable to pursue the revenge he designed. At the same time, finding that a shower of stones began to rain about his ears, and a great number of cross-bows and muskets were getting ready for his reception, he turned Rozinante's reins, and galloped from them as fast as four legs would carry him, sending up his hearty prayers to Heaven to deliver him from this danger ; and, being under grievous apprehensions at every step, that he should be shot through the back, and have the bullet come out at his breast, he still went fetching his breath, to try if it did any ways fail him. But the country battalion were satisfied with seeing him fly, and did not offer to shoot at him.

As for Sancho, he was set upon his ass before he had well recovered his senses, which the blow had taken from him, and then they suffered him to move off ; not that the poor fellow had strength enough to guide him, but Dapple naturally followed Rozinante of his own accord, not being able to be a moment from him. The Don being at a good distance from the armed multitude, faced about, and seeing Sancho pacing after him without any troublesome attendants, staid for his coming up. As for the rabble, they kept

their posts till it grew dark, and their enemies having not taken the field to give them battle, they marched home, so overjoyed to have shewn their courage, without danger, that, had they been so well bred as to have known the ancient custom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy in that place.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Of some things which Benengeli tells us he that reads shall know, if he reads them with attention.

WHEN the valiant man flies, he must have discovered some foul play, and it is the part of prudent persons to reserve themselves for more favourable opportunities. This truth is verified in Don Quixote, who, rather than expose himself to the fury of an incensed and ill-designing multitude, betook himself to flight, without any thoughts of Sancho, till he found himself beyond the reach of those dangers in which he had left his trusty squire involved. Sancho came after him, as we have told you before, laid across his ass, and having recovered his senses, overtook him at last, and let himself drop from his pack-saddle at Rozinante's feet, all battered and bruised, and in a sorrowful condition. Don Quixote presently dismounted to search his wounds, and finding no bones broken, but his skin whole from head to feet, "You must bray," cried he angrily, "you must bray, with a pox, must you! It is a piece of excellent discretion to talk of, halts in the house of a man whose

father was hanged. What counter-part could you expect to your music, blockhead, but a thorough-bass of bastinadoes? Thank Providence, sirrah! that as they gave you a dry benediction with a quarter-staff, they did not cross you with a cutlass."—"I ha'n't breath to answer you at present," quoth Sancho, "but my back and shoulders speak enough for me. Pray let us make the best of our way from this cursed place, and when'er I bray again, may I get such another polt on my kidneys. Yet I cannot help saying, that your knights-errant can betake themselves to their heels to save *one* upon occasion, and leave their trusty squires to be beaten like stock-fish, in the midst of their enemies."—"A retreat is not to be accounted a flight," replied Don Quixote; "for know, Sancho, that courage which has not wisdom for its guide, falls under the name of temerity; and the rash man's successful actions are rather owing to his good fortune, than to his bravery. I own I did retire, but I deny that I fled; and in such a retreat I did but imitate many valiant men, who, not to hazard their persons indiscreetly, reserved themselves for a more fortunate hour. Histories are full of examples of this nature, which I do not care to relate at present, because they would be more tedious to me, than profitable to thee."

By this time Don Quixote had helped Sancho to bestride his ass, and being himself mounted on Rozinante, they paced softly along, and got into a grove of poplar-trees, about a quarter of a league from the place where they mounted. Yet as softly as they rid, Sancho could not help now and then

heaving up deep sighs and lamentable groans. Don Quixote asked him, why he made such a heavy moan? Sancho told him, that from his rump to his pole, he felt such grievous pains, that he was ready to sink. "Without doubt," said Don Quixote, "the intenseness of thy torments is, by reason the staff with which thou wert struck was broad and long, and so having fallen on those parts of thy back, caused a contusion there, and affects them all with pain; and had it been of a greater magnitude, thy grievances had been so much the greater."

"Truly," quoth Sancho, "you have cleared that in very pithy words, of which nobody made any doubt. Body of me! was the cause of my ailing so hard to be guessed, that you must tell me that so much of me was sore as was hit by the weapon? Should my ankle-bone ache, and you scratch your head till you had found out the cause of it, I would think that something; but for you to tell me that place is sore where I was bruised, every fool could do as much. Faith and troth, sir master of mine, I grow wiser and wiser every day; I find you are like all the world, that lay to heart nobody's harms but their own. I find whereabouts we are, and what I am like to get by you; for even as you left me now in the lurch, to be well belaboured and rib-roasted, and the other day to dance the caper-galliard in the blanket you wot of, so I must expect a hundred and a hundred more of these good vails in your service; and, as the mischief has now lighted on my shoulders, next bout I look for it to fly at my eyes. A plague of my jolter-head, I have been

a fool and sot all along, and am never like to be wiser while I live. Would it not be better for me to trudge home to my wife and children, and look after my house, with that little wit that heaven has given me, without galloping after your tail high and low, through confounded cross-roads and bye-ways, and wicked and crooked paths, that the ungodly themselves cannot find out? And then most commonly to have nothing to moisten one's weasand that is fitting for a Christian to drink, nothing but mere element and dog's porridge; and nothing to stuff one's puddings that is worthy of a Catholic stomach. Then, after a man has tired himself of his legs, when he would be glad of a good bed, to have a master cry, 'Here, are you sleepy? lie down, Mr Squire, your bed is made: Take six foot of good hard ground, and measure your corpse there; and if that won't serve you, take as much more, and welcome. You are at rack and manger; spare not, I beseech your dogship, there is room enough.' Old Nick roast and burn to a cinder that unlucky son of mischief, that first set people a-madding after this whim of knight-errantry, or at least the first ninnyhammer that had so little forecast as to turn squire to such a parcel of madmen as were your knights-errant—in the days of yore, I mean; I am better bred than to speak ill of those in our time; no, I honour them, since your worship has taken up this blessed calling; for you have a long nose, the devil himself could not out-reach you; you can see farther into a mill-stone than he."

"I durst lay a wager," said Don Quixote, "that

now thou art suffered to prate without interruption, thou feelst no manner of pain in thy whole body. Pr'ythee talk on, my child; say anything that comes uppermost to thy mouth; or is burdensome to thy brain; so it but alleviates thy pain, thy impertinencies will rather please than offend me; and if thou hast such a longing desire to be at home with thy wife and children, heaven forbid I should be against it. 'Thou hast money of mine in thy hands: see how long it is since we sallied out last from home, and cast up the wages by the month, and pay thyself.'

"Ah! it like your worship," quoth Sancho, "when I served my master Carrasco; father to the bachelor; your worship's acquaintance, I had two ducats a-month, besides my victuals: I don't know what you'll give me; though I am sure there is more trouble in being squire to a knight-errant, than in being servant to a farmer; for truly, we that go to plough and cart in a farmer's service, though we toil and sweat so a-days as not to have a dry thread to our backs, let the worst come to the worst, are sure of a bellyful at night out of the pot, and to snore in a bed. But I don't know when I have had a good meal's meat, or a good night's rest, in all your service, unless it were that short time when we were at Don Diego's house, and when I made a feast on the savoury skinning of Camacho's catadron; and eat, drank, and lay at Mr Basil's. All the rest of my time I have had my lodging on the cold ground, and in the open fields, subject to the inclemency of the sky, as you call it; living on the rinds of cheese, and crusts of mouldy bread; drink-

ing sometimes ditch-water, sometimes spring, as we chanced to light upon it in our way."

"Well," said Don Quixote, "I grant all this, Sancho; then how much more dost thou expect from me than thou hadst from thy master, Carrasco?"

"Why, truly," quoth Sancho, "if your worship will pay me twelve-pence a-month more than Thomas Carrasco gave me, I shall think it very fair, and tolerable wages; but then, instead of the island which you know you promised me, I think you cannot in conscience give me less than six-and-thirty pence a-month more, which will make in all thirty reals, neither more nor less."—"Very well," said Don Quixote, "let us see then; it is now twenty-five days since we set out from home—reckon what this comes to, according to the wages thou hast allowed thyself, and be thy own pay-master."—"Ods-niggers!" quoth Sancho, "we are quite out in our account; for as to the governor of an island's place, which you promised to help me to, we ought to reckon from the time you made the promise to this very day."—"Well, and pray, how long is it?" asked Don Quixote. "If I remember rightly," quoth Sancho, "it is about some twenty years ago, two or three days more or less."

With that Don Quixote, hitting himself a good clap on the forehead, fell a-laughing heartily. "Why," cried he, "we have hardly been out two months from the very beginning of our first expedition, and in all the time we were in Sierra Morena, and our whole progress; and hast thou the impudence to affirm it is twenty years since I promi-

sed the grant of the island ? I am now convinced thou hast a mind to make all the money which thou hast of mine in thy keeping go for the payment of thy wages. If this be thy meaning, well and good ; e'en take it, and much good may it do thee ; for, rather than be troubled any longer with such a varlet, I would contentedly see myself without a penny. But tell me, thou perverter of the laws of chivalry that relate to squires, where didst thou ever see or read, that any squire to a knight-errant stood capitulating with his master as thou hast done with me, for so much or so much a month ? Launch, unconscionable wretch, thou cut-throat scoundrel ! launch, launch, thou base spirit of Mammon, into the vast ocean of their histories ; and if thou canst shew me a precedent of any squire, who ever dared to say, or but to think, as much as thou hast presumed to tell me, then will I give thee leave to affix it on my forehead, and hit me four fillips on the nose. Away then, pack off with thy ass this moment, and get thee home, for thou shalt never stay in my service any longer. Oh how much bread, how many promises, have I now ill bestowed on thee ! Vile grovelling wretch, that hast more of the beast than of the man ! when I was just going to prefer thee to such a post, that in spite of thy wife thou hadst been called my lord, thou sneakest away from me. Thou art leaving me, when I had fully resolved, without any more delay, to make thee lord of the best island in the world, sordid clod ! Well mightest thou say indeed, that honey is not for the chaps of an ass. Thou art indeed a very ass ; an ass thou

wilt live, and an ass thou wilt die; for I dare say, thou wilt never have sense enough while thou livest, to know thou art a brute."

While Don Quixote thus upbraided and railed at Sancho, the poor fellow, all dismayed, and touched to the quick, beheld him with a wistful look; and the tears standing in his eyes for grief, "Good sweet sir," cried he, with a doleful and whining voice, "I confess I want nothing but a tail to be a perfect ass; if your worship will be pleased but to put one to my backside, I shall deem it well set on, and be your most faithful ass, all the days of my life: but forgive me, I beseech you, and take pity on my youth. Consider I have but a dull head-piece of my own; and if my tongue runs at random sometimes, it is because I am more fool than knave, sir. Who errs and mends, to heaven himself commends."—"I should wonder much," said Don Quixote, "if thou shouldst not interlard thy discourse with some pretty proverb. Well, I will give thee my pardon for this once, provided thou correct those imperfections that offend me, and shewest thyself of a less craving temper. Take heart then, and let the hopes which thou mayest entertain of the performance of my promise raise in thee a nobler spirit. The time will come; do not think it impossible because delayed." Sancho promised to do his best, though he could not rely on his own strength.

Matters being thus amicably adjusted, they put into the grove, where the Don laid himself at the foot of an elm, and his squire at the foot of a beech; for every one of those trees, and such others, has always

a foot, though never a hand. Sancho had but an ill night's rest of it, for his bruises made his bones more than ordinarily sensible of the cold. As for Don Quixote, he entertained himself with his usual imaginations. However, they both slept, and by break of day continued their journey towards the River Ebro, where they met—what shall be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The famous Adventure of the Enchanted Bark.

FAIR and softly, step by step, Don Quixote and his squire got in two days time to the banks of the river Ebro, which yielded a very entertaining prospect to the knight. The verdure of its banks, and the abounding plenty of the water, which, clear like liquid crystal, flowed gently along within the spacious channel, awaked a thousand amorous chimeras in his roving imagination, and more especially the thoughts of what he had seen in Montesinos' cave; for though Master Peter's ape had assured him, that it was partly false as well as partly true, he was rather inclined to believe it all true; quite contrary to Sancho, who thought it every tittle as false as hell.

While the knight went on thus agreeably amused, he spied a little boat without any oars or tackle, moored by the river-side to the stump of a tree:

Thereupon looking round about him, and discovering nobody, he presently alighted, and ordered Sancho to do the like, and tie their beasts fast to some of the elms or willows thereabouts. Sancho asked him what was the meaning of all this? "Thou art to know," answered Don Quixote, "that most certain this boat lies here for no other reason but to invite me to embark in it, for the relief of some knight, or other person of high degree, that is in great distress: For thus, according to the method of enchanters, in the books of chivalry, when any knight whom they protect, happens to be involved in some very great danger, from which none but some other valourous knight can set him free; then, though they be two or three thousand leagues at least distant from each other, up the magician snatches the auxiliary champion in a cloud, or else provides him a boat, and in the twinkling of an eye, in either vehicle, through the airy fluid or the liquid plain, he wafts him to the place where his assistance is wanted. Just to the same intent does this very bark lie here; it is as clear as the day, and therefore, before it be too late, Sancho, tie up Rozinante and Dapple, let us commit ourselves to the guidance of Providence; for embark I will, though bare-footed friars should beg me to desist."

"Well, well," quoth Sancho, "if I must, I must. Since you will every foot run haring into these—I do not know how to call them,—these confounded vagaries, I have no more to do but to make a leg, and submit my neck to the collar; for, as the saying is, 'Do as thy master bid thee, though it be to

sit down at his table.' But for all that, fall back fall edge, I must and will discharge my conscience, and tell you plainly, that as blind as I am, I can see with half an eye, that it is no enchanted bark, but some fisherman's boat; for there are many in this river, whose waters afford the best shads in the world."

This caution did Sancho give his master while he was tying the beasts to a tree, and going to leave them to the protection of enchanter, full sore against his will. Don Quixote bid him not be concerned at leaving them there, for the sage who was to carry them through in a journey of such an extent and longitude, would be sure to take care of the animals. "Nay, nay, as for that matter," quoth Sancho, "I do not understand your longitude, I never heard such a cramp word in my born-days."—"Longitude," said Don Quixote, "is the same as length: I do not wonder that thou dost not understand the word, for thou art not obliged to understand Latin. Yet you shall have some forward coxcombs pretend to be knowing, when they are ignorant."—"Now the beasts are fast, sir," quoth Sancho, "what is next to be done?"—"Why now," answered Don Quixote, "let us recommend ourselves to Providence and weigh anchor, or, to speak plainly, embark and cut the cable." With that, leaping in, and Sancho following, he cut the rope, and so by degrees the stream carried the boat from the shore.

Now when Sancho saw himself towards the middle of the river, he began to quake for fear; but nothing grieved his heart so much as to hear Dapple

bray, and to see Rozinante struggle to get loose. Sir," quoth he, "hark how my poor Dapple brays, to bemoan our leaving of him; and see how poor Rozinante tugs hard to break his bridle, and is even wild to throw himself after us.—Alack and alack! my poor dear friends, peace be with you where you are, and when this mad freak, the cause of our detestful parting, is ended in repentance, may we be brought back to your sweet company again!" This said, he fell a blubbering, and set up such a howl, that Don Quixote had no patience with him, but looking angrily on him, "What dost fear," cried he, "thou great white-livered calf? What dost thou cry for? Who pursues thee? Who hurts thee, thou dastardly craven, thou cowardly mouse, thou soul of a milk-sop, thou heart of butter? Dost want for any thing, base unsatisfied wretch? What would'st thou say, wert thou to climb bare-footed the rugged Riphean mountains? thou that sittest here in state like an archduke, plenty and delight on each side of thee, while thou glidest gently down the calm current of this delightful river, which will soon convey us into the main ocean? We have already flowed down some seven or eight hundred leagues. Had I but an astrolabe here to take the altitude of the pole, I could easily tell thee how far we have proceeded to an inch: though either I know but little, or we have just passed, or shall presently pass, the Equinoctial Line, that divides and cuts the two opposite poles at equal distances."

"And when we come to this same Line you speak of," quoth Sancho, "how far have we gone then?"

—“ A mighty way,” answered Don Quixote. “ When we come under the Line I spoke of, we shall have measured the other half of the terraqueous globe, which, according to the system and computation of Ptolemy, who was the greatest cosmographer in the world, contains three hundred and sixty degrees.” —“ Odsbodikins,” quoth Sancho, “ you have brought me now a notable fellow to be your voucher, goodman Tollme, with his *amputation* and *cistern*, and the rest of your gibberish !” Don Quixote smiled at Sancho’s blunders, and going on, “ The Spaniards,” said he, “ and all those that embark at Cadiz for the East-Indies, to know whether they have passed the Equinoctial Line, according to an observation that has been often experienced, need do no more than look whether there be any lice left alive among the ship’s crew ; for if they have passed it, not a louse is to be found in the ship, though they would give his weight in gold for him. Look therefore, Sancho, and if thou findest any such vermin still creeping about thee, then we have not yet passed the Line ; but if thou do’st not, then we have surely passed it.”

“ The devil a word I believe of all this,” quoth Sancho. “ However, I will do as you bid me. But hark you me, sir, now I think on it again, where is the need of trying these quirks ; do not I see with my two eyes that we are not five rods length from the shore ? Look you, there stands Rozinante and Dapple, upon the very spot where we left them ; and now I look closely into the matter, I will take my corporal oath that we move no faster than a snail

can gallop, or an ant can trot.”—“No more words,” said Don Quixote, “but make the experiment as I bid you, and let the rest alone. Thou dost not know what belongs to colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoctials, planets, signs, points, and measures, of which the spheres celestial and terrestrial are composed; for did’st thou know all these things, or some of them at least, thou mightest plainly perceive what parallels we have cut, what signs we have passed, and what constellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us. Therefore I would wish thee once again to search thyself; for I cannot believe but thou art as clear from vermin as a sheet of white paper.”

Thereupon Sancho, advancing his hand very gingerly towards the left side of his neck, after he had groped a while, lifted up his head, and, staring in his master’s face, “Look you, sir,” quoth he, pulling out something, “either your rule is not worth this, or we are many a fair league from the place you spoke of.”—“How!” answered Don Quixote, “hast thou found something then, Sancho?”—“Ay, marry have I,” quoth Sancho, “and more things than one too.” And so saying, he shook and snapped his fingers, and then washed his whole hand in the river, down whose stream the boat drove gently along, without being moved by any secret influence, or hidden enchantment, but only by the help of the current, hitherto calm and smooth.

By this time they descried two great water-mills in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no sooner spied, but, calling to his squire, “Look,

look, my Sancho !" cried he, " seest thou yon city or castle there ? this is the place where some knight lies in distress, or some queen or princess is detained, for whose succour I am conveyed hither."—" What a devil do you mean with your city or castle ?" cried Sancho. " Body of me ! sir, do not you see as plain as the nose on your face, they are nothing but water-mills, in the midst of the river, to grind corn ?"—" Peace, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, " they look like water-mills, I grant you, but they are no such things. How often, have I not told thee already, do these magicians change and overturn every thing as they please ? not that they can change their very being, but they disguise and alter the appearances of them ; of which we have an instance in the unhappy transformation of Dulcinea, the only refuge of my hope."

The boat being now got into the very strength of the stream, began to move less slowly than it did before. The people in the mills, perceiving the boat to come a-drift full upon the mill-wheels, came running out with their long poles to stop it ; and, as their faces and clothes were powdered all over with meal-dust, they made a very odd appearance. " Soho ! there," cried they as loud as they could bawl ; " is the devil in the fellows ? are ye mad in the boat there ? hold ! you will be drowned, or ground to pieces by the mill-wheels." Don Quixote, having cast his eyes upon the millers, " Did I not tell thee, Sancho," said he, " that we should arrive where I must exert the strength of my arm ? Look what hang-dogs, what horrid wretches, come

forth to make head against me ! how many hobgoblins oppose my passage ! do but see what deformed physiognomies they have ! mere bugbears ! But I shall make ye know, scoundrels, how insignificant all your efforts must prove." Then, standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers in a haughty tone. "Ye paltry slaves," cried he, "base and ill-advised scum of the world, release instantly the captive person who is injuriously detained and oppressed within your castle or prison, be they of high or low degree ; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, for whom the happy achievement of this adventure is reserved, by the decree of Heaven." This said, he unsheathed his sword, and began to fence with the air, as if he had been already engaging the millers ; who, hearing, but not understanding, his mad words, stood ready with their poles to stop the boat, which was now near the mill-dam, and just entering the rapid stream and narrow channel of the wheels.

In the meantime Sancho was devoutly fallen on his knees, praying heaven for a happy deliverance out of this mighty plunge but this one time. And indeed his prayers met with pretty good success ; for the millers so bestirred themselves with their poles that they stopped the boat, yet not so cleverly but they overset it, tipping Don Quixote and Sancho over into the river. It was well for the knight that he could swim like a duck ; and yet the weight of his armour sunk him twice to the bottom ; and had it not been for the millers, who jumped into the water, and made a shift to pull out both

the master and the man, in a manner craning them up, there had been an end of them both.

When they were both hauled ashore, more over-drenched than thirsty, Sancho betook himself to his knees again, and, with uplifted hands and eyes, made a long and hearty prayer, that Heaven might keep him from this time forwards clear of his master's rash adventures.

And now came the fishermen who owned the boat, and, finding it broken to pieces, fell upon Sancho, and began to strip him, demanding satisfaction both of him and his master for the loss of their bark. The knight, with a great deal of gravity and unconcern, as if he had done no manner of harm, told both the millers and the fishermen, that he was ready to pay for the boat, provided they would fairly surrender the persons that were detained unjustly in their castle. "What persons, or what castle, you mad oaf?" said one of the millers. "Marry guelp, would you carry away the folk that come to grind their corn at our mills?"—"Well," said Don Quixote to himself, "man had as good preach to a stone-wall, as to expect to persuade with entreaties such dregs of human kind to do a good and generous action. Two sage enchanters certainly clash in this adventure, and the one thwarts the other. One provided me a bark, the other overwhelmed me in it. Heaven send us better times! There is nothing but plotting and counter-plotting, undermining and countermining in this world. Well, I can do no more." Then raising his voice, and casting a fixed eye on the water-mills, "My dear friends,"

cried he, " whoever you are that are immured in this prison, pardon me, I beseech ye ; for so my ill fate and yours ordains, that I cannot free you from your confinement : the adventure is reserved for some other knight." This said, he came to an agreement with the fishermen, and ordered Sancho to pay them fifty reals for the boat. Sancho pulled out the money with a very ill will, and parted with it with a worse, muttering between his teeth, that two voyages like that would sink their whole stock.

The fishermen and the millers could not forbear admiring at two such figures of human offspring, that neither spoke nor acted like the rest of mankind ; for they could not so much as guess what Don Quixote meant by all his extravagant speeches. So, taking them for madmen, they left them, and went the millers to their mills, and the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to their beasts like a couple of as senseless animals, and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

CHAPTER XXX.

What happened to Don Quixote with the Fair Huntress.

WITH wet bodies and melancholy minds, the knight and squire went back to Rociante and Dapple ; though Sancho was the more cast down, and out of sorts of the two ; for it grieved him to the

very soul to see the money dwindle, being as chary of that as of his heart's blood, or the apples of his eyes. To be short, to horse they went, without speaking one word to each other, and left the famous river ; Don Quixote buried in his amorous thoughts, and Sancho in those of his preferment, which he thought far enough off yet ; for, as much a fool as he was, he plainly perceived that all, or most of his master's actions, tended only to folly ; therefore he but waited an opportunity to give him the slip and go home, without coming to any farther reckoning, or taking a formal leave. But fortune provided for him much better than he expected.

It happened that the next day about sun-set, as they were coming out of a wood, Don Quixote cast his eyes round a verdant meadow, and at the farther end of it descried a company, whom, upon a nearer view, he judged to be persons of quality, that were taking the diversion of hawking. Approaching nearer yet, he observed among them a very fine lady upon a white pacing mare, in green trappings, and a saddle of cloth of silver. The lady herself was dressed in green, so rich and so gay that nothing could be finer. She rode with a goss-hawk on her left fist, by which Don Quixote judged her to be of quality, and mistress of the train that attended ; as indeed she was. Thereupon calling to his squire, " Son Sancho," cried he, " run and tell that lady on the palfrey with the goss-hawk on her fist, that I, the Knight of the Lions, humbly salute her highness ; and that if she pleases to give me leave, I should be proud to receive her commands, and have the ho-

nour of waiting on her, and kissing her fair hands. But take special care, Sancho, how thou deliverest thy message, and be sure do not lard my compliments with any of thy proverbs."—"Why this to me?" quoth Sancho. "Marry, you need not talk of larding, as if I had never went ambassador before to a high and mighty dame."—"I do not know that ever thou did'st," replied Don Quixote, "at least on my account, unless it were when I sent thee to Dulcinea."—"It may be so," quoth Sancho; "but a good pay-master needs no surety; and where there is plenty, the guests cannot be empty. That is to say, I need none of your telling nor tutoring about that matter; for, as silly as I look, I know something of every thing."—"Well, well, I believe it," said Don Quixote. "Go then in a good hour, and heaven inspire and guide thee."

Sancho put on, forcing Dapple from his old pace to a gallop; and, approaching the fair huntress, he alighted, and, falling on his knees, "Fair lady," quoth he, "that knight yonder, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master; I am his squire, Sancho Panza by name. This same Knight of the Lions, who but the other day was called The Knight of the Woful Figure, has sent me to tell you, That so please your worship's grace to give him leave, with your good liking, to do as he has a mind, which, as he says, and as I believe, is only to serve your high-lown beauty, and be your ternal vassal, you may chance to do a thing that would be for your own good, and he would take it for a hugeous kindness at your hands."

"Indeed, honest squire," said the lady, "you have acquitted yourself of your charge with all the graceful circumstances which such an embassy requires: Rise, pray rise, for it is by no means fit the squire to so great a knight, as The Knight of the Woful Figure, to whose name and merit we are no strangers, should remain on his knees. Rise then, and desire your master by all means to honour us with his company, that my Lord Duke and I may pay him our respects at a house we have hard by."

Sancho got up, no less amazed at the lady's beauty than at her affability, but much more because she told him they were no strangers to his master, The Knight of the Woful Figure. Nor did he wonder why she did not call him by his title of Knight of the Lions, considering he had but lately assumed it.

"Pray," said the duchess, whose particular title we do not yet know, "is not this master of yours the person, whose history came out in print, by the name of 'The Renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha,' the mistress of whose affections is a certain lady, called Dulcinea del Toboso?"—"The very same, an't please your worship," said Sancho; "and that squire of his that is, or should be in the book, Sancho Panza by name, is my ownself, if I was not changed in my cradle; I mean changed in the press."—"I am mighty glad to hear all this," said the duchess. "Go then, friend Panza, and tell your master, That I congratulate him upon his arrival in our territories, to which he is welcome; and as-

sure him from me, that this is the most agreeable news I could possibly have heard."

Sancho, overjoyed with this gracious answer, returned to his master, to whom he repeated all that the great lady had said to him; praising to the skies, in his clownish phrase, her great beauty and courteous nature.

Don Quixote, pleased with this good beginning, seated himself handsomely in the saddle, fixed his toes in his stirrups, set the beaver of his helmet as he thought best became his face, roused up Rozinante's mettle, and with a graceful assurance moved forwards to kiss the duchess's hand. As soon as Sancho went from her, she sent for the duke, her husband, and gave him an account of Don Quixote's embassy. Thereupon they both attended his coming with a pleasant impatience; for, having read the first part of his history, they were no less desirous to be acquainted with his person; and resolved, as long as he staid with them, to give him his own way, and humour him in all things, treating him still with all the forms essential to the entertainment of a knight-errant; which they were the better able to do, having been much conversant with books of that kind.

And now Don Quixote drew nigh with his vizor up; and Sancho, seeing him offer to alight, made all the haste he could to be ready to hold his stirrup: But as ill-luck would have it, as he was throwing his leg over his pack-saddle to get off, he entangled his foot so strangely in the rope that served him instead of a stirrup, that not being able to get it out, he hung by the heel with his nose to the ground.

On the other side, Don Quixote, who was used to have his stirrup held when he dismounted, thinking Sancho had hold of it already, lifted up his right leg over the saddle to alight ; but as it happened to be ill-girt, down he brought it with himself to the ground, confounded with shame, and muttering between his teeth many a hearty curse against Sancho, who was all the while with his foot in the stocks. The duke seeing them in that condition, ordered some of his people to help them ; and they raised Don Quixote, who was in no very good case with his fall ; however, limping as well as he could, he went to pay his duty to the lady, and would have fallen on his knees at her horse's feet : But the duke alighting, would by no means permit it ; and embracing Don Quixote, " I am sorry," said he, " Sir Knight of the Woful Figure, that such a mischance should happen to you at your first appearance on my territories, but the negligence of squires is often the cause of worst accidents."—"Most generous prince," said Don Quixote, " I can think nothing bad that could befall me here, since I have had the happiness of seeing your grace : For though I had fallen low as the very centre, the glory of this interview would raise me up again. My squire indeed, a vengeance seize him for it, is much more apt to give his saucy idle tongue a loose, than to gird a saddle well ; but prostrate or erect, on horseback or on foot, in any posture I shall always be at your grace's command, and no less at her grace's, your worthy consort's service. Worthy did I say ? yes, she is worthy to be called the Queen of Beauty and Sovereign Lady

of all Courtesy.”—“ Pardon me there,” said the duke, “ noble Don Quixote de la Mancha ; where the peerless Dulcinea is remembered, the praise of all other beauties ought to be forgot.”

Sancho was now got clear of the noose, and standing near the duchess, “ An’t please your worship’s highness,” quoth he, before his master could answer, “ it cannot be denied, nay, I dare vouch it in any ground in Spain, that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is woundy handsome and fair : But, where we least think, there starts the hare. I have heard your great scholars say, That she you call Dame Nature, is like a potter, and he that makes one handsome pipkin may make two or three hundred. And so, do ye see, you may understand by this, that my Lady Duchess here does not a jot come short of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.” Don Quixote, upon this, addressing himself to the duchess, “ Your grace must know,” said he, “ that no knight-errant ever had such an eternal babbler, such a bundle of conceit for a squire, as I have ; and if I have the honour to continue for some time in your service, your grace will find it true.”—“ I am glad,” answered the duchess, “ that honest Sancho has his conceits, it is a shrewd sign he is wise ; for merry conceits, you know, sir, are not the offspring of a dull brain, and therefore if Sancho be jovial and jocose, I will warrant him also a man of sense.”—“ And a prater, madam,” added Don Quixote.—“ So much the better,” said the duke ; “ for a man that talks well, can never talk too much. But not to lose our time here, come on, Sir Knight of the Woful Fi-

gure——” “Knight of the Lions, your highness should say,” quoth Sancho: “The Woful Figure is out of date; and so pray let the lions come in play.” —“Well then,” said the duke, “I entreat the Knight of the Lions to vouchsafe us his presence at a castle I have hard by, where he shall find such entertainment as is justly due to so eminent a personage, such honours as the duchess and myself are wont to pay all knights-errant that travel this way.”

Sancho having by this got Rozinante ready, and girded the saddle tight, Don Quixote mounted his steed, and the duke a stately horse of his own; and the duchess riding between them both, they moved towards the castle: She desired that Sancho might always attend near her, for she was extremely taken with his notable sayings. Sancho was not hard to be entreated, but crowded in between them, and made a fourth in their conversation, to the great satisfaction both of the duke and duchess, who esteemed themselves very fortunate in having an opportunity to entertain at their castle such a knight-errant and such an erring squire.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Which treats of many and great Matters.

SANCHO was overjoyed to find himself so much in the duchess's favour, flattering himself that he should fare no worse at her castle, than he had done at Don

Diego's and Basil's houses ; for he was ever a cordial friend to a plentiful way of living, and therefore never failed to take such opportunities by the fore-top wherever he met them. Now the history tells us, that before they got to the castle, the duke rode away from them, to instruct his servants how to behave themselves toward Don Quixote ; so that no sooner did the knight come near the gates, but he was met by two of the duke's lacquies or grooms in long vests, like night-gowns, of fine crimson satin. These suddenly took him in their arms, and, lifting him from his horse without any further ceremony, " Go, great and mighty sir," said they, " and help my Lady Duchess down." Thereupon Don Quixote went and offered to do it ; and many compliments, and much ceremony passed on both sides : but in conclusion, the duchess's earnestness prevailed ; for she would not alight from her palfrey but in the arms of her husband, excusing herself from incommoding so great a knight with so insignificant a burden. With that the duke took her down.

And now, being entered into a large court-yard, there came two beautiful damsels, who threw a long mantle of fine scarlet over Don Quixote's shoulders. In an instant, all the galleries about the court-yard were crowded with men and women, the domestics of the duke, who cried out, " Welcome, welcome, the flower and cream of knight-errantry !" Then most, if not all of them, sprinkled whole bottles of sweet water upon Don Quixote, the duke, and the duchess : All which agreeably surprised the Don, and this was indeed the first day he knew and firmly believed

himself to be a real knight-errant, and that his knight-hood was more than fancy ; fadimg himself treated just as he had read the brothers of the order were entertained in former ages.

Sancho was so transported, that he even forsook his beloved Dapple, to keep close to the duchess, and entered the castle with the company : But his conscience flying in his face for leaving that dear companion of his alone, he went to a reverend old waiting-woman, who was one of the duchess's retinue, and whispering her in the ear, " Mrs Gonsalez, or Mrs——pray forsooth may I crave your name?"—" Donna Rodriguez de Grijalva is my name," said the old duenna ; " what is your business with me, friend?"—" Pray now, mistress," quoth Sancho, " do so much as go out at the castle gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine ; see him put into the stable, or else put him in yourself ; for poor thing, it is main fearful and timorsome, and cannot abide to be alone in a strange place."—" If the master," said she pettishly, " has no more manners than the man, we shall have a fine time on't. Get you gone, you saucy jack ! the devil take thee and him that brought you hither to affront me. Go seek somewhere else for ladies to look to your ass, you lolpoop ! I would have you to know, that gentlewomen like me are not used to such drudgeries."—" Don't take pepper in your nose at it," replied Sancho ; " you need not be so frumpish, mistress. As good as you have done it. I have heard my master say (and he knows all the histories in the world,) that when Sir Lancelot came out of Britain,

damsels looked after him, and waiting-women after his horse. Now, by my troth, whether you believe it or no, I would not swop my ass for Sir Lancelot's horse, I'll tell you that."—"I think the fool rides the fellow," quoth the waiting-woman: "hark you, friend, if you be a buffoon, keep your stuff for those chapmen that will bid you fairer. I would not give a fig for all the jests in your budget."—"Well enough yet," quoth Sancho, "and a fig for you too, an' you go to that: Adad! should I take thee for a fig, I might be sure of a ripe one! your fig is rotten ripe, forsooth; say no more: if sixty is the game, you are a peepout."—"You rascally son of a whore," cried the waiting-woman, in a pelting chafe, "whether I am old or no, heaven best knows; I shall not stand to give an account to such a raggamuffin as thou, thou garlic-eating stinkard."

She spoke this so loud that the duchess overheard her, and, seeing the woman so altered, and as red as fire, asked what was the matter. "Why, madam," said the waiting-woman, "here is a fellow would have me put his ass in the stable, telling me an idle story of ladies that looked after one Lancelot, and waiting-women after his horse; and because I won't be his ostler, the rake-shame very civilly calls me old."—"Old!" said the duchess, "that is an affront no woman can well bear. You are mistaken, honest Sancho, Rodriguez is very young; and the long veil she wears is more for authority and fashion-sake than upon account of her years."—"May there be never a good one in all those I have to live," quoth Sancho, "if I meant her any harm;

only I have such a natural love for my ass, an't like your worship, that I thought I could not recommend the poor tit to a more charitable body than this same Madam Rodriguez."—"Sancho," said Don Quixote, with a sour look, "does this talk befit this place? Do you know where you are?"—"Sir," quoth Sancho, "every man must tell his wants, be he where he will. Here I bethought myself of Dapple, and here I spoke of him. Had I called him to mind in the stable, I would have spoken of him there."

"Sancho has reason on his side," said the duke, "and nobody ought to chide him for it. But let him take no further care; Dapple shall have as much provender as he will eat, and be used as well as Sancho himself."

These small jars being over, which yielded diversion to all the company except Don Quixote, he was led up a stately stair-case, and then into a noble hall, sumptuously hung with rich gold brocade. There his armour was taken off by six young damsels, that served him instead of pages, all of them fully instructed by the duke and duchess how to behave themselves so towards Don Quixote, that he might look on his entertainment as conformable to those which the famous knights-errant received of old.

When he was unarmed he appeared in his close breeches and shamoy doublet, raw-boned and meagre, tall and lank, with a pair of lantern jaws, that met in the middle of his mouth; in short, he made so very odd a figure, that, notwithstanding the strict

injunction the duke had laid on the young females who waited on him to stifle their laughter, they were hardly able to contain. They desired he would give them leave to take off his clothes, and put him on a clean shirt; but he would by no means permit it, giving them to understand, that modesty was as commendable a virtue in a knight as valour; and therefore he desired them to leave the shirt with Sancho; and then, retiring to an adjacent chamber, where there was a rich bed, he locked himself up with his squire, pulled off his clothes, shifted himself, and then, while they were alone, he began to take him to task.

"Now," said he, "modern buffoon and jolter-head of old, what canst thou say for thyself? Where learned you to abuse such a venerable ancient gentlewoman, one so worthy of respect, as Donna Rodriguez? Was that a proper time to think of your Dapple? or can you think persons of quality, who nobly entertain the masters, forget to provide for their beasts? For heaven's sake, Sancho, mend thy behaviour, and do not betray thy home-spun breeding, lest thou be thought a scandal to thy master. Dost not thou know, saucy rustic, that the world often makes an estimate of the master's discretion by that of his servant, and that one of the most considerable advantages the great have over their inferiors, is to have servants as good as themselves? Art thou not sensible, pitiful fellow as thou art, the more unhappy I, that if they find thee a gross clown, or a mad buffoon, they will take me for some hedge-knight, or a paltry shifting rook?

Pr'ythee, therefore, dear Sancho, shun these inconveniences ; for he that aims too much at jests and drolling, is apt to trip and tumble, and is at last despised as an insipid ridiculous buffoon. Then curb thy tongue, think well, and ponder thy words before they get loose ; and take notice, we are come to a place, whence, by the assistance of heaven, and the force of this puissant arm, we may depart better five to one in fortune and reputation." Sancho promised to behave himself better for the future, and to sew up his mouth, or bite out his tongue, rather than speak one word which was not duly considered, and to the purpose ; so that his master need not fear any one should find out what they were.

Don Quixote then dressed himself, put on his belt and sword, threw his scarlet cloak over his shoulders, and clapt on a monteer cap of green velvet, which had been left him by the damsels. Thus accoutred he entered the state-room, where he found the damsels ranged in two rows, attending with water, and all necessaries to wash him in state ; and, having done him that office, with many humble courtesies, and solemn ceremonies, immediately twelve pages, with the gentleman-sewer at the head of them, came to conduct him to supper, letting him know that the duke and duchess expected him. Accordingly they led them in great pomp, some walking before and some behind, into another room, where a table was magnificently set out for four people,

As soon as he approached, the duke and the duchess came as far as the door to receive him,

and with them a grave clergyman, one of those that assume to govern great men's houses, and who, not being nobly born themselves, do not know how to instruct those that are, but would have the liberality of the great measured by the narrowness of their own souls, making those whom they govern stingy, when they pretend to teach them frugality. One of these, in all likelihood, was this grave ecclesiastic, who came with the duke to receive Don Quixote.

After a thousand courtly compliments on all sides, Don Quixote at last approached the table, between the duke and the duchess; and here arose a fresh contest; for the knight, being offered the upper end of the table, thought himself obliged to decline it. However, he could not withstand the duke's pressing importunities, but was forced at last to comply. The parson sat right against him, and the duke and the duchess on each side.

Sancho stood by all the while, gaping with wonder to see the honour done his master; and observing how many ceremonies passed, and what entreaties the duke used to prevail with him to sit at the upper end of the table, "With your worship's good leave," quoth he, "I will tell you what happened once in our town, in reference to this stir and ado that you have had now about places." The words were scarce out of his mouth, when Don Quixote began to tremble, as having reason to believe he was going to throw up some impertinent thing or other. Sancho had his eyes upon him, and, presently understanding his motions, "Sir," quoth he, "don't fear; I won't be unmannerly, I warrant you. I

will speak nothing but what shall be pat to the purpose ; I han't so soon forgot the lesson you gave me about talking sense or nonsense, little or much."—"I don't know what thou meanest," said Don Quixote ; " say what thou wilt, so thou do it quickly."—" Well," quoth Sancho, turning to the duke, " what I am going to tell you is every tittle true. Should I trip never so little in my story, my master is here to take me up, and give me the lie."—" Pr'ythee," said Don Quixote, " lie as much as thou wilt for all me ; I won't be thy hinderance ; but take heed, however, what thou sayest."—" Nay, nay," quoth Sancho, " let me alone for that : I have heeded it and reheeded it over and over, and that you shall see, I warrant you."—" Truly, my lord," said Don Quixote, " it were convenient that your grace should order this fellow to be turned out of the room, for he will plague you with a thousand impertinencies."—" Oh ! as for that, you must excuse us," said the duchess ; " for, by the duke's life, * I swear Sancho must not stir a step from me ; I'll engage for him, he shall say nothing but what is very proper."—" Many and many proper years," quoth Sancho, " may your holiness live, Madam Duchess, for your good opinion of me, though it is more your goodness than my desert. Now then for my tale.

* A custom in Spain to swear by the life of those they love and honour.

“Once upon a time a gentleman in our town, of a good estate and family, for he was of the blood of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married one Donna Mencia de Quinones, who was the daughter of Don Alonzo de Maranon, a knight of the order of St. Jago, the very same that was drowned in the Herradura, about whom that quarrel happened formerly in our town, in which I heard say, that my master, Don Quixote, was embroiled, and little Tom, the mad-cap, who was the son of old Balvastro the farrier, happened to be sorely hurt—Is not all this true now, master? Speak the truth and shame the devil, that their worships graces may know that I am neither a prater nor a liar.”—“Thus far,” said the clergyman, “I think thou art the first rather than the latter; I can’t tell what I shall make of thee by and by.”—“Thou producest so many witnesses, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and mentionest so many circumstances, that I must needs own I believe what thou sayest to be true. But go on, and shorten thy story; for, as thou beginnest, I’m afraid thou’lt not have done these two days.”—“Pray, don’t let him shorten it,” said the duchess; “let him go on his own way, though he were not to make an end of it these six days: I shall hear him with pleasure, and think the time as pleasantly employed as any I ever passed in my life.”—“I say then, my masters,” quoth Sancho, “that this same gentleman I told you of at first, and I know him as well as I know my right hand from my left, for it is not a bow-shot from my house to his; this

gentleman invited a husbandman to dine with him, who was a poor man, but main honest"——

"On, friend," said the chaplain; "at the rate you proceed you won't have made an end before you come to the other world."—"I shall stop short of half way," quoth Sancho, "and if it be heaven's blessed will: A little more of your christian patience, good doctor!—Now this same husbandman, as I said before, coming to this same gentleman's house, who had given him the invitation, heaven rest his soul; poor heart! for he is now dead and gone; and more than that, they say he died the death of an angel. For my part, I was not by him when he died, for I was gone to harvest-work at that very time, to a place called Temblique."—"Pr'ythee, honest friend," said the clergyman, "leave your harvest-work, and come back quickly from Temblique, without staying to bury the gentleman, unless you have a mind to occasion more funerals; therefore, pray, make an end of your story."—"You must know then," quoth Sancho, "that as they two were ready to sit down at table,—I mean the husbandman and the gentleman——Methinks I see them now before my eyes plainer than ever I did in my born days."—The duke and the duchess were infinitely pleased to find how Sancho spun out his story, and how the clergyman fretted at his prolixity, and Don Quixote spent himself with anger and vexation.

"Well," quoth Sancho, "to go on with my story, when they were going to sit down, the husbandman would not sit till the gentleman had taken his place;

but the gentleman made him a sign to put himself at the upper end. 'By no means, sir,' quoth the husbandman. 'Sit down,' said the other. 'Good your worship,' quoth the husbandman. 'Sit where I bid thee,' said the gentleman. Still the other excused himself, and would not; and the gentleman told him he should, as meaning to be master in his own house. But the over-mannerly looby, fancying he should be huge well bred and civil in it, scraped, and cringed, and refused, till at last the gentleman, in a great passion, e'en took him by the shoulders, and forced him into the chair. 'Sit there, clodpate,' cried he, 'for, let me sit wherever I will, that still will be the upper end, and the place of worship to thee.' And now you have my tale, and I think I have spoke nothing but what is to the purpose."

Don Quixote's face was in a thousand colours, that speckled its natural brown, so that the duke and duchess were obliged to check their mirth when they perceived Sancho's roguery, that Don Quixote might not be put too much out of countenance. And therefore to turn the discourse, that Sancho might not run into other fooleries, the duchess asked Don Quixote, what news he had of the lady Dulcinea, and how long it was since he had sent her any giants or robbers for a present, not doubting but that he had lately subdued many such. "Alas! madam," answered he, "my misfortunes have had a beginning, but, I fear, will never have an end. I have vanquished giants, elves, and cut-throats, and sent them to the mistress of my soul, but where shall they find her? She is enchanted, madam, and

transformed to the ugliest piece of rusticity that can be imagined.”—“I don’t know, sir,” quoth Sancho, “when I saw her last she seemed to be the finest creature in the varsal world; thus far, at least, I can safely vouch for her upon my own knowledge, that for activity of body, and leaping, the best tumbler of them all does not go beyond her. Upon my honest word, Madam Duchess, she will vault from the ground upon her ass like a cat.”—“Have you seen her enchanted?” said the duke. “Seen her?” quoth Sancho; “and who the devil was the first that hit upon this trick of her enchantment, think you, but I? She is as much enchanted as my father.”

The churchman, hearing them talk of giants, elves, and enchantments, began to suspect this was Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history the duke so often used to read, though he had several times reprehended him for it, telling him it was a folly to read such follies. Being confirmed in his suspicion, he addressed himself very angrily to the duke. “My lord,” said he, “your grace will have a large account to give one day for soothing this poor man’s follies. I suppose this same Don Quixote, or Don Quite Sot, or whatever you are pleased to call him, cannot be quite so besotted as you endeavour to make him, by giving him such opportunities to run on in his fantastical humours?” Then, directing his discourse to Don Quixote, “Hark ye,” said he, “Goodman Addlepate. Who has put it into your crown that you are a knight-errant, that you vanquish giants and robbers? Go, go, get you home again, look after your children, if you have any,

and what honest business you have to do, and leave wandering about the world, building castles in the air, and making yourself a laughing-stock to all that know you, or know you not. Where have you found, in the name of mischief, that there ever has been, or are now, any such things as knights-errant? Where will you meet with giants in Spain, or monsters in La Mancha? Where shall one find your enchanted Dulcineas, and all those legions of whimsies and chimeras that are talked of in your account, but in your own empty skull?"

Don Quixote gave this reverend person the hearing with great patience. But at last, seeing him silent, without minding his respect to the duke and duchess, up he started with indignation and fury in his looks, and said——But his answer deserves a chapter by itself.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Don Quixote's Answer to his reprover, with other grave and merry Accidents.

DON QUIXOTE being thus suddenly got up, shaking from head to foot for madness, as if he had quicksilver in his bones, cast an angry look on his indiscreet censor, and, with an eager delivery, sputtering and stammering with choler, "This place," cried he, "the presence of these noble persons, and the respect I have always had for your function, check my just resentment, and tie up my hands

from taking the satisfaction of a gentleman. For these reasons, and since every one knows that you gown-men, as well as women, use no other weapons but your tongues, I will fairly engage you upon equal terms, and combat you at your own weapon. I should rather have expected sober admonitions from a man of your cloth, than infamous reproaches. Charitable and wholesome correction ought to be managed at another rate, and with more moderation. The least that can be said of this reproof which you have given me here so bitterly, and in public, is, that it has exceeded the bounds of christian correction, and a gentle one had been much more becoming. Is it fit that, without any insight into the offence which you reprove, you should, without any more ado, call the offender fool, sot, and addle-pate? Pray, sir, what foolish action have you seen me do, that should provoke you to give me such ill language, and bid me so magisterially go home to look after my wife and children, before you know whether I have any? Don't you think those deserve as severe a censure, who screw themselves into other men's houses, and pretend to rule the master? A fine world it is truly, when a poor pedant, who has seen no more of it than lies within twenty or thirty leagues about him, shall take upon him to prescribe laws to knight-errantry, and judge of those who profess it! You, forsooth, esteem it an idle undertaking, and time lost, to wander through the world, though scorning its pleasures, and sharing the hardships and toils of it, by which the virtuous aspire to the high seat of immortality. If per-

sons of honour, knights, lords, gentlemen, or men of any birth, should take me for a fool or a coxcomb, I should think it an irreparable affront. But for mere scholars, that never trod the paths of chivalry, to think me mad, I despise and laugh at it. I am a knight, and a knight will I die, if so it please Omnipotence. Some choose the high road of haughty ambition ; others the low ways of base servile flattery ; a third sort take the crooked path of deceitful hypocrisy ; and a few, very few, that of true religion. I, for my own part, guided by my stars, follow the narrow track of knight-errantry ; and, for the exercise of it, I despise riches, but not honour. I have redressed grievances, and righted the injured, chastised the insolent, vanquished giants, and trod elves and hobgoblins under my feet. I am in love, but no more than the profession of knight-errantry obliges me to be ; yet I am none of this age's vicious lovers, but a chaste Platonic. My intentions are all directed to virtuous ends, and to do no man wrong, but good to all the world. And now let your graces judge, most excellent duke and duchess, whether a person who makes it his only study to practice all this, deserves to be upbraided for a fool."

" Well said, i'faith !" quoth Sancho ; " say no more for yourself, my good lord and master ; stop when you are well ; for there is not the least matter to be added more on your side, either in word, thought, or deed. Besides, since Mr Parson has had the face to say, point-blank, as one may say, that there neither are, nor ever were, any knights-

errant in the world, no marvel he does not know what he says.”—“What !” said the clergyman, “I warrant you are that Sancho Panza, to whom they say your master has promised an island ?”—“Ay, marry am I,” answered Sancho ; “and I am he that deserves it as well as another body ; and I am one of those of whom they say, Keep with good men, and thou shalt be one of them ; and of those of whom it is said again, Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed ; as also, Lean against a good tree, and it will shelter thee. I have leaned and stuck close to my good master, and kept him company this many a month ; and now he and I are all one ; and I must be as he is, an it be heaven’s blessed will ; and so he live, and I live, he will not want kingdoms to rule, nor shall I want islands to govern.”

“That thou shalt not, honest Sancho,” said the duke ; “for I, on the great Don Quixote’s account, will now give thee the government of an odd one of my own of no small consequence.”—“Down, down on thy knees, Sancho,” cried Don Quixote, “and kiss his grace’s feet for this favour.” Sancho did accordingly ; but when the clergyman saw it, he got up in a great heat. “By the habit which I wear,” cried he, “I can scarce forbear telling your grace, that you are as mad as these sinful wretches. Well may they be mad, when such wise men as you humour and authorize their frenzy. You may keep them here, and stay with them yourself, if your grace pleases ; but for my part, I will leave you and go home, to save myself the labour of repre-

hending what I can't mend." With that, leaving the rest of his dinner behind him, away he flung, the duke and the duchess not being able to pacify him ; though, indeed, the duke could not say much to him, for laughing at his impertinent passion.

When he had done laughing, " Sir Knight of the Lions," said he, " you have answered so well for yourself and your profession, that you need no farther satisfaction of the angry clergyman ; especially if you consider, that whatever he might say, it was not in his power to fix an affront on a person of your character, since women and churchmen cannot give an affront."—" Very true, my lord," said Don Quixote ; " and the reason is, because he that cannot receive an affront, consequently can give none. Women, children, and churchmen, as they cannot vindicate themselves when they are injured, so neither are they capable of receiving an affront ; for there is this difference betwixt an affront and injury, as your grace very well knows, an affront must come from a person that is both able to give it, and maintain it when he has given it. An injury may be done by any sort of people whatsoever : for example, a man walking in the street about his business, is set upon by ten armed men, who cudgel him. He draws his sword to revenge the injury, but the assailants overpowering him, he cannot have the satisfaction he desired. This man is injured, but not affronted. But to confirm it by another instance, suppose a man comes behind another's back, hits him a box on the ear, and then runs away, the other follows him, but can't overtake him. He that

has received the blow has received an injury, it is true, but not an affront ; because to make it an affront, it should have been justified. But if he that gave it, though he did it basely, stands his ground, and faces his adversary, then he that received is both injured and affronted. Injured, because he was struck in a cowardly manner ; affronted, because he that struck him stood his ground to maintain what he had done. Therefore, according to the settled laws of duelling, I may be injured, but am not affronted. Children can have no resentment, and women can't fly, nor are they obliged to stand it out ; and it is the same thing with the clergy, for they carry no arms, either offensive or defensive. Therefore, though they are naturally bound by the laws of self-preservation to defend themselves, yet are they not obliged to offend others. Upon second thoughts then, though I said just now I was injured, I think now I am not ; for he that can receive no affront can give none. Therefore I ought not to have any resentment for what that good man said, neither, indeed, have I any. I only wish he would have staid a little longer, that I might have convinced him of his error in believing there were never any knights-errant in the world. Had Amadis, or any one of his innumerable race, but heard him say anything like this, I can assure his reverence it would have gone hard with him."

" I will be sworn it would," quoth Sancho ; " they would have undone him as you would undo an oyster, and have cleft him from head to foot as one would slice a pomegranate, or a ripe musk-

melion, take my word for it. They were a parcel of tough blades, and would not have swallowed such a pill. By the mackins I verily believe, had Rinaldo of Montalban but heard the poor toad talk at this rate, he would have laid him on such a polt over the chaps with his shoulder-o'-mutton fist, as would have secured him from prating these three years. Ay, ay, if he had fallen into their clutches, see how he would have got out again !”

The duchess was ready to die with laughing at Sancho, whom she thought a more pleasant fool, and a greater madman than his master ; and she was not the only person at that time of this opinion. In short, Don Quixote being pacified, they made an end of dinner, and then, while some of the servants were taking away, there came in four damsels, one carrying a silver basin, another an ewer of the same metal ; a third two very fine towels over her arm, and the fourth, with her sleeves tucked above her elbows, held in her lily-white hand (for exceeding white it was) a large wash-ball of Naples soap. Presently she that held the basin, went very civilly, and clapped it under Don Quixote's chin, while he, wondering at this extraordinary ceremony, yet fancying it was the custom of the country to wash the face instead of the hands, thrust out his long chin, without speaking a word, and then the ewer began to rain on his face, and the damsel that brought the wash-ball fell to work, and belathered his beard so effectually, that the suds, like huge flakes of snow, flew all over the passive knight's face ; insomuch, that he was forced to shut his eyes.

The duke and duchess, who knew nothing of the matter, stood expecting where this extraordinary scouring would end. The female barber, having thus laid the knight's face a-soaking a handful high in suds, pretended she wanted water, and sent another with the ewer for more, telling her the gentleman would stay for it. She went and left him in one of the most odd ridiculous figures that can be imagined. There he sat exposed to all the company, with half a yard of neck stretched out, his bristly beard and chaps all in a white foam, which did not at all mend his walnut complexion; insomuch, that it is not a little strange how those, that had so comical a spectacle before them, could forbear laughing outright. The malicious damsels, who had a hand in the plot, did not dare to look up, nor let their eyes meet those of their master or mistress, who stood strangely divided between anger and mirth, not knowing what to do in the case, whether they should punish the girls for their boldness, or reward them for the diversion they took in seeing the knight in that posture.

At last the maid came back with the water, and the other having rinsed off the soap, she that held the linen, gently wiped and dried the knight's beard and face; after which all four dropping a low curtsy, were going out of the room. But the duke, that Don Quixote might not smell the jest, called to the damsel that carried the basin, and ordered her to come and wash him too, but be sure she had water enough. The wench, being sharp and cunning, came and put the basin under the duke's chin, as

she had done to Don Quixote, but with a quicker dispatch ; and then having dried him clean, they all made their honours, and went off. It was well they understood their master's meaning, in serving him as they did the knight ; for as it was afterwards known, had they not done it, the duke was resolved to have made them pay dear for their frolic.

Sancho took great notice of all the ceremonies at this washing.—“ ‘Slife !’ quoth he, “ I would fain know whether ’tis not the custom of this country to scrub the squire’s beard, as well as the knight’s ; for o’ my conscience mine wants it not a little. Nay, if they would run it over with a razor too, so much the better.”—“ What art thou talking to thyself, Sancho ?” said the duchess.—“ Why, an’t like your grace’s worship,” quoth Sancho, “ I am only saying, that I have been told how in other great houses, when the cloth is taken away, they use to give folks water to wash their hands, and not suds to scour their beards. I see now it is good to live and learn. There’s a saying indeed, He that lives long suffers much. But I have a huge fancy, that to suffer one of these same scourings is rather a pleasure than a pain.”—“ Well, Sancho,” said the duchess, “ trouble thyself no farther, I will see that one of my maids shall wash thee, and if there be occasion, lay thee a bucking too.”—“ My beard is all I want to have scrubbed at present,” quoth Sancho. “ As for the rest we will think on it another time.”—“ Here, steward,” said the duchess, “ see that Sancho has what he has a mind to, and be sure do just as he would have you.” The steward told her grace, that

Signior Sancho should want for nothing ; and so he took Sancho along with him to dinner.

Meanwhile Don Quixote staid with the duke and duchess, talking of several matters, but all relating to arms and knight-errantry. The duchess then took an opportunity to desire the knight to give a particular description of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso's beauty and accomplishments, not doubting but his good memory would enable him to do it well ; adding withal, that according to the voice of fame, she must needs be the finest creature in the whole world, and consequently in all La Mancha.

With that, Don Quixote, fetching a deep sigh, " Madam," said he, " could I rip out my heart, and expose it to your grace's view in a dish on this table, I might save my tongue the labour of attempting that which it cannot express, and you can scarce believe ; for there your grace would see her beauty depainted to the life. But why should I undertake to delineate, and copy one by one each several perfection of the peerless Dulcinea ! That burden must be sustained by stronger shoulders than mine : That task were worthy of the pencils of Parrhasius, Timantes, and Apelles, or the graving-tools of Lysippus. The hands of the best painters and statuaries should indeed be employed to give in speaking paint, in marble and Corinthian brass, an exact copy of her beauties ; while Ciceronian and Demosthenian eloquence laboured to reach the praise of her endowments."—" Pray, sir," asked the duchess, " what do you mean by that word Demosthenian ?"—" Demosthenian eloquence, madam," said Don Quixote,

"is as much as to say, the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the Ciceronian that of Cicero, the two greatest orators that ever were in the world."—"It is true," said the duke; "and you but shewed your ignorance, my dear, in asking such a question. Yet the noble Don Quixote would highly oblige us, if he would but be pleased to attempt her picture now; for even in a rude draught of her lineaments, I question not but she will appear so charming, as to deserve the envy of the brightest of her sex."—"Ah! my lord," said Don Quixote, "it would be so indeed, if the misfortune which not long since befel her, had not in a manner razed her idea out of the seat of my memory; and as it is, I ought rather to bewail her change, than describe her person: For your grace must know that as I lately went to kiss her hands, and obtain her benediction and leave for my intended absence in quest of new adventures, I found her quite another creature than I expected. I found her enchanted, transformed from a princess to a country-wench, from beauty to ugliness, from courtliness to rusticity, from a reserved lady to a jumping Joan, from sweetness itself to the stench of a pole-cat, from light to darkness, from an angel to a devil; in short, from Dulcinea del Toboso, to a peasantess of Sayago."*—"Bless us!" cried the duke

* Sayago is a territory about Zamora, in the kingdom of Leon. The poor country-people about Zamora are called Sayagos from Sayal, a coarse sackcloth, their usual clothing; hence any poor people, especially mountaineers, are called Sayagos.

with a loud voice, "what villain has done the world such an injury? Who has robbed it not only of the beauty that was its ornament, but of those charming graces that were its delight, and that virtue which was its living honour?"—"Who should it be," replied Don Quixote, "but one of those damn'd enchanters, one of those numerous envious fiends, that without cessation persecute me; that wicked brood of hell, spawned into the world to eclipse the glory of good and valiant men, and blemish their exploits, while they labour to exalt and magnify the actions of the wicked? These cursed magicians have persecuted me, and persecute me now, and will continue till they have sunk me and my lofty deeds of chivalry into the profound abyss of oblivion. Yes, yes, they chuse to wound me in that part which they well know is most sensible: Well knowing, that to deprive a knight-errant of his lady, is to rob him of those eyes with which he sees, of the sun that enlightens him, and the food that sustains him. For as I have often said, a knight-errant without a lady, is like a tree without leaves, a building without mortar, or a shadow without a body that causes it."

"I grant all this," said the duchess; "yet if we may believe the history of your life, which was lately published with universal applause, it seems to imply, to the best of my remembrance, that you never saw the Lady Dulcinea, and that there is no such lady in the world; but rather that she is a mere notional creature, engendered and brought forth by the strength and heat of your fancy, and

there endowed with all the charms and good qualifications, which you are pleased to ascribe to her."

"Much may be said upon this point," said Don Quixote; "heaven knows whether there be a Dulcinea in the world or not, and whether she be a notional creature or not. These are mysteries not to be so narrowly inquired into. Neither have I engendered, or begot that lady. I do indeed make her the object of my contemplations, and, as I ought, look on her as a lady endowed with all those qualifications that may raise the character of a person to universal fame. She is to me beautiful without blemish, reserved without pride, amorous with modesty, agreeable for her courteous temper, and courteous, as an effect of her generous education, and, in short, of an illustrious parentage. For beauty displays its lustre to a higher degree of perfection when joined with noble blood, than it can in those that are meanly descended."

"The observation is just," said the duke; "but give me leave, sir, to propose to you a doubt, which the reading of that history hath started in my mind. It is, that allowing there be a Dulcinea at Toboso, or elsewhere, and as beautiful as you describe her, yet I do not find she can any way equal in greatness of birth the Orianas, * the Alastrajareas, the Madasimas, and a thousand others, of whom we read in those histories, with which you have been so conver-

* The names of great ladies in romances.

sant.”—“ To this,” said Don Quixote, “ I answer, that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own actions, and that virtue ennobles the blood. A virtuous man of mean condition, is more to be esteemed than a vicious person of quality. Besides, Dulcinea is possessed of those other endowments that may entitle her to crowns and sceptres, since beauty alone has raised many of her sex to a throne. Where merit has no limits, hope may well have no bounds; and to be fair and virtuous is so extensive an advantage, that it gives, though not a *formal*, at least a *virtual* claim to larger fortunes.”—“ I must own, sir,” said the duchess, “ that in all your discourse, you, as we say, proceed with the plummet of reason, and fathom all the depths of controversy. Therefore I submit, and from this time I am resolved to believe, and will make all my domestics, nay, my husband too, if there be occasion, believe and maintain, that there is a Dulcinea del Toboso extant, and living at this day; that she is beautiful and of good extraction; and to sum up all in a word, altogether deserving the services of so great a knight as the noble Don Quixote; which I think is the highest commendation I can bestow on her. But yet I must confess, there is still one scruple that makes me uneasy, and causes me to have an ill opinion of Sancho. It is that the history tells us, that when Sancho Panza carried your letter to the Lady Dulcinea, he found her winnowing a sack of corn, by the same token that it was the worst sort of wheat, which makes me much doubt her quality.”

“ Your grace must know,” answered Don Quix-

ote, " that almost every thing that relates to me, is managed quite contrary to what the affairs of other knights-errant used to be. Whether it be the unfathomable will of destiny, or the implacable malice of some envious enchanter orders it so, or no, I cannot well tell. For it is beyond all doubt, that most of us knights-errant still have had something peculiar in our fates. One has had the privilege to be above the power of enchantments, another invulnerable, as the famous Orlando, one of the twelve peers of France, whose flesh, they tell us, was impenetrable everywhere but in the sole of his left foot, and even there too he could be wounded with no other weapon than the point of a great pin ; so that when Bernardo del Carpio deprived him of life at Roncesvalles, finding he could not wound him with his sword, he lifted him from the ground, and squeezed him to death in his arms ; remembering how Hercules killed Antæus, that cruel giant, who was said to be the son of the Earth. Hence I infer, that probably I may be secured in the same manner, under the protection of some particular advantage, though it is not that of being invulnerable ; for I have often found by experience, that my flesh is tender, and not impenetrable. Nor does any private prerogative free me from the power of enchantment ; for I have found myself clapped into a cage, where all the world could not have locked me up, but the force of necromantic incantations. But since I got free again, I believe that even the force of magic will never be able to confine me thus another time. So that these magicians, finding they cannot work their

wicked ends directly on me, revenge themselves on what I most esteem, and endeavour to take away my life by persecuting that of Dulcinea, in whom, and for whom, I live. And therefore I believe, when my squire delivered my embassy to her, they transformed her into a country-dowdy, poorly busied in the low and base employment of winnowing wheat. But I do aver, that it was neither rye, nor wheat, but oriental pearl : and to prove this, I must acquaint your graces, that passing the other day by Toboso, I could not so much as find Dulcinea's palace ; whereas my squire went the next day, and saw her in all her native charms, the most beautiful creature in the world ! yet when I met her presently after, she appeared to me in the shape of an ugly, coarse, country-mawkin, boorish, and ill-bred, though she really is discretion itself. And therefore, because I myself cannot be enchanted, the unfortunate lady must be thus enchanted, misused, disfigured, chopped and changed. Thus my enemies, wreaking their malice on her, have revenged themselves on me, which makes me abandon myself to sorrow, till she be restored to her former perfections.

“I have been the more large in this particular, that nobody might insist on what Sancho said, of her sifting of corn ; for if she appeared changed to me, what wonder is it if she seemed so to him ? In short, Dulcinea is both illustrious and well-born, being descended of the most ancient and best families in Toboso, of whose blood I am positive she has no small share in her veins ; and now that town will be no less famous in after-ages for being the place of

her nativity, than Troy for Helen, or Spain for * Cava, though on a more honourable account.

“As for Sancho Panza’s part, I assure your grace he is one of the most pleasant squires that ever waited on a knight-errant. Sometimes he comes out with such sharp simplicities, that one is pleasantly puzzled to judge, whether he be more knave or fool. The varlet, indeed, is full of roguery enough to be thought a knave ; but then he has yet more ignorance, and may better be thought a fool. He doubts of every thing, yet believes every thing ; and when one would think he had entangled himself in a piece of downright folly, beyond recovery, he brings himself off of a sudden so cleverly, that he is applauded to the skies. In short, I would not change him for the best squire that wears a head, though I might have a city to boot, and therefore I do not know whether I had best let him go to the government which your grace has been pleased to promise him. Though, I must confess, his talents seem to lie pretty much that way : For, give never so little a whet to his understanding, he will manage his government as well as the king does his customs. Then experience convinces us, that neither learning nor any other abilities, are very material to a go-

* The nick-name of Count Julian’s daughter, who, having been ravished by King Rodrigo, occasioned the bringing in of the Moors into Spain. Her true name was Florinda, but as she was the occasion of Spain’s being betrayed to the Moors, the name is left off among the women, and commonly given to bitches. See Notes.

vernor. Have we not a hundred of them that can scarce read a letter, and yet they govern as sharp as so many hawks? Their main business is only to mean well, and to be resolved to do their best; for they cannot want able counsellors to instruct them. Thus those governors who are men of the sword, and no scholars, have their assessors on the bench to direct them. My counsel to Sancho shall be, that he neither take bribes, nor lose his privileges, with some other little instructions, which I have in my head for him, and which at a proper time I will communicate, both for his private advantage, and the public good of the island he is to govern."

So far had the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote been discoursing together, when they heard a great noise in the house, and by and by Sancho came running in unexpectedly into the room where they sat, in a terrible fright, with a dish-clout before him instead of a bib. The scullions, and other greasy rabble of the kitchen were after him, one of them pursuing him with a little kneading-trough full of dish-water, which he endeavoured by any means to put under his chin, while another stood ready to have washed the poor squire with it.—“How now, fellow!” said the duchess,—“What is the matter here? What would you do with this good man? Don’t you consider he is a governor elect?”—“Madam,” quoth the barber-scullion, “the gentleman won’t let us wash him according to custom, as my lord duke and his master were.”—“Yes, marry but I will,” quoth Sancho, in a mighty huff, “but then it shall be with cleaner suds, cleaner

towels, and not quite so slovenly paws ; for there is no such difference between my master and me neither, that he must be washed with angel-water, and I with the devil's lye : So far the customs of great men's houses are good as they give no offence. But this same beastly washing in a puddle, is worse penance than a friar's flogging. My beard is clean enough, and wants no such refreshing. Stand clear, you had best ; for the first that comes to wash me, or touch a hair of my head (my beard I would say,) sir reverence of the company, I will take him such a dowse o' the ear, he shall feel it a twelve-month after : For these kind of ceremonies and soapings, do ye see, look more like flouts and jeers, than like a civil welcome to strangers."

The duchess was like to have burst her sides with laughing, to see Sancho's fury, and hear how he argued for himself. But Don Quixote did not very well like to see him with such a nasty dish-clout about his neck, and made the sport of the kitchen-pensioners. Therefore after he had made a deep bow to the duke, as it were desiring leave to speak, looking on the scullions,—“ Hark ye, gentlemen,” cried he, very gravely, “ pray let the young man alone, and get you gone as you came, if you think fit. My squire is as cleanly as another man ; that trough won't do ; you had better have brought him a dram-cup. Away ; be advised by me, and leave him : For neither he nor I can abide such slovenly jestings.”—“ No, no,” quoth Sancho, taking the words out of his master's mouth, “ let them stay, and go on with their show. I'll pay my barbers,

I'll warrant ye. They had as good take a lion by the beard as meddle with mine. Let them bring a comb hither, or what they will, and curry-comb it; and if they find anything there that should not be there, I will give them leave to cut and mince me as small as a horse."—"Sancho is in the right," said the duchess, still laughing, "and will be in the right, in all he says; he is as clean and neat as can be, and needs none of your scouring, and if he does not like our way of washing, let him do as he pleases. Besides, you who pretend to make others clean, have shewn yourselves now very careless and idle, I don't know whether I mayn't say impudent too, to offer to bring your kneading-trough and your dish-clouts to such a person, and such a beard, instead of a golden basin and ewer, and fine diaper towels. But you are a pack of unmannerly varlets, and, like saucy rascals as you are, cannot help shewing your spite to the squires of knights-errant."

The greasy regiment, and even the steward who was with them, thought verily the duchess had been in earnest. So they took the cloth from Sancho's neck, and sneaked off quite out of countenance. Sancho, seeing himself delivered from his apprehension of this danger, ran and threw himself on his knees before the duchess. "Heaven bless your worship's grace," quoth he, "Madam Duchess. Great persons are able to do great kindnesses. For my part, I don't know how to make your worship amends for this you have done me now. I can only wish I might see myself an armed knight-errant for your sake, that I might spend all the days of

my life in the service of so high a lady. I am a poor countryman,—my name is Sancho Panza,—children I have, and serve as a squire. If in any of these matters I can do you any good, you need but speak ; I will be nimbler in doing than your worship shall be in ordering.”—“ It is evident, Sancho,” said the duchess, “ that you have learned civility in the school of courtesy itself, and have been bred up under the wings of Don Quixote, who is the very cream of compliment, and the flower of ceremonies. All happiness attend such a knight and such a squire ; the one the north-star of chivalry-errant, the other the bright luminary of squire-like fidelity. Rise, my friend Sancho, and assure yourself, that for the recompence of your civilities, I will persuade my lord duke to put you in possession of the government he promised you as soon as he can.”

After this, Don Quixote went to take his afternoon's sleep ; but the duchess desired Sancho, if he were not very sleepy, he would pass the afternoon with her and her women in a cool room. Sancho told her grace, that indeed he did use to take a good sound nap, some four or five hours long, in a summer's afternoon ; but to do her good honour a kindness, he would break an old custom for once, and do his best to hold up that day, and wait on her worship. The duke, on his side, gave fresh orders that Don Quixote should be entertained exactly like a knight errant, without deviating the least step from the road of chivalry, such as is observable in books of that kind.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The savoury Conference which the Duchess and her Women held with Sancho Panza, worth your reading and observation.

THE story afterwards informs us, that Sancho slept not a wink all that afternoon, but waited on the duchess as he had promised. Being mightily taken with his comical discourse, she ordered him to take a low chair, and sit by her; but Sancho, who knew better things, absolutely declined it, till she pressed him again to sit, as he was a governor, and speak as he was a squire; in both which capacities he deserved the very seat of Cid Ruy Diaz, the famous champion. Sancho shrugged up his shoulders, and obeyed, and all the duchess's women standing round about her to give her silent attention, she began the conference.

"Now that we are private," said she, "and nobody to overhear us, I would desire you, my lord governor, to resolve me of some doubts in the printed history of the great Don Quixote, which puzzle me very much. First, I find that the good Sancho had never seen Dulcinea, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso I should have said, nor carried her his master's letter, as having left the table-book behind him in Sierra Morena; how then durst he feign an answer, and pretend he found her winnowing wheat? A fiction and banter so injurious to the reputation of

the peerless Dulcinea, and so great a blemish on the character of a faithful squire !" Here Sancho got up without speaking a word, laid his finger on his lips, and, with his body bent, crept cautiously round the room, lifting up the hangings, and peeping in every hole and corner. At last, finding the coast clear, he returned to his seat. "Now," quoth he, "Madam Duchess, since I find there is nobody here but ourselves, you shall e'en hear, without fear or favour, the truth of the story, and what else you will ask of me, but not a word of the pudding. First and foremost I must tell you, I look on my master, Don Quixote, to be no better than a downright madman, though sometimes he will stumble on a parcel of sayings so quaint, and so tightly put together, that the devil himself could not mend them ; but in the main I can't beat it out of my noddle but that he is as mad as a March hare. Now, because I am pretty confident of knowing his blind side, whatever crotchets come into my crown, though without either head or tail, yet can I make them pass upon him for gospel. Such was the answer to his letter, and another sham that I put upon him but the other day, and is not in print yet, touching my Lady Dulcinea's enchantment ; for you must know, between you and I, she is no more enchanted than the man in the moon."

With that, at the duchess's request, he related the whole passage of the late pretended enchantment very faithfully, to the great diversion of the hearers. "But, sir," said the duchess, "I have another scruple in this affair no less unaccountable than the

former ; for I think I hear something whisper me in the ear, and say, If Don Quixote de la Mancha be such a shallow-brains, why does Sancho Panza, who knows him to be so, wait upon this madman, and rely thus upon his vain extravagant promises ? I can only infer from this, that the man is more a fool than the master ; and if so, will not Madam Duchess be thought as mad as either of them, to bestow the government of an island, or the command of others, on one who can't govern himself ?"—“ By our Lady,” quoth Sancho, “ your scruple comes in pudding-time ! But it need not whisper in your ear ; it may e'en speak plain, and as loud as it will. I am a fool, that is certain ; for if I had been wise, I had left my master many a fair day since ; but it was my luck, and my vile errantry, and that is all can be said on't. I must follow him through thick and thin. We are both towns-born children ; —I have eaten his bread—I love him well, and there is no love lost between us. He pays me very well, he has given me three colts, and I am so very true and trusty to him, that nothing but death can part us. And if your high and mightiness does not think fit to let me have this same government, why, so be it ; with less was I born, and with less shall I die ; it may be for the good of my conscience to go without it. I am a fool, it is true, but yet I understand the meaning of the saying, The pismire had wings to do her hurt ; and Sancho the squire may sooner get to heaven than Sancho the governor. There is as good bread baked here as in France, and Joan is as good as my lady in the dark. In the

night all cats are grey. Unhappy he is that wants his breakfast at two in the afternoon. It is always good fasting after a good breakfast. There is no man has a stomach a yard bigger than another ; but let it be never so big, there will be hay and straw enough to fill it. A bellyful is a bellyful. The sparrow speeds as well as the sparrow-hawk. Good serge is fine, but coarse cloth is warm ; and four yards of the one are as long as four yards of the other. When the hour is come we must all be packed off : the prince and the prick-louse go the same way at last ; the road is no fairer for the one than the other. The Pope's body takes up no more room than the sexton's, though one be taller ; for when they come to the pit all are alike, or made so in spite of our teeth, * and so good-night, or good-morrow, which you please. And let me tell you again, if you don't think fit to give me an island because I am a fool, I will be so wise as not to care whether you do or no. It is an old saying, The devil lurks behind the cross. All is not gold that glitters. From the tail of the plough, Bamba was made king of Spain ; and from his silks and riches, was Rodrigo cast to be devoured by the snakes, if the old ballads say true, and sure they are too old to tell a lie."—" That they are indeed," said Donna Rodriguez, the old waiting-woman, who listened

* The common sort in Spain are buried without coffins, which is the reason Sancho is made to suppose, if the grave be not long enough, they bow the body, and cram it in.

among the rest, "for I remember one of the ballads tells us, how Don Rodrigo was shut up alive in a tomb full of toads, snakes, and lizards; and how, after two days, he was heard to cry out of the tomb in a low and doleful voice, 'Now they eat me, now they gnaw me, in the part where I sinned most.' And according to this the gentleman is in the right in saying he had rather be a poor labourer than a king, to be gnawed to death by vermin."

Sancho's proverbial aphorisms, and the simple waiting-woman's comment upon the text, were no small diversion to the duchess. "You know," said she, "honest Sancho, that the promise of a gentleman or knight, must be as precious and sacred to him as his life; I make no question then but that my lord duke, who is also a knight, though not of your master's order, will infallibly keep his word with you in respect of your government. Take courage then, Sancho, for when you least dream on't, in spite of all the envy and malice of the world, you will suddenly see yourself in full possession of your government, and seated in your chair of state in your rich robes, with all your marks and ornaments of power about you. But be sure to administer true justice to your vassals, who, by their loyalty and discretion, will merit no less at your hands."

"As for the governing part," quoth Sancho, "let me alone: I was ever charitable and good to the poor, and scorn to take the bread out of another man's mouth. On the other side, by our Lady, they shall play me no foul play. I am an old cur at a

crust, and can sleep dog-sleep when I list. I can look sharp as well as another, and let me alone to keep the cobwebs out of my eyes. I know where the shoe wrings me. I will know who and who is together. Honesty is the best policy : I will stick to that. The good shall have my hand and heart, but the bad neither foot nor fellowship. And in my mind, the main point in this point of governing, is to make a good beginning. I will lay my life, that as simple as Sancho sits here, in a fortnight's time he will manage ye this same island as rightly as a sheaf of barley."

"You say well, Sancho," said the duchess, "for time ripens all things. No man is born wise. Bishops are made of men, and not of stones. But to return once more to the Lady Dulcinea ;—I am more than half persuaded that Sancho's design of putting the trick upon his master, was turned into a greater cheat upon himself. For I am well assured, that the creature whom you fancied to be a country wench, and took so much pains to persuade your master that she was Dulcinea del Toboso, was really the same Dulcinea del Toboso, and really enchanted, as Don Quixote thought ; and the magicians that persecute your master first invented that story, and put it into your head. For you must know, that we have our enchanter here, that have a kindness for us, and give us an account of what happens in the world faithfully and impartially, without any tricks or equivocations. And take my word for it, the jumping country wench was, and is still, Dulcinea del Toboso, who is as certainly en-

chanted as the mother that bore her ; and when we least expect it, we shall see her again in her true shape, and in all her native lustre ; and then Sancho will find it was he himself was bubbled."

"Troth, madam," quoth Sancho, "all this might well be : and now I am apt to believe what my master tells me of Montesinos's cave ; where, as he says, he saw my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso in the self same garb, and as handsome as I told him I had seen her when it came into my noddle to tell him she was enchanted. Ay, my lady, it must be quite contrary to what I weened, as your worship's grace well observes ; for, Lord bless us ! who the devil can imagine that such a numskull as I should have it in him to devise so cunning a trick of a sudden ? Besides, who can think that my master's such a goose, as to believe so unlikely a matter upon the single vouching of such a dunder-head fellow as I ? But for all that, my good lady, I hope you know better things than to think me a knave ; a-lack-a-day, it can't be expected that such an ignoramus as I am, should be able to divine into the tricks and wiles of wicked magicians. I invented that flamonly, because my master would never leave teasing me ; but I had no mind to abuse him, not I ; and if it fell out otherwise than I mean, who can help it ? Heaven knows my heart."

"That is honestly said," answered the duchess ; "but pray tell me, Sancho, what was it you were speaking of Montesinos's cave ? I have a great mind to know the story." Thereupon Sancho having rela-

ted the whole matter to the duchess ; " Look you," said she, " this exactly makes out what I said to you just now ; for since the great Don Quixote affirms he saw there the same country-wench that Sancho met coming from Toboso, it is past all doubt it was Dulcinea ; and this shews the enchanters are a subtle sort of people, that will know every thing, and give a quick and sure information."

" Well," quoth Sancho, " if my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso be enchanted, it is the worse for her : What have I to do to quarrel with all my master's enemies ? They can't be few for aught I see, and they are plaguy fellows to deal withal. Thus much I dare say, she I saw was a country-wench ; a country-wench I took her to be, and a country-wench I left her. Now if that same dowdy was Dulcinea in good earnest, how can I help it ? I ought not to be called to an account for it. No, let the saddle be set upon the right horse, or we shall ne'er have done. Sancho told me this, cries one, Sancho told me that, cries t'other: Sancho o' this side, Sancho o' that side ; Sancho did this, and Sancho did that ; as if Sancho were I don't know who, and not the same Sancho that goes already far and near through the world in books, as Samson Carasco tells me, and he is no less than a bachelor of arts at Salamanca varsity, and such folks as he can't tell a lie, unless they be so disposed, or it stands them in good stead. So let nobody meddle or make, nor offer to pick a quarrel with me about the matter, since I am a man of reputation ; and as my master says, a good name is

better than riches. Clap me but into this same government* office, and you shall see wonders. He that has been a good servant, will make a good master, a trusty squire will make a rare governor I will warrant you."—"Sancho speaks like an oracle," said the duchess; "every thing he says is a sentence like those of Cato, or at least the very marrow of Michael Verbio:† *Florentibus occidit annis*; that is, he died in his spring: In short, to speak after his way, under a bad cloak look for a good drinker."

"Faith and troth, Madam Duchess," quoth Sancho, "I never drank out of malice in my born days; for thirst perhaps I may; for I have not a bit of hypocrisy in me. I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion: I am no proud man, d'ye see, and when the liquor is offered me I whip it off, that they may not take me for a churl or a sneaksby, or think I don't understand myself nor good manners; for when a friend or a good-fellow drinks and puts the glass to one, who can be so hard-hearted as to refuse to pledge him, when it costs nothing but to open one's mouth? However, I commonly look before I leap; and take no more than needs must. And truly there's no fear that we poor squires to knights-errant should be

* In the original *encaxen me esse gobierno*, i. e. case me but in this same government.

† See Notes.

great trespassers that way. Alack-a-day ! mere element must be our daily beverage,—ditch-water, for want of better,—in woods and deserts, on rocks and mountains, without lighting on the blessing of one merciful drop of wine, though you would give one of your eyes for a single gulp.”

“ I believe it, Sancho,” said the duchess ; “ but now it grows late, and therefore go and take some rest ; after that we’ll have a longer conversation, and will take measures about *clapping* you suddenly into this same government, as you are pleased to word it.” Sancho kissed the duchess’s hand once more, and begged her worship’s grace that special care might be taken of his Dapple, for that he was the light of his eyes.—“ What is that Dapple ?” asked the duchess. “ My beast, an’t like your honour,” answered Sancho ; “ my ass I would say, saving your presence ; but because I won’t call him ass, which is so common a name among men, I call him Dapple. It is the very same beast I would have given charge of to that same gentlewoman when I came first to this castle ; but her back was up presently, and she flew out as I had called her ugly face, old witch, and what not. However, I’ll be judged by any one, whether such-like sober grave bodies as she and other duennas are, be not fitter to look after asses, than to sit with a prim countenance to grace a fine state-room ? Passion of my heart ! what a deadly grudge a certain gentleman of our town, that shall be nameless, had to these creatures ! I mean these old waiting gentlewomen.”—“ Some

filthy clown I dare engage," said Donna Rodriguez the duenna; "had he been a gentleman, or a person of good breeding, he would have praised them up to the skies."—"Well," said the duchess, "let us have no more of that; let Donna Rodriguez hold her tongue, and Signior Sancho Panza go to his repose, and leave me to take care of his Dapple's good entertainment; for since I find him to be one of Sancho's moveables, I will place him in my esteem above the apple of my eye."—"Place him in the stable, my good lady," replied Sancho, "that is as much as he deserves; neither he nor I are worthy of being placed a minute of an hour where you said. Odsbods! I'd sooner be stuck in the guts with a butcher's knife, than you should be served so; I am better bred than that comes to; for though my lord and master has taught me, that in point of haviour one ought rather to over-do than under-do, yet when the case lies about an ass and the ball of one's eye, it is best to think twice, and go warily about the matter."—"Well," said the duchess, "your ass may go with you to the government, and there you may feed him, and pamper him, and make as much of him as you please."—"Adad! my lady," quoth Sancho, "don't let your worship think this will be such a strange matter neither. I have seen more asses than one go to a government before now; and if mine goes too, it will be no new thing e'trow."

Sancho's words again set the duchess a-laughing; and so sending him to take his rest, she went to the duke, and gave him an account of the pleasant dis-

course between her and the squire. After this they resolved to have some notable contrivance to make sport with Don Quixote, and of such a romantic cast as should humour his knight-errantry. And so successful they were in their management of that interlude, that it may well be thought one of the best adventures in this famous history.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Containing ways and means for disenchanting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, being one of the most famous Adventures in the whole book.

THE duke and duchess were extremely diverted with the humours of their guests. Resolving, therefore, to improve their sport, by carrying on some pleasant design, that might bear the appearance of an adventure, they took the hint from Don Quixote's account of Montesinos's cave, as a subject from which they might raise an extraordinary entertainment; the rather, since, to the duchess's amazement, Sancho's simplicity was so great, as to believe that Dulcinea del Toboso was really enchanted, though he himself had been the first contriver of the story, and her only enchanter.

Accordingly, having given directions to their servants that nothing might be wanting, and proposed a day for hunting the wild boar, in five or six days they were ready to set out, with a train of huntsmen and other attendants not unbecoming the greatest

prince. They presented Don Quixote with a hunting suit, but he refused it, alleging it superfluous, since he was, in a short time, to return to the hard exercise of arms, and could carry no sumpters nor wardrobes along with him : but Sancho readily accepted one of fine green cloth, with design to sell it the first opportunity.

The day prefixed being come, Don Quixote armed, and Sancho equipped himself in his new suit, and mounting his ass, which he would not quit for a good horse that was offered him, he crowded in among the train of sportsmen. The duchess also, in a dress both odd and gay, made one of the company. The knight, who was courtesy itself, very gallantly would needs hold the reins of her palfrey, though the duke seemed very unwilling to let him. In short, they came to the scene of their sport, which was in a wood between two very high mountains, where, alighting, and taking their several stands, the duchess, with a pointed javelin in her hand, attended by the duke and Don Quixote, took her stand in a place where they knew the boars were used to pass through. The hunters posted themselves in several lanes and paths, as they most conveniently could ; but as for Sancho, he chose to stay behind them all with his Dapple, whom he would by no means leave for a moment, for fear the poor creature should meet with some sad accident.

And now the chase began with full cry, the dogs opened, the horns sounded, and the huntsmen hollowed in so loud a concert, that there was no hearing one another. Soon after, a hideous boar, of a

monstrous size, came on, gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth ; and, being baited hard by the dogs, and followed close by the huntsmen, made furiously towards the pass which Don Quixote had taken ; whereupon the knight, grasping his shield and drawing his sword, moved forward to receive the raging beast. The duke joined him with a boar-spear, and the duchess would have been foremost, had not the duke prevented her. Sancho alone, seeing the furious animal, resolved to shift for one, and leaving Dapple, away he scudded, as fast as his legs would carry him, towards an high oak, to the top of which he endeavoured to clamber ; but, as he was getting up, one of the boughs unluckily broke, and down he was tumbling, when a snag or stump of another bough caught hold of his new coat, and stopped his fall, slinging him in the air by the middle, so that he could neither get up nor down. His fine green coat was torn, and he fancied every moment the wild boar was running that way, with foaming chaps, and dreadful tusks, to tear him to pieces ; which so disturbed him, that he roared and bellowed for help, as if some wild beast had been devouring him in good earnest.

At last the tusky boar was laid at his length, with a number of pointed spears fixed in him ; and Don Quixote, being alarmed by Sancho's noise, which he could distinguish easily, looked about, and discovered him swinging from the tree with his head downwards, and close by him poor Dapple, who, like a true friend, never forsook him in his adversity ; for Cid Hamet observes, that they were such

true and inseparable friends, that Sancho was seldom seen without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho. Don Quixote went and took down his squire, who, as soon as he was at liberty, began to examine the damage his fine hunting suit had received, which grieved him to the soul ; for he prized it as much as if it had made him heir to an estate.

Meanwhile, the boar being laid across a large mule, and covered with branches of rosemary and myrtle, was carried in triumph, by the victorious huntsmen, to a large field-tent, pitched in the middle of the wood, where an excellent entertainment was provided, suitable to the magnificence of the founder.

Sancho drew near the duchess, and shewing her his torn coat, " Had we been hunting the hare now, or catching of sparrows," quoth he, " my coat might have slept in a whole skin. For my part, I wonder what pleasure there can be in beating the bushes for a beast, which, if it does but come at you, will run its plaguy tusks in your guts, and be the death of you. I have not forgotten an old song to this purpose :

' May Fabila's sad fate be thine,
And make thee food for bears or swine.' "

" That Fabila," said Don Quixote, " was a king of the Goths, who going a hunting once, was devoured by a bear."—" That is it I say," quoth Sancho ; " and, therefore, why should kings and other great folks run themselves into harm's way, when they may have sport enough without it ? Mercy on me !

what pleasure can you find, any of you all, in killing a poor beast that never meant any harm !"—“ You are mistaken, Sancho,” said the duke, “ hunting wild beasts is the most proper exercise for knights and princes ; for, in the chase of a stout noble beast, may be represented the whole art of war, stratagems, policy, and ambuscades, with all other devices usually practised to overcome an enemy with safety. Here we are exposed to the extremities of heat and cold ; ease and laziness can have no room in this diversion ; by this we are inured to toil and hardship, our limbs are strengthened, our joints made supple, and our whole body hale and active. In short, it is an exercise that may be beneficial to many, and can be prejudicial to none ; and the most enticing property is its rarity, being placed above the reach of the vulgar, who may indeed enjoy the diversion of other sorts of game, but not this nobler kind, nor that of hawking, a sport also reserved for kings and persons of quality. Therefore, Sancho, let me advise you to alter your opinion, when you become a governor ; for then you will find the great advantage of these sports and diversions.”—“ You are out far wide, sir,” quoth Sancho ; “ it were better that a governor had his legs broken, and be laid up at home, than to be gadding abroad at this rate. It would be a pretty business, forsooth, when poor people come, weary and tired, to wait on the governor about business, that he should be rambling about the woods for his pleasure ! There would be a sweet government truly ! Good faith, sir, I think these sports and pastimes are fitter for those that have no-

thing to do, than for governors. No; I intend my recreation shall be a game at whist at Christmas, and ninepins on Sundays and holidays; but, for your hunting, as you call it, it goes mightily against my calling and conscience."—"I wish, with all my heart," said the duke, "that you prove as good as you promise; but saying and doing are different things."—"Well, well," quoth Sancho, "be it how it will, I say that an honest man's word is as good as his bond. Heaven's help is better than early rising. It is the belly makes the feet amble, and not the feet the belly. My meaning is, that, with heaven's help, and my honest endeavours, I shall govern better than any goss-hawk. Do but put your finger in my mouth, and try if I cannot bite."—"A curse on thee, and thy impertinent proverbs," said Don Quixote: "Shall I never get thee to talk sense, without a string of that disagreeable stuff!—I beseech your graces, do not countenance this eternal dunce, or he will tease your very souls with a thousand unseasonable and insignificant old saws, for which I wish his mouth stitched up, and myself a mischief if I hear him."—"Oh, sir," said the duchess, "Sancho's proverbs will always please for their sententious brevity, though they were as numerous as a printed collection; and, I assure you, I relish them more than I would do others, that might be better, and more to the purpose."

After this, and suchlike diverting talk, they left the tent, and walked into the wood, to see whether any game had fallen into their nets. Now, while they were thus intent upon their sport, the night drew on apace,

and more cloudy and overcast than was usual at that time of the year, which was about mid-summer, but it happened very critically for the better carrying on the intended contrivance. A little while after the close of the evening, when it grew quite dark, in a moment the wood seemed all on fire, and blazed in every quarter. This was attended with an alarming sound of trumpets, and other warlike instruments, answering one another from all sides, as if several parties of horse had been hastily marching through the wood. Then presently was heard a confused noise of Moorish cries, such as are used in joining battle; which, together with the rattling of the drums, the loud sound of the trumpets, and other instruments of war, made such a hideous and dreadful concert in the air, that the duke was amazed, the duchess astonished, Don Quixote was surprised, and Sancho shook like a leaf; and even those that knew the occasion of all this, were affrighted.

This consternation caused a general silence; and, by and by, one riding post, equipped like a devil, passed by the company, winding a huge hollow horn, that made a horrible hoarse noise. "Hark you, post," said the duke, "whither so fast? what are you? and what parties of soldiers are those that march across the wood?"—"I am the devil," cried the post, in a horrible tone, "and go in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha; and those that are coming this way are six bands of necromancers, that conduct the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, enchanted in a triumphant chariot. She is attended by that gallant French knight, Montesinos, who comes to

give information how she may be freed from enchantment.”—“Wert thou as much a devil,” said the duke, “as thy horrid shape speaks thee to be, thou wouldst have known this knight here before thee to be that Don Quixote de la Mancha whom thou seekest.”—“Before heaven, and on my conscience,” replied the devil, “I never thought on it; for I have so many things in my head, that it almost distracts me; I had quite and clean forgotten my errand.”—“Surely,” quoth Sancho, “this devil must be a very honest fellow, and a good Christian; for he swears as devoutly by heaven and his conscience as I should do; and now I am apt to believe there be some good people even in hell.” At the same time, the devil, directing himself to Don Quixote, without dismounting: “To thee, O Knight of the Lions,” cried he, (and I wish thee fast in their claws) “to thee am I sent by the valiant but unfortunate Montesinos, to bid thee attend his coming in this very place, whither he brings one whom they call Dulcinea Del Toboso, in order to give thee instructions touching her disenchantment. Now I have delivered my message, I must fly, and the devils that are like me be with thee, and angels guard the rest.” This said, he winded his monstrous horn, and, without staying for an answer, disappeared.

This increased the general consternation, but most of all, surprised Don Quixote and Sancho; the latter to find, that, in spite of truth, they still would have Dulcinea to be enchanted; and the knight to think that the adventures of Montesinos’s cave were turned to reality. While he stood pondering these

things in his thoughts, "Well, sir," said the duke to him, "what do you intend to do? will you stay?"—"Stay!" cried Don Quixote, "shall I not? I will stay here, intrepid and courageous, though all the infernal powers inclose me round."—"So you may, if you will," quoth Sancho; "but, if any more devils or horns come hither, they shall as soon find me in Flanders as here."

Now the night grew darker and darker, and several shooting lights were seen glancing up and down the wood, like meteors or glaring exhalations from the earth. Then was heard a horrid noise, like the creaking of the ungreased wheels of heavy wag-gons, from which piercing and ungrateful sound, bears and wolves themselves are said to fly. This odious jarring was presently seconded by a greater, which seemed to be the dreadful din and shocks of four several engagements, in each quarter of the wood, with all the sounds and hurry of so many joined battles. On one side were heard several peals of cannon; on the other, the discharging of numerous volleys of small shot; here the shouts of the engaging parties that seemed to be near at hand; there, cries of the Moors, that seemed at a great distance. In short, the strange, confused intermixture of drums, trumpets, cornets, horns, the thundering of the cannon, the rattling of the small shot, the creaking of the wheels, and the cries of the combatants, made the most dismal noise imaginable, and tried Don Quixote's courage to the uttermost. But poor Sancho was annihilated, and fell into a swoon upon the duchess's coats; who, taking care of him,

and ordering some water to be sprinkled on his face, at last recovered him, just as the foremost of the creaking carriages came up, drawn by four heavy oxen, covered with mourning, and carrying a large lighted torch upon each horn. On the top of the cart or waggon was an exalted seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard as white as snow, and so long that it reached down to his girdle. He was clad in a long gown of black buckram, as were also two devils that drove the waggons, both so very monstrous and ugly, that Sancho, having seen them once, was forced to shut his eyes, and would not venture upon a second look. The cart, which was stuck full of lights within, being approached to the standing, the reverend old man stood up, and cried with a loud voice, "I am the Sage Lirgander;" and the cart passed on without one word more being spoken. Then followed another cart, with another grave old man, who making the cart stop at a convenient distance, rose up from his high seat, and, in as deep a tone as the first, cried, "I am the Sage Alquife, great friend to Urganda the Unknown;" and so went forward. He was succeeded by a third cart, that moved in the same solemn pace, and bore a person not so ancient as the rest, but a robust and sturdy, sour-looking, ill-favoured fellow, who rose up from his throne, like the rest, and with a more hollow and diabolical voice, cried out, "I am Archelaus the Enchanter, the mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and all his race;" which said, he passed by, like the other carts; which, taking a short turn, made a halt, and the grating noise of the wheels ceasing,

an excellent concert of sweet music was heard, which mightily comforted poor Sancho ; and passing with him for a good omen, " My lady," quoth he to the duchess, from whom he would not budge an inch, " there can be no mischief sure where there is music."—" Very true," said the duchess, " especially when there is brightness and light."—" Ay, but there is no light without fire," replied Sancho, " and brightness comes most from flames. Who knows but those about us may burn us ! But music I take to be always a sign of feasting and merriment."—" We shall know presently what this will come to," said Don Quixote ; and he said right, for you will find it in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Wherein is contained the information given to Don Quixote how to disenchant Dulcinea, with other wonderful passages.

WHEN the pleasant music drew near, there appeared a stately triumphal chariot, drawn by six dun mules, covered with white, upon each of which sat a penitent, clad also in white, and holding a great lighted torch in his hand. The carriage was twice or thrice longer than any of the former, twelve other penitents being placed at the top and sides, all in white, and bearing likewise each a lighted torch, which made a dazzling and surprising appearance. There was a high throne erected at the farther end,

on which sat a nymph arrayed in cloth of silver, with many golden spangles glittering all about her, which made her dress, though not rich, appear very glorious. Her face was covered with transparent gauze, through the flowing folds of which might be descried a most beautiful face; and, by the great light which the torches gave, it was easy to discern, that, as she was not less than seventeen years of age, neither could she be thought above twenty. Close by her was a figure, clad in a long gown, like that of a magistrate, reaching down to its feet, and its head covered with a black veil. When they came directly opposite to the company, the shawms or hautboys that played before immediately ceased, and the Spanish harps and lutes, that were in the chariot, did the like; then the figure in the gown stood up, and, opening its garments, and throwing away its mourning veil, discovered a bare and frightful skeleton, that represented the deformed figure of Death; which startled Don Quixote, made Sancho's bones rattle in his skin for fear, and caused the duke and the duchess to seem more than commonly disturbed. This living Death being thus got up, in a dull, heavy, sleeping tone, as if its tongue had not been well awake, began in this manner:—

MERLIN'S SPEECH.

“ Behold old Merlin, in romantic writ,
Miscall'd the spurious progeny of hell;
A falsehood current with the stamp of age;
I reign the prince of Zoroastic science,
That oft evokes and rates the rigid powers:

Archive of Fate's dread records in the skies,
 Coëvous with the chivalry of yore ;
 All brave knights-errant still I've deem'd my charge,
 Heirs of my love, and fav'rites of my charms.

" While other magic seers, averse from good,
 Are dire and baleful like the seat of woe,
 My nobler soul, where power and pity join,
 Diffuses blessings, as they scatter plagues.

" Deep in the nether world, the dreary cave,
 Where my retreated soul, in silent state,
 Forms mystic figures and tremendous spells,
 I heard the peerless Dulcinea's moans.

" Apprized of her distress, her frightful change,
 From princely state, and beauty near divine,
 To the vile semblance of a rustic queen,
 The dire misdeed of necromantic hate,
 I sympathized, and awfully revolved
 Twice fifty thousand scrolls, occult and loath'd,
 Some of my art, hell's black philosophy ;
 Then closed my soul within this bony trunk,
 This ghastly form, the ruin of a man ;
 And rise in pity to reveal a cure
 To woes so great, and break the cursed spell.

" O glory, thou, of all that e'er could grace
 A coat of steel, and fence of adamant !
 Light, lantern, path, and polar star and guide
 To all who dare dismiss ignoble sleep,
 And downy ease, for exercise of arms,
 For toils continual, perils, wounds and blood !
 Knight of unfathom'd worth, abyss of praise,
 Who blend'st in one the prudent and the brave :
 To thee, great Quixote, I this truth declare ;
 That, to restore her to her state and form,
 Toboso's pride, the peerless Dulcinea,
 'Tis Fate's decree, that Sancho, thy good squire,
 On his bare brawny buttocks should bestow

Three thousand lashes, and like three hundred knots,
Each to afflict and sting, and gall him sore ;
So shall relent the authors of her woes,
Whose awful will I for her ease disclose."

"Body o'me," quoth Sancho, "three thousand lashes ! I will not give myself three ; I will as soon give myself three stabs in the guts. May you and your disenchanting go to the devil ! What a plague have my buttocks to do with the black art ? Passion of my heart ! Mr Merlin, if you have no better way for disenchanting the Lady Dulcinea, she may even lie bewitched to her dying-day for me."

"How now, opprobrious rascal," cried Don Quixote, "stinking garlick-eater ! Sirrah, I will take you and tie your dogship to a tree, as naked as your mother bore you ; and there I will not only give you three thousand three hundred lashes, but six thousand six hundred, ye varlet ! and so smartly, that you shall feel them still, though you rub your backside three thousand times, scoundrel ! Answer me a word, you rogue, and I will tear out your soul." — "Hold, hold !" cried Merlin, hearing this, "this must not be ; the stripes inflicted on honest Sancho must be voluntary, without compulsion, and only laid on when he thinks most convenient. No set time is for the task fixed ; and if he has a mind to have abated one half of this atonement, it is allowed, provided the remaining stripes be struck by a strange hand, and heavily laid on."

"Hold you there," quoth Sancho, "neither a strange hand nor my own, neither heavy nor light,

shall touch my bum. What a pox, did I bring Madam Dulcinea del Toboso into the world, that my hind parts should pay for the harm her eyes have done? Let my master Don Quixote whip himself, he is a part of her; he calls her every foot, my life, my soul, my sustenance, my comfort, and all that. So even let him jirk out her enchantment at his own bum's cost; but as for any whipping of me, I deny and pronounce* it flat and plain."

No sooner had Sancho thus spoken his mind, than the nymph that sat by Merlin's ghost in the glittering apparel, rising and lifting up her thin veil, discovered a very beautiful face; and with a masculine grace, but no very agreeable voice, addressing Sancho, "Q thou disastrous squire," said she, "thou lump, with no more soul than a broken pitcher, heart of cork, and bowels of flint! Hadst thou been commanded, base sheep-stealer! to have thrown thyself headlong from the top of a high tower to the ground; hadst thou been desired, enemy of mankind! to have swallowed a dozen of toads, two dozen of lizards, and three dozen of snakes; or hadst thou been requested to have butchered thy wife and children, I should not wonder that it had turned thy squeamish stomach; but to make such a hesitation at three thousand three hundred stripes, which every puny school-boy makes nothing of receiving every month, it is amazing, nay astonishing to the tender and commiserating bowels of all that hear thee, and will be a blot in thy escutcheon to all futurity.

* A blunder of Sancho's, for renounce.

Look up, thou wretched and marble-hearted animal ! look up, and fix thy huge louring goggle-eyes upon the bright luminaries of my sight. Behold these briny torrents, which, streaming down, furrow the flowery meadows of my cheeks. Relent, base and exorable monster—relent ; let thy savage breast confess at last a sense of my distress, and, moved with the tenderness of my youth, that consumes and withers in this vile transformation, crack this sordid shell of rusticity that envelopes my blooming charms. In vain has the goodness of Merlin permitted me to reassume a while my native shape, since neither that, nor the tears of beauty in affliction, which are said to reduce obdurate rocks to the softness of cotton, and tygers to the tenderness of lambs, are sufficient to melt thy haggard breast. Scourge, scourge that brawny hide of thine, stubborn and unrelenting brute ! that coarse inclosure of thy coarser soul, and rouse up thus thyself from that base sloth that makes thee live only to eat and pamper thy lazy flesh, indulging still thy voracious appetite. Restore me the delicacy of my skin, the sweetness of my disposition, and the beauty of my face. But if my entreaties and tears cannot work thee into a reasonable compliance, if I am not yet sufficiently wretched to move thy pity, at least let the anguish of that miserable knight, thy tender master, mollify thy heart. Alas ! I see his very soul just at his throat, and sticking not ten inches from his lips, waiting only thy cruel or kind answer, either to fly out of his mouth, or return into his breast.”

Don Quixote, hearing this, clapped his hand upon his gullet, and turning to the duke, "By heavens, my lord," said he, "Dulcinea is in the right; for I find my soul traversed in my wind-pipe like a bullet in a cross-bow."—"What is your answer, now, Sancho?" said the duchess.—"I say, as I said before," quoth Sancho; "as for the flogging, I pronounce it flat and plain."—"Renounce, you mean," said the duke.—"Good, your worship," quoth Sancho, "this is no time for me to mind niceties and spelling of letters: I have other fish to fry. This plaguy whipping-bout makes me quite distracted. I do not know what to say or do; but I would fain know of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, where she picked up this kind of breeding, to beg thus like a stundy beggar! Here she comes, to desire me to lash my backside as raw as a piece of beef, and the best word she can give is, soul of a broken pitcher, monster, brute, sheep-stealer, with a ribble-rabble of saucy nicknames, that the devil himself would not bear. Do you think, mistress of mine, that my skin is made of brass? Or shall I get any thing by your disenchantment! Beshrew her heart, where is the fine present she has brought along with her to soften me? A basket of fine linen, holland-shirts, caps, and socks, (though I wear none,) had been somewhat like; but to fall upon me and bespatter me thus with dirty names, do you think that will do? No, in faith. Remember the old sayings, A golden load makes the burden light; gifts will enter stone-walls; scratch my breech and I will claw

your elbow ; a bird in hand is worth two in the bush. Nay, my master too, who one would think should tell me a fine story, and coax me up with dainty sugar-plumb words, talks of tying me to a tree, forsooth, and of doubling the whipping. Odds-bobs ! methinks those troublesome people should know who they prate to. It is not only a squire-errant they would have to whip himself, but a governor ! and there is no more to do, think they, but up and ride. Let them even learn manners, with a pox. There is a time for some things, and a time for all things ; a time for great things, and a time for small things. Am I now in a humour to hear petitions, do you think ? Just when my heart is ready to burst for having torn my new coat, they would have me tear my own flesh too, in the devil's name, when I have no more stomach to it than to be among the men-eaters.*

“ Upon my honour, Sancho,” said the duke, “ if you do not relent, and become as soft as a ripe fig, you shall have no government. It would be a fine thing, indeed, that I should send among my islanders a merciless hard-hearted tyrant, whom neither the tears of distressed damsels, nor the admonitions of wise, ancient, and powerful enchanters, can move to compassion. In short, sir, no stripes, no government.”—“ But,” quoth Sancho, “ may not I have a day or two to consider on it ?”—“ Not a minute,” cried Merlin ; “ you must declare now, and in this

* In the original, to turn *Caizique* ; *Bolterma* *Caizique*. *Caiziques* are petty kings in the West Indies.

very place, what you resolve to do, for Dulcinea must be again transformed into a country wench, and carried back immediately to Montesinos's cave, or else she shall go as she is now, to the Elysian fields, there to remain till the number of stripes be made out."—"Come, come, honest Sancho," said the duchess, "pluck up a good courage, and shew your gratitude to your master, whose bread you have eaten, and to whose generous nature, and high feats of chivalry, we are all so much obliged. Come, child, give your consent, and make a fool of the devil: Hang fear; faint heart never won fair lady; fortune favours the brave, as you know better than I can tell you."—"Hark you, Mr Merlin," quoth Sancho, without giving the duchess an answer; "pray, will you tell me one thing. How comes it about, that this same post-devil that came before you, brought my master word from Signior Montesinos, that he would be here, and give him directions about this disenchantment, and yet we hear no news of Montesinos all this while?"—"Pshaw, answered Merlin, "the devil is an ass and a lying rascal; he came from me, and not from Montesinos; for he, poor man, is still in his cave, expecting the dissolution of the spell that confines him there yet, so that he is not quite ready to be free, and the worst is still behind.* But if he owes you any money, or you have any business with him, he shall

* *Aun le falta la cola por desollar, i. e.*—The tail still remains to be flayed, which is the most troublesome and hard to be done.

be forthcoming when and where you please. But now, pray make an end, and undergo this small penance, it will do you a world of good, for it will not only prove beneficial to your soul as an act of charity, but also to your body as a healthy exercise ; for you are of a very sanguine complexion, Sancho, and losing a little blood will do you no harm.”—“ Well,” quoth Sancho, “ there is like to be no want of physicians in this world, I find ; the very conjurers set up for doctors too. Well, then, since every body says as much, (though I can hardly believe it,) I am content to give myself the three thousand three hundred stripes, upon condition that I may be paying them off as long as I please ; observe that : though I will be out of debt as soon as I can, that the world may not be without the pretty face of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, which, I must own, I could never have believed to have been so handsome. Item, I shall not be bound to fetch blood, that is certain, and if any stroke happens to miss me, it shall pass for one, however. Item, Mr Merlin, (because he knows all things,) shall be obliged to reckon the lashes, and take care I do not give myself one more than the tale.”—“ There is no fear of that,” said Merlin ; “ for at the very last lash the Lady Dulcinea will be disenchanted, come straight to you, make you a courtesy, and give you thanks. Heaven forbid I should wrong any man of the least hair of his head.”—“ Well,” quoth Sancho, “ what must be, must be ; I yield to my hard luck, and, on the aforesaid terms, take up with my penance.”

Scarcely had Sancho spoken, when the music struck up again, and a congratulatory volley of small shot was immediately discharged. Don Quixote fell on Sancho's neck, hugging and kissing him a thousand times. The duke, the duchess, and the whole company, seemed mightily pleased. The chariot moved on, and as it passed by, the fair Dulcinea made the duke and duchess a bow, and Sancho a low courtesy.

And now the jolly morn began to spread her smiling looks in the eastern quarter of the skies, and the flowers of the field to disclose their bloomy folds, and raise their fragrant heads. The brooks, now cool and clear, in gentle murmurs, played with the grey pebbles, and flowed along to pay their liquid crystal tribute to the expecting rivers. The sky was clear, the air serene, swept clean by brushing winds for the reception of the shining light, and every thing, not only jointly, but in its separate gaiety, welcomed the fair Aurora, and, like her, foretold a fairer day. The duke and duchess, well pleased with the management and success of the hunting, and the counterfeit adventure, returned to the castle, resolving to make a second essay of the same nature, having received as much pleasure from the first, as any reality could have produced.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The strange and never thought-of Adventure of the Disconsolate Matron, alias the Countess Trifaldi, with Sancho Panza's letter to his Wife Teresa Panza.

THE whole contrivance of the late adventure was plotted by the duke's steward, a man of wit, and a facetious and quick fancy: He made the verses, acted Merlin himself, and instructed a page to personate Dulcinea. And now, by his master's appointment, he prepared another scene of mirth, as pleasant, and as artful and surprising as can be imagined.

The next day, the duchess asked Sancho, "whether he had begun his penitential task, to disenchant Dulcinea?"—"Ay, marry have I," quoth Sancho, "for I have already lent myself five lashes on the buttocks."—"With what, friend?" asked the duchess.—"With the palm of my hand," answered Sancho.—"Your hand!" said the duchess, "those are rather claps than lashes, Sancho; I doubt Father Merlin will not be satisfied at so easy a rate; for the liberty of so great a lady is not to be purchased at so mean a price. No, you should lash yourself with something that may make you smart: A good friar's scourge, a cat of nine-tails, or penitent's whip,

would do well ; for letters written in blood stand good ; but works of charity, faintly and coldly done, lose their merit and signify nothing.”—“ Then, madam,” quoth he, “ will your worship’s grace do so much as help me to a convenient rod, such as you shall think best ; though it must not be too smarting neither ; for faith, though I am a clown, my flesh is as soft as any lady’s in the land, no disparagement to any body’s buttocks.”—“ Well, well, Sancho,” said she, “ it shall be my care to provide you a whip, that shall suit your soft constitution, as if they were twins.”—“ But now, my dear madam,” quoth he, “ you must know I have written a letter to my wife Teresa Panza, to give her to understand how things are with me. I have it in my bosom, and it is just ready to send away ; it wants nothing but the direction on the outside. Now I would have your wisdom to read it, and see if it be not written like a governor ; I mean, in such a style as governors should write.”—“ And who penned it ?” asked the duchess.—“ What a question there is now !” quoth Sancho. “ Who should pen it but myself, sinner as I am ?”—“ And did you write it too ?” said the duchess.—“ Not I,” quoth Sancho ; “ for I can neither write nor read, though I can make my mark.”—“ Let me see the letter,” said the duchess ; “ for I dare say your wit is set out in it to some purpose.” Sancho pulled the letter out of his bosom unsealed, and the duchess having taken it, read what follows :—

Sancho Panza to his Wife Teresa Panza.

"IF I am well lashed, yet I am whipped into a government: If I have got a good government, it cost me many a good lash. Thou must know, my Teresa, that I am resolved thou shalt ride in a coach; for now, any other way of going is to me but creeping on all-fours, like a kitten. Thou art now a governor's wife, guess whether any one will dare to tread on thy heels. I have sent thee a green hunting-suit of *reparel*, which my Lady Duchess gave me. Pray see and get it turned into a petticoat and jacket for our daughter. The folks in this country are very ready to talk little good of my master, Don Quixote. They say he is a mad-wise-man, and a pleasant madman, and that I am not a jot behind-hand with him. We have been in Montesinos' cave, and Merlin the wizard has pitched on me to disenchant Dulcinea del Toboso, the same who among you is called Aldonza Lorenzo. When I have given myself three thousand three hundred lashes, lacking five, she will be as disenchanted as the mother that bore her. But not a word of the pudding; for if you tell your case among a parcel of tattling gossips, you will never have done; one will cry it is white, and others, it is black. I am to go to my government very suddenly, whither I go with a huge mind to make money, as I am told all new governors do. I will first see how matters go, and then send thee word whether thou hadst best come or no. Dapple is well, and gives his humble service to you. I will not part with him, though I

were to be made the Great Turk. My Lady Duchess kisses thy hands a thousand times over ; pray return her two thousand for her one : For there is nothing cheaper than fair words, as my master says. Heaven has not been pleased to make me light on another cloakbag, with a hundred pieces of gold in it, like those you wot of. But all in good time, do not let that vex thee, my jug ; the government will make it up, I will warrant thee. Though after all, one thing sticks plaguily in my gizzard : They tell me, that when once I have tasted of it, I shall be ready to eat my very fingers after it, so savoury is the sauce. Should it fall out so, I should make but an ill hand of it ; and yet your maimed crippled alms-folks pick up a pretty livelihood, and make their begging as good as a prebend. So that, one way or other, old girl, matters will go swimmingly, and thou wilt be rich and happy. Heaven make thee so, as well as it may ; and keep me for thy sake. From this castle, the twentieth of June, 1614.

“ Thy husband the Governor,

“ SANCRO-PANEA.”

“ Methinks, Mr Governor,” said the duchess, having read the letter, “ you are out in two particulars ; first, when you intimate that this government was bestowed on you for the stripes you are to give yourself ; whereas, you may remember it was allotted you before this disenchantment was dreamed of. The second branch that you failed in, is the discovery of your avarice, which is the most detest-

able quality in governors ; because their self-interest is always indulged at the expence of justice. You know the saying, covetousness breaks the sack, and that vice always prompts a governor to fleece and oppress the subject.”—“ Truly, my good lady,” quoth Sancho, “ I meant no harm, I did not well think of what I wrote ; and if your grace’s worship does not like this letter, I will tear it and have another : but remember the old saying, seldom comes a better. I shall make but sad work of it, if I must pump my brains for it.”—“ No, no,” said the duchess, “ this will do well enough, and I must have the duke see it.”

They went into the garden, where they were to dine that day, and there she shewed the duke the learned epistle, which he read over with a great deal of pleasure.

After dinner, Sancho was entertaining the company very pleasantly, with some of his savoury discourse, when suddenly they were surprised with the mournful sound of a fife, which played in concert with a hoarse unbraced drum. All the company seemed amazed and discomposed at the displeasing noise ; but Don Quixote especially was so alarmed with this solemn martial harmony, that he could not compose his thoughts. Sancho’s fear undoubtedly wrought the usual effects, and carried him to crouch by the duchess.

During this consternation, two men in deep mourning-cloaks trailing on the ground, entered the garden, each of them beating a large drum, covered also with black, and with these a third playing on a

life, in mourning like the rest. They ushered in a person of gigantic stature, to which the long black garb in which he was wrapped up, was no small addition: It had a train of a prodigious length, and over the cassock was girt a broad black belt, which slung a scimitar of a mighty size. His face was covered with a thin black veil, through which might be discerned a beard of a vast length, as white as snow. The solemnity of his pace kept exact time to the gravity of the music: In short, his stature, his motion, his black hue, and his attendance, were every way surprising and astonishing. With this state and formality he approached, and fell on his knees at a convenient distance before the duke; who not suffering him to speak till he arose, the monstrous spectre erected his bulk, and throwing off his veil, discovered the most terrible, hugeous, white, broad, prominent, bushy beard, that ever mortal eyes were frightened at. Then fixing his eyes on the duke, and with a deep sonorous voice, roaring out from the ample cavern of his spreading lungs, "Most high and potent lord," cried he, "my name is Trifaldin with the white beard, squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Disconsolate Matron, from whom I am ambassador to your grace, begging admittance for her ladyship to come and relate, before your magnificence, the unhappy and wonderful circumstances of her misfortune. But first, she desires to be informed whether the valorous and invincible knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, resides at this time in your castle; for it is in quest of him that my lady has travelled without

coach or palfrey, hungry and thirsty ; and, in short, without breaking her fast, from the kingdom of Candaya, all the way to these your grace's territories : A thing incredibly miraculous, if not wrought by enchantment. She is now without the gate of this castle, waiting only for your grace's permission to enter." This said, the squire coughed, and with both his hands, stroaked his unwieldy beard from the top to the bottom, and with a formal gravity expected the duke's answer.

"Worthy Squire Trifaldin with the white beard," said the duke, "long since have we heard of the misfortunes of the Countess Trifaldi, whom enchanters have occasioned to be called the Disconsolate Matron ; and therefore, most stupendous squire, you may tell her that she may make her entry ; and that the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha is here present, on whose generous assistance she may safely rely for redress. Inform her also from me, that if she has occasion for my aid, she may depend on my readiness to do her service, being obliged, as I am a knight, to be aiding and assisting, to the utmost of my power, to all persons of her sex in distress, especially widowed matrons, like her ladyship."

Trifaldin, hearing this, made his obeisance with the knee, and, beckoning to the fife and drums to observe his motion, they all marched out in the same solemn procession as they entered, and left all the beholders in a deep admiration of his proportion and deportment.

Then the duke, turning to Don Quixote, "Behold, Sir Knight," said he, "how the light and the glory of virtue dart their beams through the clouds of malice and ignorance, and shine to the remotest parts of the earth. It is hardly six days since you have vouchsafed to honour this castle with your presence, and already the afflicted and distressed flock hither from the uttermost regions, not in coaches, or on dromedaries, but on foot, and without eating by the way; such is their confidence in the strength of that arm, the fame of whose great exploits flies and spreads every where, and makes the whole world acquainted with your valour."

"What would I give, my lord," said Don Quixote, "that the same holy pedant were here now, who, the other day at your table, would have run down knight-errantry at such a rate, that the testimony of his own eyes might convince him of the absurdity of his error, and let him see, that the comfortless and afflicted do not, in enormous misfortunes, and uncommon adversity, repair for redress to the doors of droning churchmen, or your little parish priests of villages; nor to the fireside of your country gentleman, who never travels beyond his land-mark; nor to the lolling lazy courtier, who rather hearkens after news which he may relate, than endeavours to perform such deeds as may deserve to be recorded and related. No, the protection of damsels, the comfort of widows, the redress of the injured, and the support of the distressed, are nowhere so perfectly to be expected as from the generous professors of knight-errantry. Therefore I

thank heaven a thousand times for having qualified me to answer the necessities of the miserable by such a function. As for the hardships and accidents that may attend me, I look upon them as no discouragements, since proceeding from so noble a cause. Then let this matron be admitted to make known her request, and I will refer her for redress to the force of my arm, and the intrepid resolution of my courageous soul."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

*The famous Adventure of the Disconsolate Matron * continued.*

THE duke and duchess were mightily pleased to find Don Quixote wrought up to a resolution so agreeable to their design. But Sancho, who made his observations, was not so well satisfied. "I am in a bodily fear," quoth he, "that this same Mistress Waiting-woman will be a baulk to my preferment. I remember I once knew a Toledo apothecary, that talked like a Canary bird, and used to say, Wherever come old waiting-women, good luck can happen there to no man. Body o' me, he knew them too well, and therefore valued them accordingly. He could have eaten them all with a grain

* The Spanish is *Duenna*, which signifies an old waiting-woman, or governante, as it is rendered in Quevedo's Visions.

of salt. Since then the best of them are so plaguy troublesome and impertinent, what will those be that are in doleful dumps, like this same Countess Threefolds, three skirts, or three tails, * what do you call her ?"—“ Hold your tongue, Sancho,” said Don Quixote. “ This matron, that comes so far in search of me, lives too remote to lie under the lash of the apothecary’s satire. Besides, you are to remember she is a countess ; and when ladies of that quality become governantes, or waiting-women, it is only to queens or empresses ; and in their own houses they are as absolute ladies as any others, and attended by other waiting-women.”—“ Ay, ay,” cried Donna Rodriguez, who was present, “ there are some that serve my lady duchess here in that capacity, that might have been countesses too, had they had better luck. But we are not all born to be rich, though we are all born to be honest. Let nobody then speak ill of waiting-gentlewomen, especially of those that are ancient and maidens ; for though I am none of those, I easily conceive the advantage that a waiting-gentlewoman, who is a maiden, has over one that is a widow. When all is said, whoever will offer to meddle with waiting-women will get little by it. Many go out for wool, and come home shorn themselves.”—“ For all that,” quoth Sancho, “ your waiting-women are not so bare, but that they may be shorn, if my barber spoke

* Trifaldi, the name of the Countess, signifies Three Skirts, or Three Tails.

truth ; so that they had best not stir the rice, though it sticks to the pot.”—“ These squires, forsooth,” answered Donna Rodriguez, “ must be always cocking up their noses against us. As they are always haunting their antichambers, like a parcel of evil spirits as they are, they see us whisk in and out at all times ; so, when they are not at their devotion, which, heaven knows, is almost all the day long, they can find no other pastime than to abuse us, and tell idle stories of us, unburying our bones, and burying our reputation. But their tongues are no slander ; and I can tell those silly rake-shames, that, in spite of their flouts, we shall keep the upper hand of them, and live in the world in the better sort of houses, though we starve for it, and cover our flesh, whether delicate or not, with black gowns, as they cover a dunghill with a piece of tapestry when a procession goes by. ’Slife, sir, were this a proper time, I would convince you and all the world, that there is no virtue but is inclosed within the stays of a waiting-woman.”—“ I fancy,” said the duchess, “ that honest Rodriguez is much in the right : But we must now choose a fitter time for this dispute, to confound the ill opinion of that wicked apothecary, and to root out that which the great Sancho Panza has fixed in his breast.”—“ For my part,” quoth Sancho, “ I will not dispute with her ; for since the thoughts of being a governor have steamed up into my brains, all my concern for the squire is vanished into smoke ; and I care not a wild fig for all the waiting-women in the world.”

This subject would have engaged them longer in discourse, had they not been cut short by the sound of the fife and drums that gave them notice of the Disconsolate Matron's approach. Thereupon the duchess asked the duke, how it might be proper to receive her? and how far ceremony was due to her quality as a countess?—"Look you," quoth Sancho, striking in before the duke could answer, "I would advise you to meet her countess-ship half-way, but for the waiting-womanship, do not stir a step."—"Who bids you trouble yourself?" said Don Quixote.—"Who bid me?" answered Sancho, "why, I myself did. Have not I been squire to your worship, and thus served a 'prenticeship to good manners? And have not I had the Flower of Courtesy for my master, who has often told me, a man may as well lose at one-and-thirty with a card too much, as a card too little? Good wits jump; a word to the wise is enough."—"Sancho says well," said the duke; "to decide the matter, we will first see what kind of a countess she is, and behave ourselves accordingly."

Now the fife and the drums entered as before. But here the author ends this short chapter, and begins another, prosecuting the same adventure, which is one of the most notable in the history.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

*The Account which the Disconsolate Matron gives
of her Misfortune.*

THE doleful drums and fife were followed by twelve elderly waiting-women, that entered the garden ranked in pairs, all clad in large mourning habits, that seemed to be of milled serge, over which they wore veils of white calicoe, so long, that nothing could be seen of their black dress but the very bottom. After them came the Countess Trifaldi, handed by her squire Trifaldin with the white beard. The lady was dressed in a suit of the finest baize, which, had it been napped, would have had tufts as big as rounceval pease. Her train, or tail, which you will, was mathematically divided into three equal skirts, or angles, and borne up by three pages in mourning; and from this pleasant triangular figure of her train, as every one conjectured, was she called Trifaldi, as who should say, the Countess of Three-Folds, or Three-Skirts. Benengeli is of the same opinion, though he affirms that her true title was the Countess of Lobuna,* or of Wolf-Land, from the abundance of wolves bred in her country; and, had they been foxes, she had, by the same rule, been called the Countess of Zorrana,† or of

* Lobo, is Spanish for a wolf.

† Zorro, is Spanish for a he-fox, whence these two words are derived.

Fox-Land ; it being a custom, in those nations, for great persons to take their denominations from the commodity with which their country most abounds. However, this Countess chose to borrow her title from this new fashion of her own invention, and leaving her name of Lobuna, took that of Trifaldi.

Her twelve female attendants approached with her in a procession-pace, with black veils over their faces ; not transparent, like that of Trifaldin, but thick enough to hinder altogether the sight of their countenances. As soon as the whole train of waiting-women was come in, the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote, stood up, and so did all those who were with them. Then the twelve women, ranging themselves in two rows, made a lane for the countess to march up between them, which she did, still led by Trifaldin, her squire. The duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote, advancing about a dozen paces to meet her, she fell on her knees, and, with a voice rather hoarse and rough than clear and delicate, " May it please your highnesses," said she, " to spare yourselves the trouble of receiving, with so much ceremony and compliment, a man (a woman I would say,) who is your devoted servant. Alas ! the sense of my misfortunes has so troubled my intellectuals, that my responses cannot be supposed able to answer the critical opinion of your presence. My understanding has forsaken me, and is gone a wool-gathering ; and sure it is far remote, for the more I seek it, the more unlikely I am to find it again."—" The greatest claim, madam," answered the duke, " that we can lay to sense, is a

due respect and decent deference to the worthiness of your person, which, without any farther view, sufficiently bespeaks your merit and excellent qualifications." Then, begging the honour of her hand, he led her up and placed her in a chair by his duchess, who received her with all the ceremony suitable to the occasion.

Don Quixote said nothing all this while, and Sancho was sneaking about, and peeping under the veils of the lady's women, but to no purpose, for they kept themselves very close and silent, until she at last thus began :—" Confident* I am, thrice potent lord, thrice beautiful lady, and thrice intelligent auditors, that my most unfortunate miserableness shall find, in your most generous and compassionate bowels, a most mercicordial sanctuary ; my miserableness, which is such as would liquify marble, malleate steel, and mollify adamantine rocks. But, before the rehearsal of my ineffable misfortunes enter, I will not say your ears, but the public mart of your hearing faculties, I earnestly request that I may have cognizance, whether the cabal, choir, or conclave of this most illustrissimus appearance be not adorned with the presence of the adjutoriferous Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his squirrissimus Panza ?"—" Panza is at your elbowissimus," quoth Sancho, before any body else could answer, " and Don Quixotissimo likewise ; therefore, most dolorous medem, you may tell out your teale, for we are

* A fustian speech, contrived on purpose, and imitated by Sancho.

all ready to be your ladyship's servitorissimous, to be the best of our cepecities, and so forth."—Don Quixote then advanced, and addressing the countess,—“ If your misfortunes, embarrassed lady,” said he, “ may hope any redress from the power and assistance of knight-errantry, I offer you my force and courage ; and, such as they are, I dedicate them to your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose profession is a sufficient obligation to succour the distressed, without the formality of preambles, or the elegance of oratory, to circumvent my favour. Therefore, pray, madam, let us know by a succinct and plain account of your calamities, what remedies should be applied ; and, if your griefs are such as do not admit of a cure, assure yourself at least that we will comfort you in your afflictions, by sympathizing in your sorrow.”

The lady, hearing this, threw herself at Don Quixote's feet, in spite of his kind endeavours to the contrary ; and, striving to embrace them, “ Most invincible knight,” said she, “ I prostrate myself at these feet, the foundations and pillars of chivalry-errant, the supporters of my drooping spirits, whose indefatigable steps alone can hasten my relief, and the cure of my afflictions. O valorous knight-errant, whose real achievements eclipse and obscure the fabulous legend of the Amadis, Esplandians, and Belianises !” Then, turning from Don Quixote, she laid hold on Sancho, and squeezing his hands very hard, “ And thou, the most loyal squire that ever attended on the magnanimity of knight-errantry, whose goodness is more extensive than the

beard of my usher Trifaldin ! how happily have thy stars placed thee under the discipline of the whole martial college of chivalry-professors, centred and epitomized in the single Don Quixote ! I conjure thee, by thy love of goodness, and thy unspotted loyalty to so great a master, to employ thy moving and interceding eloquence in my behalf, that efts-
soons his favour may shine upon this humble, and most disconsolate countess."

" Look you, Madam Countess," quoth Sancho, " as for measuring my goodness by your squire's beard, that is neither here nor there ; so that my soul go to heaven when I depart this life, I do not matter the rest ; for, as for the beards of this world, it is not what I stand upon, so that, without all this pawing and wheedling, I will put in a word or two for you to my master. I know he loves me ; and, besides, at this time, he stands in need of me about a certain business, and he shall do what he can for you. But, pray, discharge your burthened mind ; unload, and let us see what griefs you bring, and then leave us to take care of the rest."

The duke and duchess were ready to burst with laughing, to find the adventure run in this pleasant strain ; and they admired, at the same time, the rare cunning and management of Trifaldi, who, resuming her seat, thus began her story : " The famous kingdom of Candaya, situate between the Great Taprobana and the South Sea, about two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, had for its queen the Lady Donna Maguntia, whose husband, King Archipielo, dying, left the Princess Antonomasia, their only

child, heiress to the crown. This princess was educated and brought up under my care and direction, I being the eldest and first lady of the bed-chamber to the queen, her mother. In process of time, the young princess arrived at the age of fourteen years, and appeared so perfectly beautiful, that it was not in the power of nature to give any addition to her charms; what is yet more, her mind was no less adorned than her body. Wisdom itself was but a fool to her. She was no less discreet than fair, and the fairest creature in the world; and so she is still, unless the fatal knife, or unrelenting sheers, of the envious and inflexible Sisters, have cut her thread of life. But sure the heavens would not permit such an injury to be done to the earth, as the lopping off the loveliest branch that ever adorned the garden of the world.

“ Her beauty, which my unpolished tongue can never sufficiently praise, attracting all eyes, soon got her a world of adorers, many of them princes, who were her neighbours, and more distant foreigners; among the rest, a private knight, who resided at court, and was so audacious as to raise his thoughts to that heaven of beauty. This young gentleman was indeed master of all gallantries that the air of his courtly education could inspire; and so, confiding in his youth, his handsome mien, his agreeable air and dress, his graceful carriage, and the charms of his easy wit, and other qualifications, he followed the impulse of his inordinate and most presumptuous passion. I must needs say that he was an extraordinary person; he played to a miracle on the gui-

tar, and made it speak, not only to the ears, but to the very soul. He danced to admiration, and had such a rare knack at making bird-cages, that he might have got an estate by that very art; and, to sum up all his accomplishments, he was a poet. So many parts and endowments were sufficient to have moved a mountain, and much more the heart of a young tender virgin. But all his fine arts and soothing behaviour had proved ineffectual against the virtue and reservedness of my beautiful charge, if the damned cunning rogue had not first conquered me. The deceitful villain endeavoured to seduce the keeper, so to secure the keys of the fortress: In short, he so plied me with pleasing trifles, and so insinuated himself into my soul, that, at last, he perfectly bewitched me, and made me give way, before I was aware, to what I should never have permitted. But that which first wrought me to his purpose, and undermined my virtue, was a cursed copy of verses he sung one night under my window, which, if I remember right, began thus:—

A SONG.

‘ A secret fire consumes my heart ;
And, to augment my raging pain,
The charming foe that rais’d the smart,
Denies me freedom to complain.
But sure ’tis just we should conceal
The bliss and woe in love we feel :
For oh ! what human tongue can tell
The joys of heaven, or pains of hell ?’

“ The words were to me so many pearls of eloquence, and his voice sweeter to my ears than sugar to the taste. The reflection on the misfortune which these verses brought on me, has often made me applaud Plato’s design of banishing all poets from a good and well governed commonwealth, especially those who write wantonly or lasciviously. For, instead of composing lamentable verses, like those of the Marquis of Mantua, that make the women and children cry by the fireside, they try their utmost skill on such soft strokes as enter the soul, and wound it, like that thunder which hurts and consumes all within, yet leaves the garment sound. Another time, he entertained me with the following song :—

A SONG.

‘ Death, put on some kind disguise,
And at once my heart surprise ;
For ’tis such a curse to live,
And so great a bliss to die,
Shouldst thou any warning give,
I’d relapse to life for joy !’

“ Many other verses of this kind he plied me with, which charmed when read, but transported when sung. For, you must know, that, when our eminent poets debase themselves to the writing a sort of composure called love-madrigals and roundels, now much in vogue in Candaya, those verses are no sooner heard, than they presently produce a dancing of souls, tickling of fancies, emotion of spi-

rits, and, in short, a pleasing distemper in the whole body, as if quicksilver shook it in every part.

“ So that, once more, I pronounce those poets very dangerous, and fit to be banished to the Isles of Lizards ; though, truly, I must confess, the fault is rather chargeable on those foolish people that commend, and the silly wenches that believe them. For, had I been as cautious as my place required, his amorous serenades could never have moved me ; nor would I have believed his poetical cant, such as, I dying live, I burn in ice, I shiver in flames, I hope in despair, I go yet stay ; with a thousand such contradictions, which make up the greatest part of those kind of compositions. As ridiculous are their promises of the Phoenix of Arabia, Ariadne’s crown, the coursers of the sun, the pearls of the southern ocean, the gold of Tagus, the balsam of Panchaya, and heaven knows what ! By the way, it is observable, that these poets are very liberal of their gifts, which they know they never can make good.

“ But whither, wo’s me ! whither do I wander, miserable woman ? What madness prompts me to accuse the faults of others, having so long a score of my own to answer for ! Alas ! not his verses, but my own inclination ; not his music, but my own levity ; not his wit, but my own folly, opened a passage, and levelled the way for Don Clavijo, (for that was the name of the knight.) In short, I procured him admittance ; and, by my connivance, he very often had natural familiarity with Antonomasia, who, poor lady, was rather deluded by me, than by him. But, wicked as I was, it was upon the honourable

score of marriage ; for, had he not been engaged to be her husband, he should not have touched the very shadow of her shoe-string. No, no ; matrimony, matrimony, I say ; for, without that, I will never meddle in any such concern. The greatest fault in this business, was the disparity of their conditions, he being but a private knight, and she heiress to the crown. Now, this intrigue was kept very close for some time, by my cautious management ; but, at last, a certain kind of swelling in Antonomasia's belly began to tell tales ; so that, consulting upon the matter, we found there was but one way ; Don Clavijo should demand the young lady in marriage before the curate, * by virtue of a promise under her hand, which I dictated for the purpose, and so binding, that all the strength of Samson himself could not have broken the tie. The business was put in execution, the note was produced before the priest, who, examining the lady, and finding her confession to agree with the tenor of the contract, put her in custody of a very honest serjeant."—" Bless us," quoth Sancho, " serjeants too, and poets, and songs, and verses, in your country ! o' my conscience, I think the world is the same all the world over. But go on, Madam Trifaldi, I beseech you, for it is late, and I am upon thorns till I know the end of this

* In Spain, when a young couple have promised each other marriage, and the parents obstruct it, either party may have recourse to the vicar, who, examining the case, has full power to bring them together ; and this it is the countess ridiculously alludes to in her story.

long-winded story.”—“ I will,” answered the countess.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Where Trifaldi continues her stupendous and memorable Story.

IF every word that Sancho spoke gave the duchess new pleasure, every thing he said put Don Quixote to as much pain ; so that he commanded him silence, and gave the matron opportunity to go on. “ In short,” said she, “ the business was debated a good while ; and, after many questions and answers, the princess firmly persisting in her first declaration, judgment was given in favour of Don Clavijo, which Queen Maguntia, her mother, took so to heart, that we buried her about three days after.”—“ Then, without doubt, she died,” quoth Sancho.—“ That is a clear case,” replied Trifaldin ; “ for, in Candaya, they do not use to bury the living, but the dead.”—“ But, with your good leave, Mr Squire,” answered Sancho, “ people that were in a swoon have been buried alive before now ; and methinks Queen Maguntia should only have swooned away, and not have been in such haste to have died in good earnest ; for, while there is life there is hope, and there is a remedy for all things but death. I do not find the young lady was so much out of the way neither, that the mother should lay

it so grievously to heart. Indeed, had she married a footman, or some other servant in the family, as I am told many others have done, it had been a very bad business, and past curing ; but, for the queen to make such a heavy outcry, when her daughter married such a fine-bred young knight, faith and troth, I think the business had better been made up. It was a slip, but not such a heinous one as one would think ; for, as my master here says, and he will not let me tell a lie, as of scholars they make bishops, so of your knights, (chiefly if they be errant) one may easily make kings and emperors."

"That is most certain," said Don Quixote: "Turn a knight-errant loose into the wide world, with two-penny-worth of good fortune, and he is *in potentia propinqua* (*proxima* I would say) the greatest emperor in the world. But, let the lady proceed, for hitherto her story has been very pleasant, and I doubt the most bitter part of it is still untold."—"The most bitter, truly, sir," answered she ; "and so bitter, that wormwood, and every bitter herb, compared to it, are as sweet as honey."

"The queen being really dead," continued she, "and not in a trance, we buried her ; and, scarce had we done her the last offices, and taken our last leave, when (*quis talia fando temperet a lachrymis* ? who can relate such woes, and not be drowned in tears ?) the giant Malambruno, cousin-german to the deceased queen, who, besides his native cruelty, was also a magician, appeared upon her grave, mounted on a wooden horse, and, by his dreadful, angry looks,

shewed he came thither to revenge the death of his relation, by punishing Don Clavijo for his presumption, and Antonomasia for her oversight. Accordingly, he immediately enchanted them both upon the very tomb ; transforming her into a brazen female monkey, and the young knight into a hideous crocodile, of an unknown metal ; and, between them both, he set an inscription, in the Syriac tongue, which we have got since translated into the Candayan, and then into Spanish, to this effect :

‘ These two presumptuous lovers shall never recover their natural shapes, till the valorous Knight of La Mancha enter into a single combat with me ; for, by the irrevocable decrees of fate, this unheard-of adventure is reserved for his unheard-of courage.’

“ This done, he drew a broad scimitar, of a monstrous size, and, catching me fast by the hair, made an offer to cut my throat, or to whip off my head. I was frightened almost to death, my hair stood on end, and my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. However, recovering myself as well as I could, trembling and weeping, I begged mercy in such a moving accent, and in such tender, melting words, that, at last, my entreaties prevailed on him to stop the cruel execution. In short, he ordered all the waiting-women at court to be brought before him, the same that you see here at present ; and, after he had aggravated our breach of trust, and railed against the deceitful practices, mercenary procuring, and what else he could urge in scandal of our profession, and its very being, reviling us for the fact of

which I alone stood guilty ; ‘ I will not punish you with instant death,’ said he, ‘ but inflict a punishment which shall be a lasting and eternal mortification.’ Now, in the very instant of his denouncing our sentence, we felt the pores of our faces to open, and all about them perceived an itching pain, like the pricking of pins and needles. Thereupon clapping our hands to our faces, we found them as you shall see them immediately.” Saying this, the disconsolate matron, and her attendants, throwing off their veils, exposed their faces, all rough with bristly beards, some red, some black, some white, and others motley. The duke and duchess admired, Don Quixote and Sancho were astonished, and the standers by were thunder-struck. “ Thus,” said the countess proceeding, “ has that murdering and bloody-minded Malambruno served us, and planted these rough and horrid bristles on our faces, otherwise most delicately smooth. Oh ! that he had chopped off our heads with his monstrous scimitar, rather than to have disgraced our faces with these brushes upon them ! For, gentlemen, if you rightly consider it, and truly, what I have to say should be attended with a flood of tears ; but, such rivers and oceans have fallen from me already upon this doleful subject, that my eyes are as dry as chaff ; and, therefore, pray let me speak without tears at this time. Where, alas ! shall a waiting-woman dare to shew her head with such a furze-bush upon her chin ? What charitable person will entertain her ? What relations will own her ? At the best, we can

scarcely make our faces passable, though we torture them with a thousand slops and washes; and, even thus, we have much ado to get the men to care for us. What will become of her, then, that wears a thicket upon her face? Oh ladies, and companions of my misery! in an ill hour were we begotten, and in a worse came we into the world!" With these words the Disconsolate Matron seemed to faint away.

CHAPTER XL.

Of some things that relate to this Adventure, and appertain to this memorable Story.

ALL persons that love to read histories of the nature of this, must certainly be very much obliged to Cid Hamet, the original author, who has taken such care in delivering every minute particular distinctly entire, without concealing the least circumstance that might heighten the humour, or, if omitted, have obscured the light and the truth of the story. He draws lively pictures of the thoughts, discovers the imaginations, satisfies curiosity in secrets, clears doubts, resolves arguments; and, in short, makes manifest the least atoms of the most inquisitive desire. O most famous author! O fortunate Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho! jointly and severally may you live, and continue to the latest posterity, for the general delight and recreation of mankind—But the story goes on.

"Now, on my honest word," quoth Sancho, when he saw the matron in a swoon, "and by the blood of all the Panzas, my forefathers, I never heard nor saw the like, neither did my master ever tell me, or so much as conceit in that working head-piece of his, such an adventure as this. Now, all the devils in hell (and I would not curse any body) run away with thee for an enchanting son of a whore, thou damned giant Malambruno ! Couldst thou find no other punishment for these poor sinners, but by clapping scrubbing-brushes about their muzzles, with a pox to you ? Had it not been much better to slit their nostrils half way up their noses, though they had snuffled for it a little, than to have planted these quick-set hedges over their chaps ? I will lay any man a wager now, the poor devils have not money enough to pay for their shaving."

"It is but too true, sir," said one of them, "we have not wherewithal to pay for taking our beards off ; so that some of us, to save charges, are forced to lay on plasters of pitch that pull away roots and all, and leave our chins as smooth as the bottom of a stone-mortar. There is indeed a sort of women in Candaya, that go about from house to house to take off the down or hairs that grow about the face,* trim the eye-brows, and do twenty other little private jobs for the women ; but we here, who are my

* There is a sort of women-barbers in Spain, that take the down off women's faces, and sell them washes, and these are commonly reputed to be given to bawding.

lady's duennas, would never have any thing to do with them, for they have got ill names; for though, formerly, they got free access, and passed for relations, now they are looked upon to be no better than bawds. So, if my Lord Don Quixote do not relieve us, our beards will stick by us as long as we live."—"I will have mine plucked off hair by hair among the Moors," answered Don Quixote, "rather than not free you from yours."—"Ah, valorous knight!" cried the Countess Trifaldi, recovering that moment from her fit, "the sweetsound of your promise reached my hearing in the very midst of my trance, and has perfectly restored my senses. I beseech you therefore once again, most illustrious sir, and invincible knight-errant, that your gracious promise may soon have the wished-for effect."—"I will be guilty of no neglect, madam," answered Don Quixote: "Point out the way, and you shall soon be convinced of my readiness to serve you."

"You must know then, sir," said the Disconsolate Lady, "from this place to the kingdom of Candaya, by computation, we reckon about five thousand leagues, two or three more or less: But if you ride through the air in a direct line, it is not above three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You are likewise to understand, that Malambruno told me, that when fortune should make me find out the knight who is to dissolve our enchantment, he would send him a famous steed, much easier, and less resty and full of tricks, than those jades that are commonly let out to hire, as being the same wooden

horse that carried the valorous Peter of Provence, and the fair Magalona, when he stole her away. It is managed by a wooden peg in its forehead, instead of a bridle, and flies as swiftly through the air as if all the devils in hell were switching him, or blowing fire in his tail. This courser, tradition delivers to have been the handywork of the sage Merlin, who never lent him to any but particular friends, or when he was paid sauce for him. Among others, his friend Peter of Provence borrowed him, and by the help of his wonderful speed, stole away the fair Magalona, as I said, setting her behind on the crupper, (for you must know he carries double,) and so towering up in the air, he left the people that stood near the place whence he started, gaping, staring, and amazed.

“ Since that journey, we have heard of nobody that has backed him ; but this we know, that Malambruno, since that, got him by his art, and has used, ever since, to post about to all parts of the world. He is here to-day, and to-morrow in France, and the next day in America : And one of the best properties of the horse is, that he costs not a farthing in keeping, for he neither eats nor sleeps, neither needs he any shoeing ; besides, without having wings, he ambles so very easy through the air, that you may carry in your hand a cup full of water a thousand leagues, and not spill a drop, so that the fair Magalona loved mightily to ride him.”

“ Nay,” quoth Sancho, “ as for an easy pacer, commend me to Dapple. Indeed, he is none of your highflyers, he cannot gallop in the air ; but, on the

king's highway, he shall pace you with the best ambler that ever went on four legs." This set the whole company a-laughing; but then the Disconsolate Lady going on, "This horse," said she, "will certainly be here within half an hour after it is dark, if Malambruno designs to put an end to our misfortunes, for that was the sign by which I should discover my deliverer."—"And pray, forsooth," quoth Sancho, "how many will this same horse carry upon occasion?"—"Two," answered she; "one on the saddle, and the other behind on the crupper, and those two are commonly the knight and the squire, if some stolen damsel be not to be one."—"Good disconsolate madam," quoth Sancho, "I would fain know the name of this same nag."—"The horse's name," answered she, "is neither Pegasus, like Bellerophon's; nor Bucephalus, like Alexander's; nor Brilladoro, like Orlando's; nor Bayard, like Rinaldo's; nor Frontin, like Rogero's; nor Bootes, nor Pyrithous, like the horses of the Sun; neither is he called Orelia, like the horse which Rodrigo, the last king of Spain of the Gothic race, bestrode that unfortunate day when he lost the battle, the kingdom, and his life."—"I will lay you a wager," quoth Sancho, "since the horse goes by none of those famous names, he does not go by that of Rozinante neither, which is my master's horse, and another guess-beast than you have reckoned up."—"It is very right," answered the bearded lady; "however, he has a very proper and significant name, for he is called Clavileno, or Wooden Peg the Swift, from the wooden peg in his forehead; so that, from the signi-

ficancy of name at least, he may be compared with Rozinante.”—“ I find no fault with his name,” quoth Sancho ; “ but what kind of bridle or halter do you manage him with ? ”—“ I told you already,” replied she, “ that he is guided by the peg, which, being turned this way or that way, he moves accordingly, either mounting aloft in the air, or almost brushing and sweeping the ground, or else flying in the middle region, the way which ought indeed most to be chosen in all affairs of life.”—“ I should be glad to see this notable tit,” quoth Sancho ; “ but do not desire to get on his back, either before or behind. No, by my Holy Dame, you may as well expect pears from an elm. It were a pretty jest, I trow, for me that can hardly sit my own Dapple, with a pack-saddle as soft as silk, to suffer myself to be horsed upon a hard wooden thing, without either cushion or pillow under my buttocks. Before George ! I will not gall my backside to take off the best lady’s beard in the land. Let them that have beards wear them still, or get them whipped off as they think best ; I will not take such a long jaunt with my master, not I. There is no need of me in this shaving of beards, as there was in Dulcinea’s business.”—“ Upon my word, dear sir, but there is,” replied Trifaldi ; “ and so much, that without you nothing can be done.”—“ God save the king ! ” cried Sancho ; “ what have we squires to do with our masters’ adventures ? We must bear the trouble, forsooth, and they run away with the credit ! Body o’ me, it were something, would those that write their stories but give the squires their due shares in their

books ; as thus, ‘ such a knight ended such an adventure ; but it was with the help of such a one, his squire, without which, the devil a bit could he ever have done it.’ But they shall barely tell you in their histories, ‘ Sir Paralipomenon, Knight of the Three Stars, ended the adventure of the six hobgoblins,’ and not a word all the while of his squire’s person, as if there were no such man, though he was by all the while, poor devil. In short, good people, I do not like it ; and, once more, I say, my master may even go by himself for Sancho, and joy betide him. I will stay and keep Madam Duchess company here ; and mayhap, by that time he comes back, he will find his Lady Dulcinea’s business pretty forward, for I mean to give my bare breech a jirking, till I brush off the very hair at idle times, that is, when I have nothing else to do.”

“ Nevertheless, honest Sancho,” said the duchess, “ if your company be necessary in this adventure, you must go, for all good people will make it their business to entreat you ; and it would look very ill, that, through your vain fears, these poor gentlewomen should remain thus with rough and bristly faces.”—“ God save the king, I cry again,” said Sancho ; “ were it a piece of charity for the relief of some good sober gentlewoman, or poor innocent hospital-girls, something might be said ; but to gall my backside, and venture my neck, to unbeard a pack of idling, trolloping chamber-jades, with a murrain ! Not I, let them go elsewhere for a shaver. I wish I might see the whole tribe of them wear beards, from the highest to the lowest, from the proudest to

the primest, all hairy like so many she-goats.”—
“ You are very angry with the waiting-women, Sancho,” said the duchess ; “ that apothecary has inspired you with this bitter spirit. But you are to blame, friend, for I will assure you there are some in my family that may serve for patterns of discretion to all those of their function ; and Donna Rodriguez here will let me say no less.”—“ Ay, ay, madam,” said Donna Rodriguez, “ your grace may say what you please. This is a censorious world we live in, but heaven knows all ; and whether good or bad, bearded or unbearded, we waiting-gentlemen had mothers as well as the rest of our sex ; and since Providence has made us as we are, and placed us in the world, it knows wherefore ; and so we trust in its mercy, and nobody’s beard.”—“ Enough, Donna Rodriguez,” said Don Quixote. “ As for you, Lady Trifaldi, and other distressed matrons, I hope that heaven will speedily look with a pitying eye on your sorrows, and that Sancho will do as I shall desire. I only wish Clavileno would once come, that I may encounter Malambruno ; for I am sure no razor should be more expeditious in shaving your ladyship’s beard, than my sword to shave that giant’s head from his shoulders. Heaven may a while permit the wicked, but not for ever.”

“ Ah ! most valorous champion,” said the Disconsolate Matron, “ may all the stars in the celestial regions shed their most propitious influence on your generous valour, which thus supports the cause of our unfortunate office, so exposed to the poisonous rancour of apothecaries, and so reviled by saucy

grooms and squires. Now an ill luck attend the low-spirited quean, who, in the flower of her youth, will not rather choose to turn nun than waiting-woman ! Poor forlorn contemned creatures as we are, though descended, in a direct line from father to son, from Hector of Troy himself ; yet would not our ladies find a more civil way to speak to us than thee and thou, though it were to gain them a kingdom. O giant Malambruno ! thou who, though an enchanter, art always most faithful to thy word, send us the peerless Clavileno, that our misfortunes may have an end ; for if the weather grows hotter than it is, and these shaggy beards still sprout about our faces, what a sad pickle will they be in !”

The Disconsolate Lady uttered these lamentations in so pathetic a manner, that the tears of all the spectators waited on her complaints ; and even Sancho himself began to water his plants, and condescended at last to share in the adventure, and attend his master to the very fag-end of the world, so he might contribute to the clearing away the weeds that overspread those venerable faces.

CHAPTER. XLI.

*Of Clavileno's * (alias Wooden Peg's) arrival, with the conclusion of this tedious Adventure.*

THESE discourses brought on the night, and with it the appointed time for the famous Clavileno's arrival. Don Quixote, very impatient at his delay, began to fear, that either he was not the knight for whom this adventure was reserved, or else that the giant Malambruno had not courage to enter into a single combat with him. But, unexpectedly, who should enter the garden but four savages, covered with green ivy, bearing on their shoulders a large wooden horse, which they set on his legs before the company ; and then one of them cried out, " Now let him that has courage mount this engine."—" I am not he," quoth Sancho, " for I have no courage, nor am I a knight."—" And let him take his squire behind him, if he has one," continued the savage ; " with this assurance from the valorous Malambruno, that no foul play shall be offered, nor will he use anything but his sword to offend him. It is but only turning the peg before him, and the horse will transport him through the air to the place where Malambruno attends their coming. But let them

* A name derived from two Spanish words, *clavo*, a nail or pin, and *leno*, wood.

blindfold their eyes, lest the dazzling and stupendous height of their career should make them giddy ; and let the neighing of the horse inform them that they are arrived at their journey's end."—Thus having made his speech, the savage turned about with his companions, and, leaving Clavileno, marched out handsomely the same way they came in.

The Disconsolate Matron, seeing the horse, almost with tears addressed Don Quixote. "Valorous knight," cried she, "Malambruno is a man of his word ;—the horse is here, our beards bud on ; therefore I and every one of us conjure you, by all the hairs on our chins, to hasten our deliverance, since there needs no more, but that you and your squire get up, and give a happy beginning to your intended journey."—"Madam," answered Don Quixote, "I will do it with all my heart ; I will not so much as stay for a cushion, or to put on my spurs, but mount instantly ; such is my impatience to disbeard your ladyship's face, and restore you all to your former gracefulness."—"That is more than I should do," quoth Sancho ; "I am not in such plaguy haste, not I ; and if the quick-set hedges on their snouts cannot be lopped off without my riding on that hard crupper, let my master furnish himself with another squire, and these gentlewomen get some other barber. I am no witch, sure, to ride through the air at this rate on a broomstick ! What will my islanders say, think ye, when they hear their governor is flying like a paper-kite ? Besides, it is three or four thousand leagues from hence to Candaya ; and what if the horse should tire upon

the road, or the giant grow humoursome? what would become of us then? We may be seven years a-getting home again; and heaven knows by that time what would become of my government: neither island nor dry land would know poor Sancho again. No, no, I know better things. What says the old proverb? Delays breed danger; and, When a cow is given thee, run and halter her. I am the gentlewoman's humble servant, but they and their beards must excuse me, faith! St Peter is well at Rome, that is to say, here I am much made of, and, by the master of the house's good will, I hope to see myself a governor."—"Friend Sancho," said the duke, "as for your island, it neither floats nor stirs, so there is no fear it should run away before you come back; the foundations of it are fixed and rooted in the profound abyss of the earth. Now, because you must needs think I cannot but know, that there is no kind of office of any value that is not purchased with some sort of bribe, or gratification of one kind or other, all that I expect for advancing you to this government, is only that you wait on your master in this expedition, that there may be an end of this memorable adventure. And I here engage my honour, that whether you return on Clavileno with all the speed his swiftness promises, or that it should be your ill fortune to be obliged to foot it back like a pilgrim, begging from inn to inn, and door to door, still whenever you come you will find your island where you left it, and your islanders as glad to receive you for their governor as ever. And for my own part, Signior Sancho, I will assure

you, you would very much wrong my friendship, should you in the least doubt my readiness to serve you.”—“ Good your worship, say no more,” cried Sancho, “ I am but a poor squire, and your goodness is too great a load for my shoulders. But hang baseness ; mount, master, and blindfold me, somebody ; wish me a good voyage, and pray for me. But hark ye, good folks, when I am got up, and fly in the skies, may not I say my prayers, and call on the angels myself to help me, trow ?”—“ Yes, yes,” answered Trifaldi, “ for Malambruno, though an enchanter, is nevertheless a Christian, and does all things with a great deal of sagacity, having nothing to do with those he should not meddle with.”—“ Come on, then,” quoth Sancho ; “ God and the most holy Trinity of Gæta * help me !”—“ Thy fear, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ might, by a superstitious mind, be thought ominous. Since the adventure of the fulling-mills, I have not seen thee possessed with such a panic terror. But hark ye, begging this noble company’s leave, I must have a word with you in private.”

Then withdrawing into a distant part of the garden among some trees, “ My dear Sancho,” said he, “ thou seest we are going to take a long journey ; thou art no less sensible of the uncertainty of our return, and Heaven alone can tell what leisure

* A church in Italy, of special devotion to the blessed Trinity.

or conveniency we may have in all that time. Let me therefore beg thee to slip aside to thy chamber, as if it were to get thyself ready for our journey, and there presently dispatch me only some 500 lashes, on account of the 3300 thou standest engaged for ; it will soon be done, and a business well begun, you know, is half ended.”—“ Stark mad, before George !” cried Sancho. “ I wonder you are not ashamed, sir. ‘ This is just as they say, you see me in haste, and ask me for a maidenhead. I am just going to ride the wooden horse, and you would have me flay my backside ! Truly, truly, you are plaguily out at this time. Come, come, sir, let us do one thing after another ; let us get off these women’s whiskers, and then I will feague it away for Dulcinea. I have no more to say on the matter at present.”—“ Well, honest Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “ I will take thy word for once, and I hope thou wilt make it good ; for I believe thou art more fool than knave.”—“ I am what I am,” quoth Sancho ; “ but whatever I be I will keep my word, never fear it.”

Upon this they returned to the company ; and, just as they were going to mount, “ Blind thy eyes, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ and get up. Sure he that sends so far for us can have no design to deceive us ! since it would never be to his credit to delude those that rely on his word of honour ; and, though the success should not be answerable to our desires, still the glory of so brave an attempt will be ours, and it is not in the power of malice to eclipse it.”—“ To horse, then, sir,” cried Sancho, “ to

horse. The tears of these poor bearded gentlemen have melted my heart, and methinks I feel the bristles sticking in it. I shall not eat a bit to do me good, till I see them have as pretty dimpled smooth chins, and soft lips, as they had before. Mount, then, I say, and blindfold yourself first; for, if I must ride behind, it is a plain case you must get up before me.”—“That is right,” said Don Quixote; and, with that, pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he gave it to the Diaconssolate Matron to hoodwink him close. She did so; but, presently after, uncovering himself, “If I remember right,” said he, “we read in Virgil of the Trojan Palladium, that wooden horse, which the Greeks offered Pallas, full of armed knights, who afterwards proved the total ruin of that famous city. It were prudent, therefore, before we get up, to probe this steed, and see what he has in his guts.”—“You need not,” said the Countess Trifaldi; “I dare engage there is no ground for any such surmise; for Malambruno is a man of honour, and would not so much as countenance any base or treacherous practice; and, whatever accident befalls you, I dare answer for.” Upon this, Don Quixote mounted, without any reply, imagining that what he might further urge concerning his security would be a reflection on his valour. He then began to try the pin, which was easily turned; and as he sat, with his long legs stretched at length for want of stirrups, he looked like one of those antique figures in a Roman triumph, woven in some old piece of arras.

Sancho, very leisurely and unwillingly, was made

to climb up behind him ; and, fixing himself, as well as he could, on the crupper, felt it somewhat hard and uneasy. With that, looking on the duke, " Good my lord," quoth he, " will you lend me something to clap under me ; some pillow from the page's bed, or the duchess's cushion of state, or any thing ; for, this horse's crupper is so confounded hard, I fancy it is rather marble than wood."—" It is needless," said the countess ; " for Clavileno will bear no kind of furniture upon him ; so that, for your greater ease, you had best sit side-ways, like a woman." Sancho took her advice ; and then, after he had taken his leave of the company, they bound a cloth over his eyes ; but, presently after, uncovering his face, with a pitiful look on all the spectators, " Good, tender-hearted Christians," cried he, with tears in his eyes, " bestow a few Pater-nosters and Ave-Marias on a poor departing brother, and pray for my soul, as you expect the like charity yourselves in such a condition !"—" What ! you rascal," said Don Quixote, " do you think yourself at the gallows, and at the point of death, that you hold forth in such a lamentable strain ? Dastardly wretch without a soul, dost thou not know that the fair Magalona once sat in thy place, and alighted from thence, not into the grave, thou chicken-hearted varlet, but into the throne of France, if there is any truth in history ? And do not I sit by thee, that I may vie with the valorous Peter of Provence, and press the seat that was once pressed by him ? Come, blindfold thy eyes, poor spiritless animal, and let me not know thee betray the

least symptom of fear, at least not in my presence.” —“ Well,” quoth Sancho, “ hoodwink me then among you : But, it is no marvel one should be afraid, when you will not let one say his prayers, nor be prayed for, though, for aught I know, we may have a legion of imps about our ears, to clap us up in the devil’s pond * presently.”

Now, both being hoodwinked, and Don Quixote perceiving every thing ready for their setting out, began to turn the pin ; and, no sooner had he set his hand to it, than the waiting-women, and all the company, set up their throats, calling out, “ Speed you, speed you well, valorous knight ; Heaven be your guide, undaunted squire ! Now, now, you fly aloft ! See how they cut the air more swiftly than an arrow ! Now they mount, and tower, and soar, while the gazing world wonders at their course. Sit fast, sit fast, courageous Sancho ! you do not sit steady ; have a care of falling ; for, should you now drop from that amazing height, your fall would be greater than the aspiring youth’s that misguided the chariot of the Sun, his father.” All this Sancho heard, and, girding his arms fast about his master’s

* In the original it is, to carry us to Peralvillo, *i. e.* to hang us first, and try us afterwards, as Jarvis translates it. Stevens’s Dictionary says, Peralvillo is a village near Ciudad-Real, in Castile, where the holy brotherhood, or officers for apprehending highwaymen, dispatch those they take in the fact, without bringing them to trial ; like what we call, hanging a man first, and trying him afterwards.

waist, "Sir," quoth he, "why do they say we are so high, since we can hear their voices? Truly I hear them so plainly, that one would think they were close by us."—"Never mind that," answered Don Quixote; "for, in these extraordinary kinds of flight, we must suppose our hearing and seeing will be extraordinary also. But do not hold me so hard, for you will make me tumble off. What makes thee tremble so? I am sure I never rode easier in all my life; our horse goes as if he did not move at all. Come, then, take courage; we make swinging way, and have a fair and merry gale."—"I think so too," quoth Sancho; "for I feel the wind puff as briskly upon me here, as if I do not know how many pair of bellows were blowing wind in my tail." Sancho was not altogether in the wrong; for two or three pair of bellows were indeed levelled at him then, which gave air very plentifully; so well had the plot of this adventure been laid by the duke, the duchess, and their steward, that nothing was wanting to further the diversion.

Don Quixote at last feeling the wind, "Sure," said he, "we must be risen to the middle region of the air, where the winds, hail, snow, thunder, lightning, and other meteors are produced; so that, if we mount at this rate, we shall be in the region of fire presently; and what is worse, I do not know how to manage this pin, so as to avoid being scorched and roasted alive." At the same time some flax, with other combustible matter, which had been got ready, was clapped at the end of a long stick, and set on fire at a small distance from their noses; and

the heat and smoke affecting the knight and the squire, "May I be hanged," quoth Sancho, "if we be not come to this fire-place you talk of, or very near it, for the half of my beard is singed already. I have a huge mind to peep out, and see whereabouts we are."—"By no means," answered Don Quixote. "I remember the strange, but true story, of Doctor Torralva, whom the devil carried to Rome hoodwinked, and, bestriding a reed, in twelve hours time setting him down in the tower of Nona, in one of the streets of that city. There he saw the dreadful tumult, assault, and death of the Constable of Bourbon; and, the next morning, he found himself at Madrid, where he related the whole story. Among other things, he said, as he went through the air, the devil bid him open his eyes, which he did, and then he found himself so near the moon, that he could touch him with his finger; but durst not look towards the earth, lest the distance should make his brains turn round. So, Sancho, we must not unveil our eyes, but rather wholly trust to the care and providence of him that has charge of us, and fear nothing, for we only mount high, to come souse down, like a hawk, upon the kingdom of Candaya, which we shall reach presently; for, though it appears to us not half an hour since we left the garden, we have, nevertheless, travelled over a vast tract of air."—"I know nothing of the matter," replied Sancho; "but of this I am very certain, that, if your Madam Magulane, or Magalona, (what do you call her?) could sit this damned wooden crupper without a good

cushion under her tail, she must have a harder pair of buttocks than mine."

This dialogue was certainly very pleasant all this while to the duke and duchess, and the rest of the company ; and now, at last, resolving to put an end to this extraordinary adventure, which had so long entertained them successfully, they ordered one of their servants to give fire to Clavileno's tail ; and, the horse being stuffed full of squibs, crackers, and other fire-works, burst presently into pieces, with a mighty noise, throwing the knight one way, and the squire another, both sufficiently singed. By this time the Disconsolate Matron, and bearded regiment, were vanished out of the garden, and all the rest, counterfeiting a trance, lay flat upon the ground. Don Quixote and Sancho, sorely bruised, made shift to get up, and, looking about, were amazed to find themselves in the same garden whence they took horse, and see such a number of people lie dead, as they thought, on the ground. But their wonder was diverted, by the appearance of a large lance stuck in the ground, and a scroll of white parchment fastened to it by two green silken strings, with the following inscription upon it, in golden characters :—

" The renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, achieved the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Disconsolate Matron, and her companions in distress, by barely attempting it. Malambruno is fully satisfied. The waiting gentlewomen have lost their beards. King Clavijo and Queen Antonomasia have resumed their pristine

shapes ; and, when the squire's penance shall be finished, the white dove shall escape the pounces of the pernicious hawks that pursue her, and her pining lover shall lull in her arms. This is pre-ordained by the Sage Merlin, proto-enchanter of enchanters."

Don Quixote having read this oracle, and construing it to refer to Dulcinea's disenchantment, rendered thanks to heaven for so great a deliverance ; and approaching the duke and duchess, who seemed as yet in a swoon, he took the duke by the hand : " Courage, courage, noble sir," cried he, " there is no danger ; the adventure is finished without bloodshed, as you may read it registered in that record."

The duke, yawning and stretching as if he had been waked out of a sound sleep, recovered himself by degrees, as did the duchess and the rest of the company ; all of them acting the surprise so naturally that the jest could not be discovered. The duke, rubbing his eyes, made a shift to read the scroll ; then, embracing Don Quixote, he extolled his valour to the skies, assuring him, he was the bravest knight the earth had ever possessed. As for Sancho, he was looking up and down the garden for the Disconsolate Matron, to see what sort of a face she had got, now her furze-bush was off. But he was informed, that as Clavileno came down flaming in the air, the Countess, with her women, vanished immediately, but not one of them chinbristled, nor so much as a hair upon their faces.

Then the duchess asked Sancho how he had fared in his long voyage ? " Why truly, madam," answer-

ed he, " I have seen wonders ; for you must know, that though my master would not suffer me to pull the cloth from my eyes, yet as I have a kind of itch to know every thing, and a spice of the spirit of contradiction, still hankering after what is forbidden me ; so when, as my master told me, we were flying through the region of fire, I shoved my handkerchief a little above my nose, and looked down, and what do you think I saw ? I spied the earth a hugeous way afar off below me (Heaven bless us !) no bigger than a mustard seed ; and the men walking to and fro upon it, not much larger than hazle-nuts. Judge now if we were not got up woundy high !"—" Have a care what you say, my friend," said the duchess ; " for if the men were bigger than hazle-nuts, and the earth no bigger than a mustard-seed, one man must be bigger than the whole earth, and cover it so that you could not see it."—" Like enough," answered Sancho ; " but for all that, do you see, I saw it with a kind of a side-look upon one part of it, or so."—" Look you, Sancho," replied the duchess, " that will not bear ; for nothing can be wholly seen by any part of it."—" Well, well, madam," quoth Sancho, " I do not understand your parts and wholes : I saw it, and there is an end of the story. Only you must think, that as we flew by enchantment, so we saw by enchantment ; and thus I might see the earth, and all the men, which way soever I looked. I will warrant, you will not believe me neither, when I tell you, that when I thrust up the 'kerchief above my brows, I saw myself so near heaven, that between the top of

my cap and the main sky, there was not a span and a half. And heaven bless us ! forsooth, what a hugeous great place it is ! and we happened to travel that road where the seven * she-goat stars were ; and faith and troth I had such a mind to play with them, (having been once a goat-herd myself) that I fancy I would have cried myself to death, had I not done it. So soon as I spied them, what does me, but sneaks down very soberly from behind my master, without telling any living soul, and played and leaped about for three quarters of an hour, by the clock, with the pretty nanny-goats, who are as sweet and fine as so many marigolds or gilly-flowers ; and honest Wooden Peg stirred not one step all the while.”—“ And while Sancho employed himself with the goats,” asked the duke, “ how was Don Quixote employed ?—“ Truly,” answered the knight, “ I am sensible all things were altered from their natural course ; therefore what Sancho says seems the less strange to me. But, for my own part, I neither saw heaven nor hell, sea nor shore. I perceived, indeed, we passed through the middle region of the air, and were pretty near that of fire, but that we came so near heaven as Sancho says, is altogether incredible ; because we then must have passed quite through the fiery region, which lies between the sphere of the moon and the upper region of the air. Now it was impossible for us to reach that part, where are the Pleiades, or the Seven Goats,

* The *Pleiades*, vulgarly called in Spanish, the Seven Young She-goats.

as Sancho calls them, without being consumed in the elemental fire; and, therefore, since we escaped those flames, certainly we did not soar so high, and Sancho either lies or dreams.”—“ I neither lie nor dream,” replied Sancho. “ Uds precious ! I can tell you the marks and colour of every goat among them : If you do not believe me, do but ask and try me. You will easily see whether I speak truth or no.”—“ Well,” said the duchess, “ pr’ythee tell me, Sancho.”—“ Look you,” answered Sancho, “ there were two of them green, two carnation, two blue, and one party-coloured.”—“ Truly,” said the duke, “ that is a new kind of goats you have found out, Sancho ; we have none of those colours upon earth.”—“ Sure, sir,” replied Sancho, “ you will make some sort of difference between heavenly she-goats and the goats of this world ?”—“ But, Sancho,” said the duke, “ among these she-goats, did you never see a he ? * Not one horned beast of the masculine gender ?”—“ Not one, sir, I saw no other horned thing but the moon ; and I have been told that neither he-goats, nor any other cornuted tups are suffered to lift their horns beyond those of the moon.”

They did not think fit to ask Sancho any more questions about his airy voyage ; for, in the humour he was in, they judged he would not stick to ramble all over the heavens, and tell them news of whatever was doing there, though he had not stirred out of the garden all the while.

* *Cabron* : A jest on the double meaning of that word, which signifies both a he-goat and a cuckold.

Thus ended, in short, the adventure of the Disconsolate Matron, which afforded sufficient sport to the duke and duchess, not only for the present, but for the rest of their lives ; and might have supplied Sancho with matter of talk from generation to generation, for many ages, could he have lived so long. " Sancho," said Don Quixote, whispering him in the ear, " since thou wouldst have us believe what thou hast seen in heaven, I desire thee to believe what I saw in Montesinos's cave. Not a word more."

CHAPTER XLII.

The Instructions which Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza before he went to the Government of his Island, with other matters of moment.

THE satisfaction which the duke and duchess received by the happy success of the adventure of the Disconsolate Matron, encouraged them to carry on some other pleasant project, since they could, with so much ease, impose upon the credulity of Don Quixote and his squire. Having therefore given instructions to their servants and vassals how to behave themselves towards Sancho in his government, the day after the scene of the wooden horse, the duke bid Sancho prepare, and be in readiness to take possession of his government ; for now his islanders wished as heartily for him, as they did for rain in a dry summer. Sancho made a humble bow,

and, looking demurely on the duke, "Sir," quoth he, "since I came down from heaven, whence I saw the earth so very small, I am not half so hot as I was for being a governor. For what greatness can there be in being at the head of a puny dominion, that is but a little nook of a tiny mustard-seed ? and what dignity and power can a man be reckoned to have, in governing half-a-dozen men no bigger than hazle-nuts ? For I could not think there were any more in the whole world. No, if your grace would throw away upon me never so little a corner in heaven, though it were but half a league, or so, I would take it with better will than I would the largest island on earth."—"Friend Sancho," answered the duke, "I cannot dispose of an inch of heaven ; for that is the province of God alone : but what I am able to bestow I give you ; that is, an island tight and clever, round and well proportioned, fertile and plentiful to such a degree, that if you have but the art and understanding to manage things right, you may hoard there both of the treasures of this world, and the next."

"Well then," quoth Sancho, "let me have this island, and I will do my best to be such a governor, that, in spite of rogues, I shall not want a small nook in heaven one day or other. It is not out of covetousness neither, that I would leave my little cot, and set up for somebody, but merely to know what kind of thing it is to be a governor."—"Oh ! Sancho," said the duke, "when once you have had a taste of it, you will never leave licking your fingers, it is so sweet and bewitching a thing to command

and be obeyed. I am confident, when your master comes to be an emperor (as he cannot fail to be, according to the course of his affairs) he will never, by any consideration, be persuaded to abdicate ; his only grief will be, that he was one no sooner."

"Troth, sir," replied Sancho, "I am of your mind ; it is a dainty thing to command, though it were but a flock of sheep."—"Oh ! Sancho," cried the duke, "let me live and die with thee : For thou hast an insight into every thing. I hope thou wilt prove as good a governor as thy wisdom bespeaks thee. But no more at this time,—to-morrow, without further delay, you set forward to your island, and shall be furnished this afternoon with equipage and dress answerable to your post, and all other necessities for your journey."

"Let them dress me as they will," quoth Sancho, "I shall be the same Sancho Panza still."—"That is true," said the duke, "yet every man ought to wear clothes suitable to his place and dignity ; for a lawyer should not go dressed like a soldier, nor a soldier like a priest. As for you, Sancho, you are to wear the habit both of a captain and a civil magistrate ; so your dress shall be a compound of those two ; for in the government that I bestow on you, arms are as necessary as learning, and a man of letters as requisite as a swordsman."—"Nay, as for letters," quoth Sancho, "I cannot say much for myself : For as yet I scarce know my A, B, C ; but yet, if I can but remember my Christ's-cross, *

* He means the Christ's-cross-row ; so called from the cross being put at the beginning of the A, B, C.

it is enough to make me a good governor : As for my arms, I will not quit my weapon as long as I can stand, and so heaven be our guard !"—“ Sancho cannot do amiss,” said the duke, “ while he remembers these things.”

By this time Don Quixote arrived, and hearing how suddenly Sancho was to go to his government, with the duke's permission, he took him aside to give him some good instructions for his conduct in the discharge of his office.

Being entered Don Quixote's chamber, and the door shut, he almost forcibly obliged Sancho to sit by him ; and then, with a grave and deliberate voice, he thus began :

“ I give heaven infinite thanks, friend Sancho, that, before I have the happiness of being put in possession of my hopes, I can see thine already crowned : Fortune hastening to meet thee with thy wishes. I, who had assigned the reward of thy services upon my happy success, am yet but on the way to preferment ; and thou, beyond all reasonable expectation, art arrived at the aim and end of thy desires. Some are assiduous, solicitous, importunate, rise early, bribe, entreat, press, will take no denial, obstinately persist in their suit, and yet at last never obtain it. Another comes on, and, by a lucky hit or chance, bears away the prize, and jumps into the preferment which so many had pursued in vain ; which verifies the saying,

‘ The happy have their days, and those they choose ;
The unhappy have but hours, and those they lose.’

Thou, who seemest to me a very blockhead, without sitting up late, or rising early, or any manner of fatigue or trouble, only the air of knight-errantry being breathed on thee, art advanced to the government of an island in a trice, as if it were a thing of no moment, a very trifle. I speak this, my dear Sancho, not to upbraid thee, nor out of envy, but only to let thee know, thou art not to attribute all this success to thy own merit, while it is entirely owing to the kind heavenly Disposer of human affairs, to whom thy thanks ought to be returned. But, next to Heaven, thou art to ascribe thy happiness to the greatness of the profession of knight-errantry, which includes within itself such stores of honour and preferment.

“ Being convinced of what I have already said, be yet attentive, O my son, to what I, thy Cato, have further to say : Listen, I say, to my admonitions, and I will be thy north star, and pilot to steer and bring thee safe into the port of honour, out of the tempestuous ocean, into which thou art just going to launch ; for offices and great employments are no better than profound gulphs of confusion.

“ First of all, O my son, fear God ; for the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, and wisdom will never let thee go astray.

“ Secondly, consider what thou wert, and make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult lesson in the world. Yet from this lesson thou wilt learn to avoid the frog’s foolish ambition of swelling to rival the bigness of the ox ; else the

consideration of your having been a hog-driver, will be, to the wheel of your fortune, like the peacock's ugly feet."

"True," quoth Sancho, "but I was then but a little boy; for when I grew up to be somewhat bigger, I drove geese, and not hogs; but methinks that is nothing to the purpose, for all governors cannot come from kings and princes."

"Very true," pursued Don Quixote, "therefore those who want a noble descent, must allay the severity of their office with mildness and civility, which, directed by wisdom, may secure them from the murmurs and malice, from which no state nor condition is exempt.

"Be well pleased with the meanness of thy family, Sancho, nor think it a disgrace to own thyself derived from labouring men; for, if thou art not ashamed of thyself, nobody else will strive to make thee so. Endeavour rather to be esteemed humble and virtuous, than proud and vicious. The number is almost infinite of those who, from low and vulgar births, have been raised to the highest dignities, to the papal chair, and the imperial throne; and this I could prove by examples enough to tire thy patience.

"Make virtue the medium of all thy actions, and thou wilt have no cause to envy those whose birth gives them the titles of great men, and princes; for nobility is inherited, but virtue acquired: And virtue is worth more in itself, than nobleness of birth.

"If any of thy poor relations come to see thee, never reject nor affront them; but, on the contrary,

receive and entertain them with marks of favour ; in this thou wilt display a generosity of nature, and please Heaven, that would have nobody to despise what it has made.

“ If thou sendest for thy wife, as it is not fit a man in thy station should be long without his wife, and she ought to partake of her husband’s good fortune, teach her, instruct her, polish her the best thou canst, till her native rusticity is refined to a handsomer behaviour ; for often an ill-bred wife throws down all that a good and discreet husband can build up.

“ Shouldst thou come to be a widower, (which is not impossible) and thy post recommend thee to a bride of a higher degree, take not one that shall, like a fishing-rod, only serve to catch bribes. For, take it from me, the judge must, at the general and last court of judicature, give a strict account of the discharge of his duty, and must pay severely at his dying-day for what he has suffered his wife to take.

“ Let never obstinate self-conceit be thy guide ; it is the vice of the ignorant, who vainly presume on their understanding.

“ Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, though not more justice, than the informations of the rich.

“ Be equally solicitous to find out the truth, where the offers and presents of the rich, and the sobs and importunities of the poor, are in the way.

“ Wherever equity should, or may take place, let not the extent or rigour of the law bear too much

on the delinquent ; for it is not a better character in a judge to be rigorous, than to be indulgent.

“ When the severity of the law is to be softened, let pity, not bribes, be the motive.

“ If thy enemy have a cause before thee, turn away thy eyes from thy prejudices, and fix them on the matter of fact.

“ In another man’s cause be not blinded by thy own passions, for those errors are almost without remedy ; or their cure will prove expensive to thy wealth and reputation.

“ When a beautiful woman comes before thee, turn away thy eyes from her tears, and thy ears from her lamentations ; and take time to consider sedately her petition, if thou wouldst not have thy reason and honesty lost in her sighs and tears.

“ Revile not with words those whom their crimes oblige thee to punish in deed : for the punishment is enough to the wretches, without the addition of ill language.

“ In the trial of criminals, consider as much as thou canst, without prejudice to the plaintiff, how defenceless and open the miserable are to the temptations of our corrupt and depraved nature, and so far shew thyself full of pity and clemency ; for though God’s attributes are equal, yet his mercy is more attractive and pleasing in our eyes, than his justice.

“ If thou observest these rules, Sancho, thy days shall be long, thy fame eternal, thy recompense full, and thy felicity unspeakable. Thou shalt marry.

thy children and grandchildren to thy heart's desire; they shall want no titles: Beloved of all men, thy life shall be peaceable, thy death in a good and venerable old age, and the offspring of thy grandchildren, with their soft youthful hands, shall close thy eyes.

“ The precepts I have hitherto given thee regard the good and ornament of thy mind ; now give attention to those directions that relate to the adorning of thy body.”

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Second Part of Don Quixote's advice to Sancho Panza.

Who would not have taken Don Quixote for a man of extraordinary wisdom, and as excellent morals, having heard him documentize his squire in this manner ; only, as we have often observed in this history, the least talk of knight-errantry spoiled all, and made his understanding muddy ; but in every thing else his judgment was very clear, and his apprehension very nice, so that every moment his actions used to discredit his judgment, and his judgment his actions ? But in these economical precepts which he gave Sancho, he shewed himself master of a pleasant fancy, and mingled his judgment and extravagance in equal proportions. Sancho lent him a great deal of attention, in hopes to register all those

good counsels in his mind, and put them in practice ; not doubting but by their means he should acquit himself of his duty like a man of honour.

“ As to the government of thy person and family,” pursued Don Quixote, “ my first injunction is cleanliness. Pair thy nails, nor let them grow as some do, whose folly persuades them that long nails add to the beauty of the hand ; till they look more like castrils’ claws, than a man’s nails. It is foul and unsightly.

“ Keep thy clothes tight about thee ; for a slovenly looseness is an argument of a careless mind ; unless such a negligence, like that of Julius Cæsar, be affected for some cunning design.

“ Prudently examine what thy income may amount to in a year : And if sufficient to afford thy servants liveries, let them be decent and lasting, rather than gaudy and for show ; and for the overplus of thy good husbandry, bestow it on the poor. That is, if thou canst keep six footmen, keep but three ; and let what would maintain three more be laid out in charitable uses. By that means thou wilt have attendants in Heaven as well as on earth, which our vain-glorious great ones, who are strangers to this practice, are not likely to have.

“ Lest thy breath betray thy peasantry, defile it not with onions and garlic.

“ Walk with gravity, and speak with deliberation, and yet not as if thou didst hearken to thy own words ; for all affectation is a fault.

“ Eat little at thy dinner, and less at supper ; for

the stomach is the storehouse, whence health is to be imparted to the whole body.

“ Drink moderately ; for drunkenness neither keeps a secret, nor observes a promise.

“ Be careful not to chew on both sides, that is, fill not thy mouth too full, and take heed not to eruct before company.”

“ Eruct ? ” quoth Sancho ; “ I do not understand that cramp word.” — “ To eruct,” answered Don Quixote, “ is as much as to say, to belch ; but this being one of the most disagreeable and beastly words in our language, though very expressive and significant ; the more polite, instead of belching, say eructing, which is borrowed from the Latin. Now, though the vulgar may not understand this, it matters not much ; for use and custom will make it familiar and understood. By such innovations are languages enriched, when the words are adopted by the multitude, and naturalized by custom.”

“ Faith and truth,” quoth Sancho, “ of all your counsels, I will be sure not to forget this, for I have been mightily given to belching.” — “ Say eructing,” replied Don Quixote, “ and leave off belching.” — “ Well,” quoth Sancho, “ be it as you say, eruct ; I will be sure to remember.”

“ In the next place, Sancho,” said the knight, “ do not overlard your common discourse with that glut of proverbs which you mix in it continually ; for though proverbs are properly concise and pithy sentences, yet as thou bringest them in, in such a huddle, by the head and shoulders, thou makest

them look like so many absurdities.”—“Alas ! Sir,” quoth Sancho, “this is a disease that Heaven alone can cure ; for I have more proverbs than will fill a book ; and when I talk, they crowd so thick and fast to my mouth, that they quarrel which shall get out first ; so that my tongue is forced to let them out as fast, first come first served, though nothing to my purpose. But henceforwards I will set a watch on my mouth, and let none fly out, but such as shall befit the gravity of my place. For in a rich man’s house, the cloth is soon laid : Where there is plenty, the guests cannot be empty. A blot’s no blot till it is hit. He is safe who stands under the bells. You cannot eat your cake and have your cake : And store’s no sore.”

“Go on, go on, friend,” said Don Quixote, “thread, tack, stitch on, heap proverb upon proverb, out with them, man, spew them out ! there is nobody coming. My mother whips me, and I whip the gigg. I warn thee to forbear foisting in a rope of proverbs everywhere, and thou blunderest out a whole litany of old saws, as much to the purpose as the last year’s snow ! Observe me, Sancho, I condemn not the use of proverbs : but it is most certain, that such a confusion and hodge-podge of them, as thou throwest out and draggest in by the hair together, makes conversation fulsome and poor.

“When thou dost ride, cast not thy body all on the crupper, nor hold thy legs stiff down, and straddling from the horse’s belly ; nor yet so loose, as if thou wert still on Dapple ; for the air and grace-

fulness of sitting a horse distinguishes sometimes a gentleman from a groom. Sleep with moderation ; for he that rises not with the sun loses so much day. And remember this, Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good fortune : Sloth, on the contrary, never effected any thing that sprung from a good and reasonable desire.

“ The advice which I shall conclude with, I would have thee to be sure to fix in thy memory, though it relate not to the adorning of thy person ; for, I am persuaded, it will redound as much to thy advantage, as any I have yet given thee. And this it is :

“ Never undertake to dispute, nor decide any controversies concerning the pre-eminence of families ; since, in the comparison, one must be better than the other : for he that is lessened by thee will hate thee, and the other whom thou preferrest, will not think himself obliged to thee.

“ As for thy dress, wear close breeches and hose, a long coat, and a cloak a little longer. I do not advise thee to wear wide-knee'd breeches, or trunk-hose, for they become neither swordsmen, nor men of business.

“ This is all the advice, friend Sancho, I have to give thee at present. If thou takest care to let me hear from thee hereafter, I shall give thee more, according as thy occasions and emergencies require.”

“ Sir,” said Sancho, “ I see very well that all you have told me is mighty good, wholesome, and to the purpose : But what am I the better, if I cannot keep

it in my head ? I grant you, I shall not easily forget that about pairing my nails, and marrying again, if I should have the luck to bury my wife. But for all that other gallimaufry, and heap of stuff, I can no more remember one syllable of it, than the shapes of last year's clouds. Therefore let me have it in black and white, I beseech you. It is true, I can neither write nor read, but I will give it to my father-confessor, that he may beat and hammer it into my noddle, as occasion serves."—" O Heaven !" cried Don Quixote, " how scandalous it looks in a governor not to be able to write or read ! I must needs tell thee, Sancho, that for a man to be so illiterate, or to be left-handed, implies that either his parents were very poor and mean, or that he was of so perverse a nature, he could not receive the impressions of learning, nor any thing that is good. Poor soul, I pity thee ! this is indeed a very great defect. I would have thee at least learn to write thy name."—" Oh ! as for that," quoth Sancho, " I can do well enough : I can set my name ; for when I served several offices in our parish, I learned to scrawl a sort of letters, such as they mark bundles of stuff with, which they told me spelt my name. Besides, I can pretend my right hand is lame, and so another shall sign for me ; for there is a remedy for all things but death. And since I have the power, I will do what I list ; for, as the saying is, he whose father is judge, goes safe to his trial. And, as I am a governor, I hope I am somewhat higher than a judge. New lords, new laws. Ay, ay, let them come as they will, and play at bo-peep. Let them

backbite me to my face, I will bite-back the biters. Let them come for wool, and I will send them home shorn. Whom God loves, his house happy proves. The rich man's follies pass for wise sayings in this world. So I, being rich, do you see, and a governor, and too free-hearted into the bargain, as I intend to be, I shall have no faults at all. It is so, daub yourself with honey, and you will never want flies. What a man has, so much he is sure of, said my old grannam : And who shall hang the bell about the cat's neck ?”

“ Confound thee,” cried Don Quixote, “ for an eternal proverb-voidingswagbelly ! Threescorethousand Beelzebubs take thee, and thy damned nauseous rubbish ! Thou hast been this hour stringing them together, like so many ropes of onions, and poisoning and racking * me with them. I dare say, these wicked proverbs will one day bring thee to the gallows ; they will provoke thy islanders to pull thee down, or at least make them shun thee like a common nuisance. Tell me, thou essence of ignorance, where dost thou rake them up ? and who taught thy codshead to apply them ? For it makes me sweat, as if I were delving and threshing, to speak but one, and apply it properly.”

“ Uds precious ! my good master,” quoth Sancho,

* The original is, “ draughts of the rack.” It alludes to a particular kind of torture in Spain ; namely, a thin piece of gauze, moistened, and put to the lips of a person dying with thirst, who swallows it down by degrees, and then it is pulled up again by the end the executioner holds in his hand.

“ what a small matter puts you in a pelting case ! why the devil should you grudge me the use of my own goods and chattels ? I have no other estate. Proverbs on proverbs are all my stock. And now I have four ready to pop out, as pat to the purpose as pears to a panier ; * but mum for that. Now silence is my name.” †—“ No,” replied Don Quixote, “ rather paste-roast and sauce-box, I should call thee ; for thou art all tittle-tattle and obstinacy. Yet, methinks, I would fain hear these four notable proverbs that come so pat to the purpose. I thank heaven I have a pretty good memory, and yet I cannot for my soul call one to mind.”—“ Why, sir,” quoth Sancho, “ what proverbs would you have better than these ? Between two cheek-teeth never clap thy thumbs. And when a man says get out of my house ; what would you have with my wife ? there is no answer to be made. And again, whether the pitcher hit the stone, or the stone the pitcher, it is bad for the pitcher. All these fit to a hair, sir ; that is, let nobody meddle with his governor, or his betters, or he will rue for it, as sure as a gun ; as he must expect who runs his finger between two cheek-teeth, (and though they were not cheek-teeth, if they be but teeth, that is enough.) In the next

* Pears sent to Madrid, from Daroca, in March, when they are scarce, and made up nicely, to prevent bruizing.

† In the original, “ to keep silence well, is called Sancho.” The proverb is, “ to keep silence well is called (*santo*) holy :” But Sancho, out of archness or ignorance, changes *santo* to his own name Sancho.

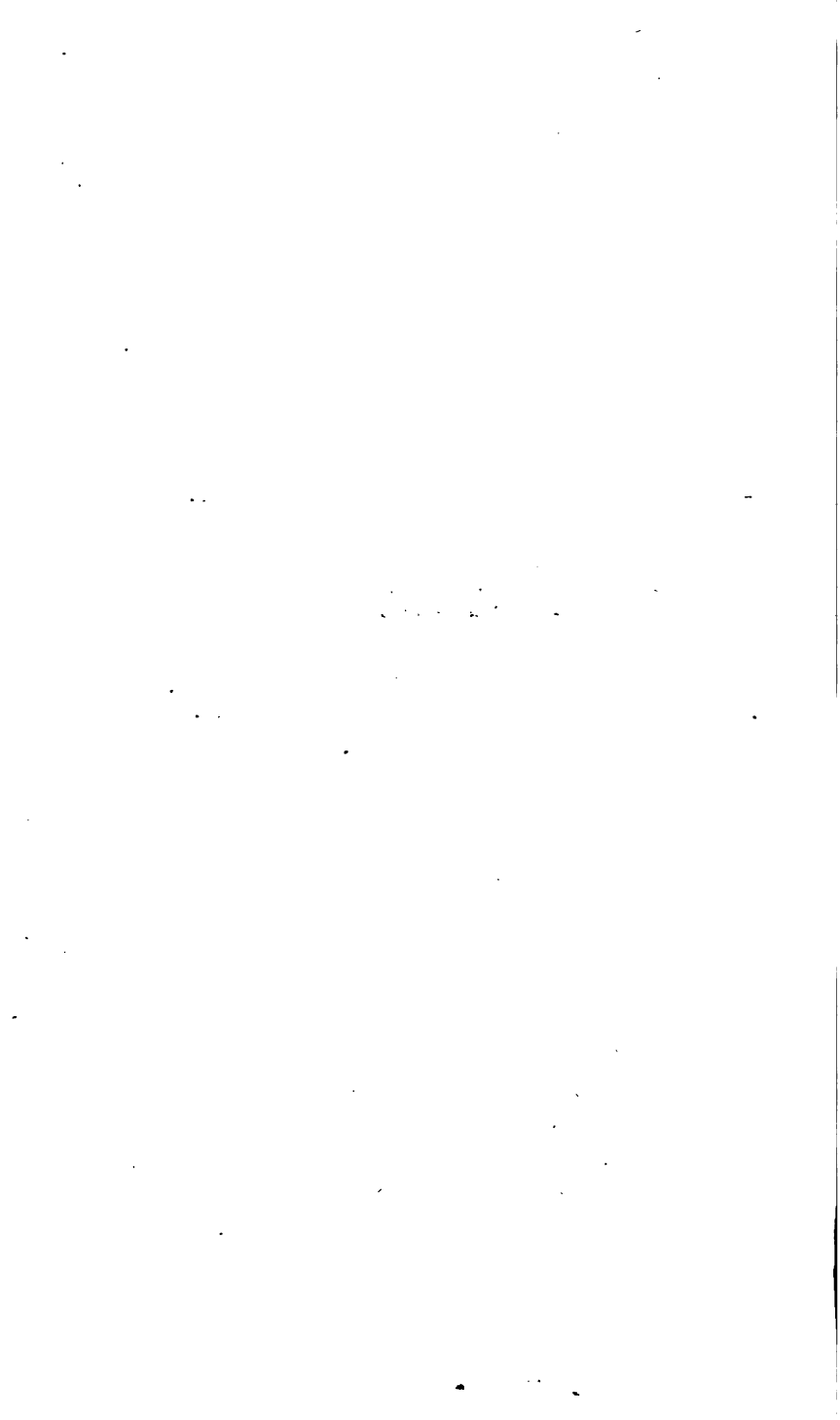
place, let the governor say what he will, there is no gainsaying him ; it is as much as when one says, get out of my house ; what would you with my wife ? and as for the stone and the pitcher, a blind man may see through it. And so he that sees a mote in another man's eye, should do well to take the beam out of his own ; that people may not say, The pot calls the kettle black a—se, and the dead woman is afraid of her that is flayed. Besides, your worship knows, that a fool knows more in his own house, than a wise body in another man's."—" That is a mistake, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, " for the fool knows nothing, neither in his own house, nor in another man's ; for no substantial knowledge can be erected on so bad a foundation as folly. But let us break off this discourse : If thou dost not discharge the part of a good governor, thine will be the fault, though the shame and discredit will be mine. However, this is my comfort, I have done my duty in giving thee the best and most wholesome advice I could : And so Heaven prosper and direct thee in thy government, and disappoint my fears for thy turning all things upside down in that poor island ; which I might indeed prevent, by giving the duke a more perfect insight into thee, and discovering to him, that all that gorbellied paunch-gutted little corpse of thine is nothing but a bundle of proverbs, and sackful of knavery."

" Look you, sir," quoth Sancho, " if you think me not fit for this government, I will think no more on it. Alas ! the least snip of my soul's nails (as a body may say) is dearer to me than my whole bo-

dy: And I hope I can live plain Sancho still, upon a luncheon of bread, and a clove of garlic, as contented as Governor Sancho upon capons and partridges. Death and sleep make us all alike, rich and poor, high and low. Do but call to mind what first put this whim of government into my noddle, you will find it was your own self; for, as for me, I know no more what belongs to islands and governors, than a blind buzzard. So if you fancy the devil will have me for being a governor, let me be plain Sancho still, and go to heaven, rather than my lord governor, and go to hell."

"These last words of thine, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "in my opinion, prove thee worthy to govern a thousand islands. Thou hast naturally a good disposition, without which all knowledge is insufficient. Recommend thyself to Divine Providence, and be sure never to depart from uprightness of intention; I mean, have still a firm purpose and design to be thoroughly informed in all the business that shall come before thee, and act upon just grounds, for Heaven always favours good desires. And so let us go to dinner, for I believe now the duke and duchess expect us."

NOTES.



NOTES

ON

DON QUIXOTE.

VOL. IV.

Note I. p. 8.

Thou new Don Manuel de Leon !—I have already had occasion to notice the adventure of Don Manuel Ponce de Leon with the Lion and the Glove. It is, however, to be held in remembrance, that the hint of Don Quixote's behaviour in this chapter was more probably taken from a passage in the history of his great exemplar, Amadis de Gaul. Perion, father of that hero, going a-hunting one day, was, we are informed, so fortunate as to meet "a lion in his path." His horse reared and snorted in such a manner, that Perion found it necessary to engage the king of the woods on foot. "Placing his shield on his arm, and grasping his spear, at the lion he went, and the lion, in like manner, at him, so soon as he was aware of him. They joined ; and the lion overthrew Perion, and was on the point of slaying him, when the king, not losing his great courage, smote him in the belly with the point of his sword, so making him to fall dead above his body !" — *Amad. C. 1.*

VOL. IV.

T

Note II. p. 9.

With nothing but a sword, and that none of the sharpest.—The original has it *con sola una espada y no de las de Perillo* : This *Perillo*, or little stone, was the mark by which Julian del Rey, a famous armouret of Toledo, (and also of Zaragoza,) was accustomed to authenticate the swords of his manufacture. One Palomares published, at Toledo, in 1762, a book containing the list of all the celebrated Toledo sword-makers, with engravings of their devices. From this work Dillon, Bôwles, and Pellicer, have copied freely. Bowles says, in his Introduction to Natural History, that the *Perillo* swords of Toledo and Zaragoza were all made of the steel produced from the mines of Mondragon, and adds, that the famous swords which Catharine of Arragon gave to Henry VIII. on his wedding-day were all “*de las de Perillo*.” The old Toledo blades had always some inscription : The most common may be translated, *Draw me not without reason—sheathe me not without honour*.

Note III. p. 12.

Henceforth call me the Knight of the Lions.—Don Quixote had indeed abundant authorities for this change of style ; for example, Amadis, his great prototype, was at different periods known as the *Lovely Obscure*, the *Knight of the Lions*, the *Knight of the Burning Sword*, the *Knight of the Dwarf*, &c.

Note IV. p. 13.

A noble figure makes the knight who, before the ladies, at some harmless tournament, comes prancing, &c.—The original has it *pasar la Tela*. The ancient *Tela* of Madrid was an open space of ground beyond the gate of Segovia. It still bears its old name ; but, even before the days of jousting were over, the *Prado* had usurped its rights as a place of fashionable resort.

Note V. p. 18.

He appeared in a pair of close breeches, &c.—It may be

worth while to compare this with the corresponding passage in Shelton, which I think much more faithful to the original.—“So, that now he had nothing on but his breeches, and a chaamois doublet all smudged with the filth of his armour : about his neck wore he a little scholastical band, (a la Estudiantil,) unstarched, and without lace ; his buskins were date-coloured, and his shoes close on each side.” Motteux has, “On his feet a pair of wax-leather shoes ;” but I imagine Shelton judged right in preferring the reading of *enceradas* to that of *enceradas*. In the sequel of the description, he preserves a true and picturesque circumstance, which Motteux loses, in “those dismal *black* curds that made his face so *white*,” The belt of wolves’ skin has its name of *Takali* from the Moors. It hangs over the shoulder, and was adopted by those who had the infirmity alluded to in the text, as being more easy than the belt round the waist, then in common use.

Note VI. p. 21.

He must be able to swim like a fish.—The proposition of Don Quixote is still more extravagant than this ; for the original says, *como dicen que nadaba el Peze Nicholas O Nicholas*. This is the person usually known by the name of *Pescicola*, whose exploits in swimming are celebrated in every biographical dictionary, although even Don Quixote seems to hesitate about vouching for their authenticity. The story is, that the man was a native of Sicily, (in the fifteenth century,) and had the power of living as well in the sea as on shore ; that he would make nothing of swimming from Messina to Naples, &c. &c. and was at last drowned in the pool of *Charibdis*, into which he was tempted to dive twice in the same day by the king. The first descent was more than sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of Nicholas concerning the horrors and wonders of the classical whirlpool ; but he could not withstand the chance of fishing up a golden cup tossed in by King Frederick—plunged after the glittering bait, and never rose again.

Note VII. p. 30.

All this was Greek, or Pedlar's French, to the countrymen.— Griego o Gerigonza.—The second of these words is said by Pellicer to be of oriental derivation, and used to denote the jargon of the gypsies in Spain. Bowles, on the other hand, seems to think *Griego* and *Gerigonza* are but different words for the same thing.

Note VIII. p. 31.

Morrice dances, with swords and belts, &c. The *danza de espaula* is described at length in Guzman d'Alfarache, and seems to have come near to the old military dance of Greece—still retained among the Ionian islanders.

“ You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
Of two such lessons why forget
The nobler and the manlier one ? ”

Don Juan.

The whole of the description of this rustic wedding is highly interesting as illustrative of Spanish manners. It is possible that the reader may not be displeased by seeing a translation of part of one of the ancient ballads, describing a much more ancient Spanish wedding—that of no less a person than the Cid himself. It might be curious to compare both with the description of the *infure* of one of the Lords Somervilles in the *Memorie* of that noble family, published at Edinburgh six or seven years since.

THE CID'S WEDDING.

1.

Within his hall of Burgos the king prepares the feast ;
He makes his preparation for many a noble guest.
It is a joyful city, it is a gallant day,
'Tis the Campeador's wedding, and who will bide away ?

2.

Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate,
Behind him comes Ruy Diaz, in all his bridal state ;
The crowd makes way before them as up the street they go,
For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.

3.

The king had taken order that they should rear an arch,
From house to house all over, in the way where they must march ;
They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

4.

They have scattered olive branches and rushes on the street,
And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet ;
With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,
To do his bridal honour, their walls the burghers screen.

5.

They lead the bulls before them all cover'd o'er with trappings ;
The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings ;
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes prancing,
Amidst troops of captive maidens with bells and cymbals dancing.

6.

With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter,
They fill the streets of Burgos—and the devil he comes after ;
For the king has hired the horned fiend for sixteen maravedis,
And there he goes, with hoofs for toes, to terrify the ladies.

7.

Then comes the bride Ximena—the king he holds her hand ;
And the queen, and, all in fur and pall, the nobles of the land.
All down the street the ears of wheat are round Ximena flying,
But the king lifts off her bosom sweet whatever there is lying.

8.

Quoth Suero, when he saw it, (his thought you understand,)
“ 'Tis a fine thing to be a King ; but Heaven make me a Hand.”
The king was very merry when he was told of this,
And swore the bride, ere eventide, must give the boy a kiss.

9.

The king went always talking, but she held down her head,
And seldom gave an answer to any thing he said.
It was better to be silent among such a crowd of folk,
Than utter words so meaningless as she did when she spoke.

Note IX. p. 35.

One is born at St Jago, another at Toledo.—Neither Motteux nor Shelton renders this passage correctly. The original is, "No pay para que obliger al Sayagues, a que pable como el Toledano." Pellicer says, that Sayago is the name of a certain small district in the territory of Zamora, the inhabitants of which are singularly rough both in apparel and in dialect. He adds, that ballads, &c. have been composed in the Sayaguese dialect by one Don Pedro Ortiz Sahagun.

Note X. p. 46.

All these rare parts of Camacho won't go to market.—Sancho, in the original, adds, "No, not though they were equal to those of Count Dirlos." The old ballad of this Paladin's adventures may be found in Mr Ridd's Collection. It is extremely flat and tedious, otherwise I should have attempted to translate it. The story is, that the Count of Yrlos is sent by Charlemagne into the east, where he conquers the territory of a great Moorish prince, Aliarde. On his return, he finds his wife betrothed to Celinos, another of the peers of Charlemagne, and his castle already in this young gentleman's possession. His lady, who had supposed him dead, is, on the whole, happy to see him; but he has a little more difficulty in recovering his lands and castles. At last, however, every obstacle is removed; and the ballad concludes with a grand banquet given by Charlemagne. Throughout, Dirlos, of course, figures as the very *beau-ideal* of valour, generosity, &c. whence Sancho's allusion to him.

Note XI. p. 48.

God bless the king and Camacho. "*El rey es mi Gallo, a Camacho mi tengo.*" Shelton's—"The king is my cock, to Camacho I hold me," is quite literal; but Motteux was probably no cock-fighter.

Note XII. p. 62.

One of the Seven Wise Masters.—This phrase is an interpolation, which, to the school-boys of the last age, could have required no comment. The famous history of the Seven Wise Masters is now, however, driven from the nursery, where it used formerly to lie by the side of the Pilgrim's Progress, ere it had entered into the imagination of missionaries and single ladies to employ their energies in the manufacture of children's books. I hope some modern Copland may ere long favour us with a reprint of this once popular work; and, in the meantime, transcribe a paragraph from Mr Dunlop's account of it.

"Of this romance the prototype is believed to have been the book of the Seven Counsellors, or Parables of Sandabar. This Sandabar is said, by an Arabian writer, to have been an Indian philosopher, who lived about an hundred years before the Christian era; but it has been disputed whether he was the author, or only the chief character, of the work, which was inscribed with his name. He might have been both a character and an author; but it would appear, from a note in a Hebrew imitation, preserved in the British Museum, that he was at all events a principal character; '*Sandabar iste erat princeps sapientum Brachmanorum Indiae, et magnam habet partem in tota hac historia.*' This Hebrew version is the oldest form in which the work is now extant. It was translated into that language, as we are informed in a Latin note on the manuscript, by Rabbi Joel, from the original Indian, through the medium of the Arabic or Persian.

"In point of antiquity, the second version of the parables, is that which appeared in Greek, under the title of Syntipas, of which many MSS. are still extant. Some of these profess to be translated from the Persian, and others from the Syriac language, so that the real original of the Greek translation cannot be precisely ascertained.

"The next appearance was in Latin, a work which is only known through the French metrical version of it, entitled *Dolopatos*. This was the first modern shape it assumed, after

having passed through all the ancient languages. Dolopatos was brought to light by Fauchet, who, in his account of the early French poets, ascribes it to Hebers, or Herbers, an ecclesiastic who lived during the reign of Lewis IX., as he informs us that it was written for the instruction of that monarch's son, Philip, afterwards called Philip the Hardy. Of this version there is a MS. copy in the national library at Paris.

"In the same library there is preserved another French MS., by an anonymous author, which was written soon after that of Hebers, but differs from it essentially, both in the frame and in the stories introduced. This work gave rise to many subsequent imitations in French prose, and to the English metrical romance, entitled the Process of the Seven Sages, which is preserved among the MSS. of the Cotton library, and of which an account has been given by Mr Ellis, who supposes it to have been written about the year 1330.

"Not long after the invention of printing, the Latin *Historia Septem Sapientum*, a different version from that on which the Dolopatos of Hebers is founded, was printed at Cologne, and translations of it soon appeared in almost all the languages of Europe. It was published in English prose, under the title of the Seven Wise Masters, about the middle of the 16th century, and in Scotch metre by John Rolland, of Dalkeith, about the same period.

"The last European translation belongs to the Italians, and was first printed at Mantua, in 1546, under the title of *Erastus*. It is very different from the Greek original, and was translated, with the alterations it had received, into French, under the title *Histoire Pitoyable du Prince Erastus*, 1565, and the *History of Prince Erastus*, &c., was also printed in English in 1674.

"This romance, through most of its transmigrations, exhibits the story of a king who places his son under the charge of one or more philosophers. After the period of tuition is completed, the wise men, when about to re-conduct their pupil to his father, discover by their skill, that his life will be endangered, unless he preserve a strict silence for a certain time. The prince being cautioned on this subject, the mo-

narch is enraged at the obstinate taciturnity of his son. At length, one of his queens undertakes to discover the cause of this silence ; but, during an interview with the prince, seizes the opportunity of attempting to seduce him to her embraces. Forgetting the injunctions of his preceptors, the youth reproaches her for her conduct, but then becomes mute as before. She, in revenge, accuses him to her husband of the offence of which she had herself been guilty. The king resolves on the execution of his son, but the philosophers endeavour to dissuade him from this rash act, by each relating one or more stories, illustrative of the risks of inconsiderate punishment, which are answered by an equal number on the part of her majesty.

“ Such is the outline of the frame, but the stories are often different in the versions. Indeed, there is but one tale in the modern *Erastus*, which occurs in the Greek *Syntipas*. The characters, too, in the frames, are always different ; thus, in the Greek version, Cyrus is the king, and *Syntipas* the tutor. In *Dolopatos*, a Sicilian monarch of that name is the king ; the young prince is called *Lucinien*, and *Virgil* is the philosopher to whose care he is entrusted. *Vespasian*, son of *Mathusalem*, is the emperor in the coeval French version, and the wise men are *Cato*, *Jesse*, *Lentulus*, &c. The author of the English metrical romance has substituted *Diocletian* as the emperor, and *Florentin* as the son. *Diocletian* is preserved in the Italian copies, but the prince’s name is changed into *Erastus*. In some of the eastern versions, the days, in place of seven, have been multiplied into forty ; and in this form the story of the *Wise Masters* became the origin of the *Turkish Tales*, published in France, under the title of *L’Histoire de la Sultane de Perse et des quarante Visirs*.

“ Few works are more interesting and curious than the *Seven Wise Masters*, in illustrating the genealogy of fiction, or its rapid and almost unaccountable transition from one country to another. The leading incident of a disappointed woman, accusing the object of her passion of attempting the crime she had herself meditated, is as old as the story of Jo-

soph, and may thence be traced through the fables of mythology to the Italian novelists," &c.

Mr Ellis has given an abridgement of a metrical romance on the same story extant in the Auchinleck MSS. See his *Metrical Romances*, vol. III. p. 23.

Note XIII. p. 64.

Ovid burlesqued.—We have already noticed the Giralda of Seville. The Bulls of Guisando are five great statues of extreme antiquity, said to mark the scene of one of Julius Cæsar's victories over the younger Pompey. The other proper names in this sentence are those of various fountains, chiefly in the city of Madrid.

Note XIV. p. 64.

A Supplement to Polydore Virgil.—Polydore Virgil was born at Urbino, and came into England in the suite of Cardinal Cornete, the Pope's legate. Henry VIII. gave him the archdeaconry of Wells; but he was obliged to quit England, in consequence of some difference with Cardinal Wolsey. He died in Italy in 1555. Besides his History of England, he wrote a Treatise of Prodigies, which was very celebrated in its time, and the book alluded to in the text, *De Juventoribus Rerum*; for further information, I refer the reader to Bayle.

Note XV. p. 68.

Our Lady of the Rock of France.—This was a miraculous image of the Virgin, which was found by the way-side between Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo, so lately as the year 1409. A convent of Dominicans was erected on the favoured spot of the discovery. See *Mariana*, l. xix. c. 19.

Note XVI. p. 70.

O ill-fated Montesinos! O Durandarte, unfortunately wounded! O unhappy Belerma! O deplorable Guadiana!—This adventure of the cave of Montesinos is justly esteemed one of the most exquisite of all the inventions of Cervantes. The English reader, nevertheless, would probably feel but little

interest in the great mass of documents collected by the Spanish commentators for the purpose of illustrating it. It may be quite sufficient to observe, that the singular appearances of nature in the region where the river Guadiana takes its rise, had, even so early as the time of the Roman conquests, been connected in the imagination of the inhabitants with many wild and wonderful superstitions. The dreams of which Pliny takes notice, had, in the course of the middle ages, been gradually supplanted by those of which Cervantes so happily avails himself.

The apocryphal story of Montesinos is narrated at great length in Turpin, and in one of the most tedious of all the Spanish ballads. This knight having received some cause of offence at the French court, is said to have retired into Spain, where, from his fondness for wild and mountainous scenery, he acquired, it seems, the name by which he afterwards became so celebrated. His name is still borne by a very deep cave, situated close to the Castle of Rochafrida, which he is supposed to have inhabited. In the recesses of this cave, there is a great deal of water, whence the notion of its being the origin of the river Guadiana, and of that river having been called after an esquire of Montesinos. The *seven lakes of Ruydera* compose, in reality, part of a chain of small lakes, in number eleven, the outlet of which is the river Guadiana. The flatness of the country, where that river flows, yet feeble and narrow—the sandy character of the soil—and the luxuriant growth of rushes and other plants, had altogether been sufficient to establish a popular belief, that the Guadiana (as Pliny expresses it, *sæpe nasci gaudens*) becomes here and there a subterraneous stream. The manner in which Cervantes has contrived to mould and blend to his own purpose all these marvels of nature and superstition, can never be regarded with too great admiration.

A few verses of the ballad of Montesinos and Belerma have, through the following translation of Mr Lewis, become sufficiently familiar to the English reader. I believe he found these verses printed by themselves in a collection in Mr He-

ber's possession. The whole ballad is translated by Rodd, (vol. II.) but in a style very inferior.

DURANDARTE AND BELERMA.

Sad and fearful is the story
Of the Roncevalles fight ;
On those fatal plains of glory
Perish'd many a gallant knight.

There fell Durandarte : never
Verse a nobler chieftain named :
He, before his lips for ever
Closed in silence, thus exclaim'd :

“ Oh, Belerma ! Oh, my dear one,
For my pain and pleasure born !
Seven long years I served thee, fair-one,
Seven long years my fee was scorn.

“ And when now thy heart, replying
To my wishes, burns like mine,
Cruel fate, my bliss denying,
Bids me every hope resign.

“ Ah ! though young I fall, believe me,
Death would never claim a sigh ;
'Tis to lose thee, 'tis to leave thee,
Makes me think it hard to die !

“ Oh ! my cousin Montesinos,
By that friendship firm and dear
Which from youth has lived between us,
Now my last petition hear :

“ When my soul, these limbs forsaking,
Eager seeks a purer air,
From my breast the cold heart taking,
Give it to Belerma's care.

" Say, I of my lands possessor
Named her with my dying breath :
Say, my lips I oped to bless her,
Ere they closed for aye in death :

" Twice a-week, too, how sincerely
I adored her, cousin, say :
Twice a-week, for one who dearly
Loved her, cousin, bid her pray.

" Montesinos, now the hour
Mark'd by fate is near at hand :
Lo ! my arm has lost its power !
Lo ! I drop my trusty brand.

" Eyes, which forth beheld me going,
Homewards ne'er shall see me hie :
Cousin, stop those tears o'erflowing,
Let me on thy bosom die.

" Thy kind hand my eye-lids closing,
Yet one favour I implore :
Pray thou for my soul's reposing,
When my heart shall throb no more.

" So shall Jesus, still attending
Gracious to a Christian's vow,
Pleased accept my ghost ascending,
And a seat in heaven allow."

Thus spoke gallant Durandarte ;
Soon his brave heart broke in twain ;
Greatly joy'd the Moorish party,
That the gallant knight was slain.

Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Took from him his helm and glaive ;
Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Dug his gallant cousin's grave.

To perform his promise made, he
 Out the heart from out the breast,
 That Belerma, wretched lady !
 Might receive the last bequest.

Sad was Montecaino's heart, he
 Felt distress his bosom rend;
 " Oh ! my cousin Durandarte,
 Woe is me to view thy end !

" Sweet in manners, fair in favour,
 Mild in temper, fierce in fight,
 Warrior nobler, gentler, braver,
 Never shall behold the light.

" Cousin, lo ! my tears bedew thee !
 How shall I thy loss survive ?
 Durandarte, he who slew thee,
 Wherefore left he me alive ?"

Note XVII. p. 74.

Merlin, that British magician, who they say was the son of the devil.—I shall merely extract a few paragraphs from the beginning of Mr Ellis's account of the ancient English translation of the romance of Merlin ; referring the reader to his work and Mr Dunlop's, for all manner of information concerning the history of this Prince of Enchanters.

" The greater part of the angels who rebelled under the command of Lucifer, lost through that act their former power and beauty, and became '*fiendes black*;' but some, instead of falling into '*Hell-pit*,' had remained in mid-air, where they still possess the faculty of assuming any shape which may tend to promote their wicked purpose of tempting and perverting mankind. They had been, as we may easily believe, much disconcerted by the miraculous birth of our Saviour ; but they hoped to counteract its salutary purposes by engendering, with some virgin, a semi-dæmon, whose preternatural power should be constantly employed in the dissemination of

wickedness. There was at that time in England a rich man, blessed with an affectionate wife, a dutiful son, and three chaste and beautiful daughters. The happiness of this family was become proverbial among their neighbours ; but the fiend having discovered, in the wife, an irritability of temper, which had hitherto escaped the notice of her husband and children, he applied himself to encourage this infirmity ; and with such success, that the good lady, having been betrayed into a trifling dispute with her son, suddenly burst into transports of rage ; imprecated the most horrid curses on his head ; and finally consigned him, with all possible solemnity, to the devil. The fiend lost no time in seizing his newly-acquired property, but strangled the young man in his sleep. The mother, stung with remorse, instantly hung herself ; and her husband, overpowered by this sudden calamity, died of grief, without confession or absolution. Among the spectators of this tragedy was a neighbouring hermit, the holy Blaise, who, on considering all the circumstances of the case, plainly discovered that it was owing to the intervention of the fiend. Feeling a fatherly affection for the three orphan sisters, he exhorted them to scrutinize severely all the thoughts and actions of their past life ; received their confessions ; imposed on each a proper penance ; gave them his holy absolution ; and then retired to his cell, in the confidence of having secured them against future temptation. Before we proceed with our story, it will be proper to mention a singular law of this country.

“ In all England, *tho*,* was usage,
 Gif any woman did outrage,
 (But gif it were in spousing)
 And any man, old or ying,
 Might it *wite*† of that country,
 All *quick*‡ *heo* § should *dolven* || be.”

* Then. † Know. ‡ Alive. § She. | Buried.

“On this sanguinary law the devil founded his plan for the destruction of the two elder sisters. He repaired, in a proper disguise, to an old woman, with whose avarice and cunning he was well acquainted ; and engaged her, by promises of the most extravagant reward, to attempt the seduction of the eldest sister, whom he was prevented from assailing in person by the precautions of the holy hermit. The old hag readily undertook the commission. To her solicitations the young lady unfortunately neglected to make any objection, except the danger of a discovery ; which being quickly over-ruled, she yielded to temptation, was betrayed, condemned, and buried alive. The next sister opposed still less resistance to the artifices of the fiend ; but escaped the penalty of the law by readily submitting to indiscriminate prostitution. It is evident, that the holy Blaise had been too negligent of his charge ; but his whole attention was roused by the arrival of the younger sister, who, falling at his feet, and reminding him of the sad fate of her father, mother, and brother, proceeded to relate the public punishment of one sister, and the public disgrace of the other. Blaise was filled with compassion ; he felt also that his character was staked, and that he was now fairly at issue with the fiend for the soul of this maiden. He therefore took every possible precaution ; enjoined her strict observance of his directions with unusual solemnity ; displayed the dangers attendant on the seven deadly sins ; and particularly warned her against the most formidable of all, the sin of incontinence. Armed with these instructions, the maid returned home ; watched and prayed with great regularity ; and, under the protection of the holy sign, which effectually guarded the doors and windows, escaped for some time the artifices of the tempter. But at length her security betrayed her. The solicitations of some neighbours drew her to the *ale* ;* her stay was insensibly protracted ; the treacherous liquor produced intoxication ; and in this state she was assaulted by

* Ale-house.

her wicked sister, who, attended by a troop of loose women, proceeded to insult, and even to strike her. The abuse was re-echoed ; the blow returned ; and a general conflict ensued, from which she at length escaped into her house, which she carefully barred and secured ; but, in her agitation, forgot to say her prayers, or to make the sign of a cross ; and, throwing herself on her bed, resigned herself to sleep. The fiend, no longer stopped by the formidable barrier which had hitherto excluded him, easily insinuated himself into the room, assumed a human shape, completed his long-intended purpose, and retired.

“ On the following morning his unfortunate victim hastened to her confessor ; related, with much contrition, the disgraceful quarrel in which she had been engaged ; deplored her neglect of his instructions ; and finally communicated to him some reasons for suspecting that this neglect had been productive of consequences which might lead, on their discovery, to her disgrace and punishment. The good hermit listened to her narrative with great attention ; deeply lamented her carelessness, and the watchful activity of the fiend ; gave her his benediction, and dismissed her with the promise, that he would employ all the means in his power to preserve her from the fate by which she was threatened. From this moment her hours were solely occupied by penitence and devotion ; but her pregnancy becoming manifest, she was at length seized and carried before the justice. Her protestations of innocence were, of course, disbelieved ; a jury of matrons, solemnly convened on the occasion, declared, on their own knowledge, that her asseverations were perfectly incompatible with the symptoms she discovered ; and the justice was proceeding to pass sentence, when Blaise interposed, and petitioned for a delay of her punishment. He observed, that, whatever might be the guilt of the mother, her child was assuredly innocent, and consequently that her death must be deferred till after her delivery ; that the story told by the supposed culprit was indeed very wonderful ; but that he, to whom it had been solemnly revealed in confession, believed it to be true ; that

some mystery was concealed under it which time would probably manifest ; and therefore he advised that a respite of two years should be allowed, during which the woman should be strictly confined, in the hopes of discovering the truth of her narrative. The justice yielded to this advice, and ordered her to be carefully guarded, with no companion but a midwife, in the upper room of a lofty tower, in which they received a daily supply of provisions, by means of a long rope and basket. In due time the girl was delivered of a son, whose fine features and well-formed limbs excited the admiration of the midwife, though his diabolical origin was evinced by a complete covering of black hair, which she could not touch without shuddering. The pious Blaise, who had exactly calculated the time of the little dæmon's birth, was in waiting at the foot of the tower, and, being informed of the event, ordered the infant to be lowered in the basket ; bore him away in triumph to the sacred font ; baptized him by the name of Merlin ; and thus disappointed for ever the hopes of the fiends, at the very moment of their expected completion. The good man then returned with his infernal proselyte, and restored him by means of the basket to the midwife, who, carrying him to the fire, and surveying his rough hide with horror and astonishment, could not refrain from reproaching him for his unreasonable choice of a mother, who had never taken the usual means to have a child.

" Alas," she said, " art thou Merlin ?
Whether * art thou ? and of what kin ?
 Who was thy father, by night or day,
 That no man wite he may ?
 It is great ruth, thou foul thing,
 That for thy love (by Heaven's King !)
 Thy mother shall be slain with woe !
 Alas that stound† it shall fall so !
 I would thou were far in the sea,
 With that thy mother might escape free !"

* Whence.

† Time.

When that he heard her speak so,
 He *brayed** up his eyes two,
 And *lodly*† on her gan look,
 And his head on her he shook,
 And gan to cry with loud din ;
 “ Thou lyest !” he said, “ old quean !
 My mother shall no man *quell*,‡
 For no thing that man may tell,
 While that I may stand or go !
 Maugrè hem every one
 I shall save her life for this.
 That thou shalt hear and see, ywis.”

“ Both the mother and the midwife were very near dying of fright, while they listened to these encouraging assurances. They crossed themselves, and, at length resuming courage, conjured him, in the name of God and the Virgin, and of as many saints as they were able to recollect, that he would declare who he was, and what misadventure had brought him thither ; but Merlin, who was not naturally loquacious, only smiled at their questions, and abstained from gratifying their curiosity. In this silence he obstinately persevered during six months, when the lamentations of his mother extorted from him a second promise of his protection ; by which she was so far satisfied as to wait with some degree of confidence the final decision of the justice. The two years being expired, she appeared in court with her child in her arms ; listened in silence to the interrogatories which she had formerly answered, and even abstained from protesting against the sentence which condemned her to be buried alive. But her infant, to the great surprise of all present, undertook her defence, alleging that her pregnancy was the result of a *chance*, which neither man nor woman could prevent. Such an argument was certainly not convincing ; and the justice, happening to feel offended by the premature eloquence of the young advocate, only replied by confirming the sentence, and ordering the cul-

* Raised suddenly—with a start. *Sar.* † Loathingly. ‡ Kill.

prit to instant execution. But Merlin was not dismayed. He proceeded to tell that he was the son of a devil of great power, though fortunately rescued by an expeditious baptism from the vicious disposition of his paternal relations ; that he could prove his preternatural descent by revealing all things past, present, or future ; and that the justice was in this respect very much his inferior, as he did not even know the name of his own father. The justice, not much conciliated by this speech, answered,

“Thou liest, thou black coniuon !
My father was a good baroun,
And my mother a levedy free :
Yet alive thou may her see.”

“Merlin calmly desired that the lady might be summoned ; and, on her appearance in court, being urged to state his accusation, requested that they might be confronted in private, because such a subject was not fit for public discussion. The justice, a good deal surprised at his discretion, readily consented.

“Merlin,” he said, “now pray I thee,
What was the man that begat me ?”
“Sir,” he said, “by St Simoun !
It was the parson of this town.
He begat thee, by St Jame !
Upon this woman that is thy dame.”
The levedy said, “Thou foul thing,
Thou hast *lowen a stark lering* !”
His father was a noble baroun,
And holden a man of great renown ;
And thou a mis-begotten wretch !
I pray to God the de’el the fetch !
In wild fire thou shouldst be *brent*,†
For with wrong thou hast me *shent* !”‡

* Lied a strong lie.

† Burnt.

‡ Ruined.

"Merlin quietly answered, that, as her memory seemed rather defective, he would willingly assist it by relating a few circumstances of her past life. He put her in mind of a certain journey to Carduel, from whence the baron returned rather unexpectedly in the night, &c. The justice, to whom this recital, though perfectly new, did not appear at all amusing, impatiently expected from his mother a refutation of the charge; but the lady was satisfied to purchase Merlin's silence by a candid confession. She was therefore dismissed with a severe reprimand; after which Merlin informed the justice that she was gone to the parson, who, becoming desperate at this disclosure of his sins, would immediately fly to the next bridge, and drown himself in the river. The completion of this prophecy inspired the justice with great respect for the prophet, whose mother was instantly set at liberty," &c. &c.

Cervantes, in the introduction of Merlin in the text, most probably had in view the famous prophecy delivered to Bradamante, in the second canto of the *Orlando Furioso*.

Note XVIII. p. 83.

Had I all the treasures which Cræsus possessed.—The original is *guisiera ser FUCAR para remediarlos*. The wealth of that great family of German merchants, the *Fuggers*, was proverbial in almost every country of Europe. In Guzman D'Alfarache, we find a story which begins with these words: "I am neither an Indian merchant, nor yet a Fugger, but a poor boy like yourself." And in the old English dramatists, "rich as a Fugger," occurs perpetually. Like the Medici, this great mercantile family were all along distinguished for their liberality, and the more than princely patronage they extended to the literati and artists of their time. See the long and interesting article *Henri Fugger* in Bayle's Dictionary.

Charles V., after long experience of the resources and liberality of the Fuggers, in the conduct of his government in Germany, introduced some of the family to Spain, created them nobles in that kingdom, and entrusted to their manage-

ment almost the whole of the Spanish finances. One of the finest of the old streets in Madrid still bears their name, and contains the relics of their magnificent palace. Among other lucrative offices held by them in Spain, was that of *Superintendent of the Mines of Guadalcanal, Auditor of the Four Military Orders, &c. &c.*

Don Lewis Zapata tells a curious story of one Juan Xeldir, (so the Spanish author spells the name, but in all probability the man was a German, and his name *Helder*,) a deputy of the Fuggers, in the management of some of the Spanish mines—which Le Sage has appropriated to his own use, and made familiar to all the world in *Gil Blas*. The man, it seems, had just received and brought home a large sum of money, which he was about to transmit immediately to Madrid. A cunning robber in the neighbourhood disguised himself, and part of his company, in the dress of servants of the Inquisition, entered the house at midnight, told Helder (who, if he were a German, might probably enough lie under some suspicion of heterodoxy,) that he was a prisoner of the Holy Office—proceeded to rifle the whole of his house in the most leisurely and deliberate manner, taking an inventory of all they seized—and, finally, locked up the poor deputy in one of his own chambers, where he remained in fear and trembling till long after they, the banditti, had conveyed themselves, and the spoil of the Fuggers, into a place of safety. See Pellicet, who gives the story at length from the MS. of Zapata, preserved in the Royal Library at Madrid.

NOTE XIX. p. 83.

Prince Pedro of Portugal.—There is an old Portuguese history of this royal traveller, bearing the formidable title of “*História do Infante Dom Pedro de Portugal—QUE ANDOU AS SIETE PARTES DO MUNDO.*” It was translated into Spanish in 1595.

Note XX. p. 86.

The antiquity of card-playing.—I refer the reader, who may wish thoroughly to understand this subject, to Mr Singer's ingenious and interesting History of Cards, published a few years ago. The result of his inquiries seems to be, that cards are originally an Indian diversion; that they were brought by the Moors into Spain—and spread from thence into the other countries of Europe. From the text, it is apparent, that, in the opinion of Cervantes at least, card-playing was unknown in Europe at the period of the battle of Roncesvalles.

Note XXI. p. 86.

Few hermits in this age are without hens, said Don Quixote.—It is not difficult to understand that the persons who professed to lead the lives of holy hermits in Spain, at the beginning of the 17th century, were, for the most part, very indifferent representatives of the simple anchorets of the primitive ages of Christianity. But it may perhaps be quite new to the English reader, to know, that about that period the Spanish hermits were very much suspected of being, principally, neither more nor less than—GYPSIES. The various companies of that strange race, who wandered, pilfered, and robbed among the wilds of Castile and Arragon, seem to have appreciated the advantages of having a secure place, both of deposit for their booty, and of occasional retreat for themselves. The gang of gypsies was, therefore, not unfrequently provided with its Hermit—who, of course, played the same sort of part attributed to Friar Tuck, in the history of Robin Hood. For this fact, Pellicer quotes the *Vida de S. Ginez de la Kara*, p. 75.—Hermitages are still (or, at least, were till very lately) very common appendages of the Spanish monasteries. In particular, the great establishment of Montserrat, near Barcelona, gives (or gave) shelter to about fifty such retirements, scattered over the mountain on which that monastery is built.

Shelton translates the passage more literally. "*Besides the Hermitage, he hath a little house which he hath built at his own charge ; yet though it be little, it is fit to receive guests.*" p. 180.

Note XXII. p. 91.

Such as I served only buy liveries for a little ostentation ; so when they have made their appearance at court, they sneak down to the country, and then the poor servants are stripped.—Pellicer, in his note on this passage, quotes from Doctor Suarez de Figueroa, a more solemn rebuke of this custom of the poor Spanish gentry. He then goes on to state, that, in his own time, the fashion had been much extended. Figueroa condemned the custom, as "never practised by great signiors, but proper only to ruined spendthrifts, impostors," &c.—"This was so in those days," says Pellicer, "but things are changed so much, that the taking of liveries from servants is now quite general, especially from those of the back stairs."

Note XXIII. p. 92.

Neither are they (old soldiers) to be used as some men do their Negro slaves, who, when they are old and useless, are turned out of doors on pretence of freedom.—Old Shelton every now and then inserts (in parenthesis) some severe sarcasm against the people, whose favourite book he is translating. His comment on this passage is brief enough, viz. [*"he describeth the right subtle and cruel nature of his own damned countrymen."*] p. 181, Shelton's Translation.

Note XXIV. p. 92.

Julius Cæsar was asked what kind of death he esteemed the best.—The passage referred to is the following in Suetonius : "*Illud plane inter omnes fere constitit talem Julio Cæsari mortem pæne ex sententiâ contigisse ; nam et quondam cum apud Xenophontem legisset Cyrum ultima valetudine mandasse quædam de funere quo, aspernatus tam lentum mortis genus, subitam sibi celeremque optaverat, et pridie quam occi-*

deretur in sermone nato super cœnam apud M. Lepidum, *quisnam esset vitæ finis commodissimus, repentinum inopinatumque prætulcrat.*"—SÆT. l. 1. c. 87.

Note XXV. p. 99.

The puppet show of Melisendra and Guyferos.—The story of Gayfer de Bourdeaux, which affords the ground-work for this inimitable scene, is to be found at great length both in the romantic chronicle of Charlemagne, and in the Spanish Cancioneros. On the ballads, Master Peter appears principally to have relied—as in them may be found the *ipsissima verba*, which he attributes to the different personages of his drama. The story is sufficiently intelligible from the text itself.

Note XXVI. p. 107.

Gentlemen, mark that personage that peeps out there with a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand. It is the Emperor Charlemagne, who comes to chide his son-in-law, &c.—The "chiding" which Guyferos on this occasion received from his imperial father-in-law, is thus given in one of the ballads, (the whole of which, however, I do not believe, can be ancient.)—After describing the position of Guyferos at the draught-table, the emperor is introduced, and speaks as follows:—

GUYFEROS.

1.

Hear me, Signor Don Guyferos,
Hear what, as a friend, I say;
As a friend I give you counsel,
And I'll give the best I may.

2.

Lift your eyes from off the table—
Sure you have no cause of fear;
What I say, a friend shall speak it,
And I hope a friend shall hear.

3.

Melisendra pines a captive,
Far in Sansuena's tower ;
While with you in merry Paria,
Gaily fleets the faithless hour.

4.

You may laugh to scorn my warning,
Trusting in her royal strain—
But we've seen as noble sinners,
And may see them yet again.

5.

True she is King Charles's daughter—
But she's Woman, nephew mine—
Older in her sex *the Frail* is
Than *the Royal* in her line.

6.

If the Will be weak and totter,
Old respect must soon give way ;
What are blood and lofty lineage,
What, if pulses beat, are they ?

7.

Gallant Moors attend upon her,
Courtly men, though dark their faces—
And, though Christians alight them, Moors may
Doat on Melisendra's graces.

8.

Different are the creeds we swear by,
But in breast of knight and dame,
Be they Saracen or Christian,
Flows not Adam's blood the same ?

9.

From the feeble sand of fancy,
Wave the print of wave erases ;
Women are but lovely mirrors,
That reflect whoever gazes.

Note XXVII. p. 110.

Look now, how they turn their backs, and gallop it merrily towards Paris!—The release of Melisendra from the tower of San Suená (or Zaragoza,) is thus described in another of these ballads. There is a third, descriptive of the combats and perils which ensued; but I believe the reader has had enough of them.

MELISENDRA.

1.

At Sansuená, in the tower, fair Melisendra lies,
Her heart is far away in France, and tears are in her eyes;
The twilight shade is thickening laid on Sansuená's plain,
Yet wistfully the lady her weary eyes doth strain.

2.

She gazes from the dungeon strong, forth on the road to Paris,
Weeping, and wondering why so long her Lord Guyferos tarries,
When lo! a knight appears in view—a knight of Christian men,
Upon a milk-white charger he rides the elms between.

3.

She from her window reaches forth her hand a sign to make,
“O, if you be a knight of worth, draw near for mercy's sake;
For mercy and sweet charity draw near, Sir Knight, to me,
And tell me if ye ride to France, or whither bowne ye be.

4.

“O, if ye be a Christian knight, and if to France you go,
I pr'ythee tell Guyferos that you have seen my woe;
That you have seen me weeping, here in the Moorish tower,
While he is gay by night and day in hall and lady's bower.

5.

“Seven summers have I waited, seven winters long are spent,
Yet word of comfort none he speaks, nor token hath he sent;
And if he is weary of my love, and would have me wed a stranger,
Still say his love is true to him—nor time nor wrong can change her.”

6.

The knight on stirrup rising, bids her wipe her tears away,—
 “ My love, no time for weeping, no peril save delay—
 Come, holdly spring, and lightly leap—no listening Moor is
 near us,
 And by dawn of day we’ll be far away”—so spake the Knight Guy-
 feros.

7.

She hath made the sign of the Cross divine, and an Ave she hath
 said,
 And she dares the leap both wide and deep—that damsel without
 dread ;
 And he hath kiss’d her pale pale cheek, and lifted her behind,
 St Denis speed the milk-white steed—no Moor their path shall find.

Note XXVIII. p. 113.

*Why should I live and be so unhappy, as to say with Rodrigo,
 Yesterday I was the King of Spain, &c.*—Master Peter quotes,
 on this occasion, a verse out of one of the innumerable bal-
 lads concerning King Roderick. It may be translated as
 follows :—

RODRIGO'S LAMENTATION.

1.

The hosts of Don Rodrigo were scatter’d in dismay,
 When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they ;—
 He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
 He turn’d him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

2.

His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame—he could no farther go ;
 Dismounted, without path or aim, the king stepp’d to and fro ;
 It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,
 For, sore athirst and hungry, he stagger’d faint and sick.

3.

All stain'd and strew'd with dust and blood, like to some smouldering brand

Pluck'd from the flame Rodrigo shew'd :—his sword was in his hand,
But it was hack'd into a saw of dark and purple tint ;
His jewell'd mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

4.

He climb'd unto a hill top, the highest he could see,
Thence all about of that wide route his last long look took he ;
He saw his royal banners, where they lay drench'd and torn,
He heard the cry of victory, the Arab's shout of scorn.

5.

He look'd for the brave captains that had led the hosts of Spain,
But all were fled except the dead, and who could count the slain !
Where'er his eye could wander, all bloody was the plain,
And while thus he said, the tears he shed run down his cheeks like rain :—

6.

“ Last night I was the King of Spain—to-day no king am I ;
Last night fair castles held my train, to-night where shall I lie ?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee ;
To-night not one I call mine own :—not one pertains to me.

7.

“ O luckless, luckless was the hour, and cursed was the day,
When I was born to have the power of this great signiory !
Unhappy me, that I should see the sun go down to-night !
O death, why now so slow art thou, why fearest thou to smite ?”—

Note XXIX. p. 124.

It must be owned that Don Diego de Ordonez de Lara, was somewhat unreasonable in his defiance, and strained the point too far ; for it was very little to the purpose to defy the dead, the waters, &c.—I have had already more than once had occasion to make mention of the treason of Vellido Dolfos, and the

death of King Sancho beneath the walls of Zamora. The allusion in the text is to the curse which Don Diego de Ordoñez de Lara, a near kinsman of the murdered monarch, is said to have uttered against the city of Zamora, immediately after the treason was discovered. The story is told at length in the Chronicle of the Cid, and also in one of the ballads, of which I shall translate as much as is necessary.

ORDOÑEZ.

Diego de Ordoñez hath arr'd him cap-a-pee,
And mounting his black charger, forth from the camp rides he ;
From out the camp he gallops, and through among the trees,
For he hath sworn to blow his horn, and curse the Zamorese.

And forth upon the green he went, where the old oaks come down
Upon the fosse and battlement of the rebellious town ;
Thence loud and long he shouted—" False city, hear my cry,
I curse thee, sinful Zamora, I curse, and I defy.

" I curse thy dead—for out of these a bastard race is sprung,
I curse thy living Zamorese—I curse them, old and young ;
Woman and Child, and stock and stem, I curse them utterly,
If Men there be, twice curse I them—I curse and I defy.

" May senseless things around them be sharers in their lot !
May flowers and trees be withered, may all your harvests rot !
May every stream and fountain be cursed in your plains,
So may the taint of treason be poison in your veins !" &c.

* * * * *

Note XXX. p. 134.

Thomas Carrasco.—In the former part of Don Quixote, the name of this personage is Bartholomeo Carrasco. Pellicer seems to think Cervantes might have designed, by this changing of the name, to express the oblivious nature of Sancho Panza ; but it is no part of Sancho's character to be forgetful or inaccurate about the personages or events of his own vil-

lage. The change only proves that Cervantes wrote rapidly, and had forgotten, when he was composing the Second Part of his romance, what particular Christian name he had bestowed on Carrasco in the First. And a still more striking instance of this occurs in the changing of the name of Sancho's own wife—who is Maria in the one part, and Theresa in the other.

Note XXXI. p. 137.

While the knight went on, he spied a little boat without any oars or tackle, moored by the river side to the stump of a tree, &c.—The remark of Don Quixote, that “this is quite according to the method in the books of chivalry,” is perfectly correct. Amadis of Gaul is walking one day by the sea-side, when he perceives a little bark slowly drifting to the coast. He embarks without hesitation, and soon finds himself called upon to vindicate the Lady Gabrioletta, Governess of Brittainy, from the oppression and cruelty of Balan, “the bravest and strongest of all the giants of all the islands.”—AMADIS, Book IV. Ch. 129. In like manner, his descendant, Amadis of Greece, was walking by a lake, when “behold! by the side of the lake there was fastened a little bark, and in the midst of the great lake there appeared a mighty tower. Amadis of Grecia, without any dread or fearfulness, entered into the little bark, and steered it swiftly towards the tower.”—*Amad. de Grecia*, B. II. C. 47. A similar bark is observed and entered by Olivante, (Book II. C. 1. ;) and Barahona attributes another adventure *ejusdem generis*, to Mandiccardo.

——— “Assi Mandiccardo

Un pequeño barco en la Ribera
De un rio del norte frio
Hallo, y metiole en el, y al mar navega
Ni sabe donde va ni a do camina
En el profundo pielago metido.”

C. I. 70, 1.

Note XXXII. p. 147.

He judged them to be persons of quality, taking the diversion of hawking.—The Spanish word is *alteneria*, which was used to signify, not the ordinary hawking of partridges and the like, but that higher species, of which the heron was the favourite victim. “This kind of chace,” says an old Spanish lexicographer, “is reserved for princes only and great lords.”

Note XXXIII. p. 149.

“Go then, friend Panza,” said the lady, “and tell your master that I congratulate him on his arrival in our territories, to which he is welcome,” &c.—The best of the Spanish annotators on Don Quixote occupies no less than ten or twelve pages, in the attempt to prove that Cervantes meant to represent in the Duke and Duchess, who play so many tricks upon his poor Knight of the Woeful Countenance, two real personages of the Spanish court. He is at great pains to prove, that Don Carlos de Borja, Count de Ficallo, had married, very shortly before the knight’s adventures are supposed to take place, Donna Maria de Aragon, Duchess of Villahermora, in whose right he was possessed of extensive estates upon the banks of the Ebro ; and, among others, of the Signory of Pedrola, on which was an elegant country-seat called *Buenvia*, situated very much as Cervantes describes the Castle of his Duke and Duchess. But all this is a matter in which the English reader would not, it is probable, take much interest.

Note XXXIV. p. 154.

They sprinkled whole bottles of sweet water on Don Quixote, &c.—An instance of the extent to which this southern luxury was sometimes carried, occurs in the old narrative of the procession to the Capitol on the day when Petrarch was invested with the laurel crown. “Tutti i Spagnuoli e tutti gli Napolitani tante acque rosate, lamphe, con molte altre sorte d’odori in un anno non consumono quante furone gettate via quel giorno.”—*Il Solenne Triunfo, &c. Pad. 1549.*

Note XXXV. p. 159.

Don Quixote clapt on a Monteer cap of green velvet, which had been left him by the damsels.—This cap, which can never be mentioned without recalling the memory of Corporal Trim, derived its name from the *monteros* (mountaineers,) *d'Espinosa*, who formed, in ancient times, the interior guard of the palaces of the Spanish kings. It is said, that Sanchica, wife of Don Sancho Garcia, one of the early Counts of Castile, had entered into a plot for poisoning her husband; that one of the mountaineers of the district of Espinosa, who had gained knowledge of the Countess' design, saved the Count's life by revealing it; and that ever after the sovereigns of Castile recruited their body-guard in the country of which this man was a native.

Note XXXVI. p. 159.

Twelve pages, with the gentleman-sewer at the head of them, came to conduct him to supper.—Pellicer says, that at first sight this number of pages may appear excessive; but that, nevertheless, Cervantes gives a very accurate representation of the state of the great Spanish lords of his time. He says, that, in the households of the grandees of this period, there were always two classes of pages—those of *the hall*, and those of *the chamber*. The pages of the hall never entered the room where their master dressed; and when he dined or supped elsewhere than in the great hall, they carried the dishes no farther than the door of the apartment, where the pages of the chamber received them, and placed them on the table. The pages of the hall were armed; they of the chamber, who were in constant attendance on the person of the grandee, were never permitted to wear either dagger or sword. The *maestrosala*, (translated by Motteux, *gentleman-sewer*,) and corresponding to that fine personage of our old English song,

— “ the gentleman-usher, whose carriage is complete,”

was one of the principal officers of the household. The whole of the pages were under his command. It was his business to

instruct them in all page-like accomplishments—"in the method of service—in all the ceremonies of their frequent reverences and genuflexions—in the rules of good behaviour and genteel conversation—exercising over them an absolute dominion, even to whip them if it were necessary." The art of carving formed, of course, one of their principal studies; or, as it was called in those days, the "*Arte del Cuchillo*"—*Art of the Knife*.

Note XXXVII. p. 162.

Don Alonzo de Maranon.—The story which Sancho tells here is a true one, and all the persons he names, it is probable, real. Don Alonzo de Maranon himself was one of the many Spanish gentlemen who accompanied Don Juan of Austria in his expedition to the island of Herradura, in the year 1562, for the purpose of relieving Oran and Mazalquiver, besieged by Hassan Aga, and son of the celebrated corsair Barbarossa. *Tomblique* is the name of a town and very rich district in La Mancha.

Note XXXVIII. p. 172.

Then the damsel that brought the wash-ball fell to work and belathered his beard, &c.—It appears, that Cervantes took the hint of this trick from one which was really played off, not long before, upon a certain Portuguese ambassador, in the house of Don Rodrigo Pimentel, Count of Benevente. The story is told by Zapata in these words: "The Count of Benevente had for his guest a Portuguese ambassador. Now it is the custom of many great lords, when any distinguished stranger comes to visit them, to place no limit to their courtesies, in order that he may magnify their praises thereafter. But the gentlemen, who were about the Count, were not a little disgusted with observing the extravagant attention bestowed by such a man as the Count on this Portuguese Hidalgo; and two of the young pages, in particular, took this method of avenging themselves: The one took a silver basin, and the other towels and soap, and they fell to scrubbing his beard, one day as he sat after dinner; all which he, being ignorant

of the customs of the Castillians, very patiently endured. Until waxing bolder in their impudence, they went so far as to soap his eyes and nostrils, which caused him to make a thousand ugly faces, and at length to suspect some villainy, which perceiving, the Count commanded them to treat himself in the same manner. The Portuguese gentleman, when he saw the Count so treated, was much ashamed of himself for the suspicions that had entered into his mind ; and went his way, rejoicing and extolling the great courtesy of that household. But the pages, although the Count laughed heartily after the Portuguese was gone, were very severely chastised for the trick they had ventured to play."

Note XXXIX. p. 184.

Angel's-water.—This was a favourite cosmetic of the Spanish belles, much used for perfuming gloves, letters, &c. as well as for washing the hair and teeth. It was a distillation from white and red roses, trefoil, lavender, &c. &c.

Note XL. p. 184.

"*Hark ye, (hola) gentlemen,*" said Don Quixote, *very gravely, "pray let him alone,"* &c.—Pellicer remarks, that the use of the word *hola* on this occasion shews what great airs Don Quixote had come to give himself, on seeing how the Duke and Duchess received him. It was a word never used but by masters to their dependents, or by people of very high rank to their inferiors.

Note XLI. p. 191.

I remember one of the ballads tells us, how Don Rodrigo was shut up alive in a tomb full of snakes, toads, and lizards, &c.—Cervantes would scarcely have made this absurd story the subject of conversation between any more intelligent personages, than Sancho Panza and the venerable Donna Rodriguez. Nevertheless, there is something not unstriking in the old ballad to which these interlocutors allude—enough, perhaps, to make it worth the trouble of translation. There is a little difference between the ballad, as it stands in the *Cancionero*, and the copy which Donna Rodriguez quotes ; but I think the

effect is better when there is only one snake, than when the tomb is full of them.

KING RODRIGO'S PENITENCE.

1.

It was when the King Rodrigo had lost his realm of Spain,
In doleful plight he held his flight o'er Guadalete's plain ;
Afur from the fierce Moslem he fain would hide his wo,
And up among the wilderness of mountains he would go.

2.

There lay a shepherd by the rill, with all his flock beside him ;
He asked him where upon his hill a weary man might hide him.
" Not far," quoth he, " within the wood dwells our old Eremite ;
He in his holy solitude will hide ye all the night."—

3.

" Good friend," quoth he, " I hunger."—" Alas !" the shepherd said,
" My scrip no more containeth but one little loaf of bread."—
The weary King was thankful, the poor man's loaf he took ;
He by him sate, and while he ate, his tears fell in the brook.

4.

From underneath his garment the King unlock'd his chain,
A golden chain with many a link, and the royal ring of Spain ;
He gave them to the wondering man, and with heavy steps and slow,
He up the wild his way began, to the hermitage to go.

5.

The sun he had descended into the western sea,
And the holy man was sitting in the breeze beneath his tree ;
" I come, I come, good father, to beg a boon from thee :
This night within thy hermitage give shelter unto me."—

6.

The old man looked upon the King, he scann'd him o'er and o'er ;
He look'd with looks of wondering, he marvell'd more and more ;
With blood and dust distained was the garment that he wore,
And yet in utmost misery a kingly look he bore.

7.

"Who art thou, weary stranger? This path why hast thou ta'en?"—
"I am the wretch Rodrigo, that once was King of Spain;
I come to make my penitence within this lonely place;
Good father, take thou no offence for God and Mary's grace."—

8.

The Hermit look'd with fearful eye upon Rodrigo's face,
"Son, mercy dwells with the Most High—not hopeless is thy case;
Thus far thou well hast chosen, I to the Lord will pray,
He will reveal what penance may wash thy sin away."—

9.

Now, God us shield! it was reveal'd that he his bed must make
Within a tomb, and share its gloom with a black and living snake!
Rodrigo bow'd his humbled head when God's command he heard,
And with the snake prepared his bed according to the word.

10.

The holy Hermit waited till the third day was gone,
Then knock'd he with his finger upon the cold tombstone;
"Good king, good king," the Hermit said, "now an answer give to me,
How fares it with thy darksome bed and dismal company?"—

11.

"Good father," said Rodrigo, "the snake hath touch'd me not,
Pray for me, holy hermit, I need thy prayers, God wot;
Because the Lord his anger keeps, I lie unharmed here;
The sting of earthly vengeance sleeps; a worse pain I fear."—

12.

The Eremite his breast did smite when thus he heard him say,
He turn'd him to his cell, that night he loud and long did pray;
At morning hour he came again, then doleful moans heard he,
From out the tomb the cry did come of gnawing misery.

13.

He spake, and heard Rodrigo's voice, "O Father Eremite,
He eats me now, he eats me now, I feel the adder's bite;
The part that was most sinning my bed-fellow doth rend,
There had my curse beginning, God grant it there may end!"—

14.

The holy man made answer in words of hopeful strain,
 He bade him trust the body's pang would save the spirit's pain.
 Thus died the good Rodrigo, thus died the King of Spain ;
 Wash'd from offence his spirit hence to God its flight hath ta'en.

Note XLII. p. 195.

The very marrow of Michael Verino.—This Michael Verino was the son of Ugolino Verino, a native of Minorca, who obtained reputation by writing poetry in the Tuscan language, and from this circumstance is frequently mentioned as if he had been by birth a Florentine. The son, Michael Verino, (for so he was commonly called, although the family name was properly Veri,) lived chiefly in Spain, and there composed the celebrated *De Puerorum Moribus Disticha*, long familiar to the youth of every country in Europe, and still used as a text book in some of the English schools. He died early, at Salamanca. The Duchess quotes in the text part of his epitaph, writ by Politian. It begins,

“ Michael Verinus florentibus occidit annis,
 Moribus ambiguum major an ingenio,
 Disticha composuit docto miranda parenti,
 Quæ claudunt gyro grandia sensa brevi.”

In Cervantes' days, many of the Spanish ladies of high rank were, like their contemporaries in our own island, well skilled in classical learning—so that there is neither affectation nor pedantry in the Duchess's Latin quotation. Don Quixote, for instance, was written just about the time when the Spanish *Academia domestica de buenas Letras*, received its formation and its statutes from the Countesses of Eril and Guimera.

Note XLIII. p. 199.

The knight, who was courtesy itself, would needs hold the reins of the Duchess's palfrey.—This species of courtesy must be familiar to all the readers of romance. Thus, in Amadis

of Gaul, (c. 121,) we read, that "after the emperor and all the other lords had saluted the queen, they placed her on a palfrey, and the emperor led her palfrey by the rein, and would not suffer that she should dismount, otherwise than into his arms." Mariana mentions, that "when the Infanta Donna Ysabel went forth to ride in the streets of the city of Segovia, the king, her brother, (Henry IV.) *himself held the palfrey by the rein, the more to honour her.*" See Book 24, Chap. 1., where he is treating of the year 1474.

Note XLIV. p. 201.

May Fabila's sad fate be thine,

And make thee food for bears or swine.

The following is the account of "Fabila's sad fate," in the *Chronica Antiqua de Espana*:—"Now the history relateth that the king, Don Favila, was a man most obstinate of purpose; and he was more than any other man a lover of the chase; and one day going furiously hunting on the mountain, it happened to him to perceive a huge wild boar in his lair; whereupon he turned him to those that rode with him, and commanded them that they should stand still, and leave to him alone the boar that he had discovered; and trusting and relying on his own great strength, he went on to contend with the beast, body against body; and it was so, that for his misfortune he was there slain by the boar."—P. 121.

Note XLV. p. 203.

Sancho's proverbs as numerous as a printed collection.—In the original the Duchess says, "Sancho's proverbs are as numerous as those of the *Greek commentator.*" She alludes to a large collection of Castilian proverbs, formed by the learned and jocose Fernan Nunez de Guzman, who derived his title of *the Greek commentator*, from the celebrity of his philological lectures, delivered in the university of Salamanca. His collection was not published till after his death, which happened in 1503. It forms the basis of all subsequent books of the same class in Spain—which, as might be supposed, are not few in number.

Note XLVI. p. 239.

The island of Lizards.—Torquemada, in his *Garden of Flowers*, frequently mentions these islands as receiving damsels and others, exiled for their offences. I suppose they are as real as the personages whom he represents as inhabiting them.

Note XLVII. p. 239.

Antonomasia.—The name of a figure of speech seems to be as much entitled to figure in a romance as many others we find there ; for example, *Sir Kyrie-Eleison*. It is, nevertheless, a little strange, that Don Quixote should not have been startled by its sound ; especially as, a page or two after, we find him talking so familiarly about the knight-errant being an emperor *in potentia*.

Note XLVIII. p. 241.

Thou must know, my Teresa, that I am resolved thou shalt ride in a coach.—I refer the reader, who is not acquainted with the history of our modern vehicles, to Beckman on Inventions, where he will find a very amusing and instructive chapter of coaches. The word is German, and so is the invention. The first coach that appeared in Spain, was that which carried the Emperor Charles V. But the new mode of conveyance suited so well the gravity and ostentation of the Spaniards, that, ere long, coaches drawn by four, six, or even eight horses, became extremely common ; insomuch, that between 1578 and 1622, there appeared a constant succession of royal edicts, restricting the number of horses and of wheels ; all designed, in one way or other, to check the vanity of the citizens of Madrid, who were too desirous of rivalling the equipages of the court. Notwithstanding all this, however, it was long held rather an effeminate thing for a Spanish gentleman to be seen in a coach—and even from the pulpit such things were rebuked with considerable bitterness ; thus, in Father Ramon's *Reformation of Abuses*, published in 1635, we meet with such passages as the following :—"—— But men

with beards ! Men girt with the sword ! It is a shame and a disgrace for *them* to be seen carried about in boxes, instead of breathing the open air, and appearing in the light of day," &c. &c.—P. 306.

Note XLIX. p. 248.

Peter of Provence, and the fair Magalona.—These are the hero and heroine of a romance, originally written in French, but translated into Spanish before the middle of the sixteenth century. The personages are entirely fictitious. The Comte de Tressan published a *Rifacimento* of it in the *Bibliothèque de Romans*, in 1779 ; and there is also a new and amusing edition of it in verse, in the *Bibliothèque Bleue*. The chief incidents, of any interest, are all connected with the flying wooden horse which was framed by Merlin, and had come into the possession of the fortunate Peter of Provence. I have already referred the reader, who is fond of wooden horses, to Chaucer and the Arabian Nights.

Note L. p. 261.

I remember the strange but true story of the Doctor Torralba, who saw the death of the Constable de Bourbon, &c.—Eugenio de Torralba, was a physician by profession. After having studied in Italy, he returned to his native country of Spain, and resided for some time in the court of Charles V. In 1528, at which period Torralba was considerably advanced in life, his devotion to the pursuits of astrology and divination began to excite suspicion, and he was summoned before the Inquisition, where he made a full confession of all his dealings with the devil ; exactly as Major Weir, and many other crazy magicians of our own country, did under similar circumstances, and at a period much less remote.

The most singular of all the stories told by Torralba, in presence of the Inquisitors, is that to which Don Quixote makes reference in the text. Pellicer has printed the original words of the record, which may be translated as follows :

“ Interrogated whether the said spirit, CEREQUIEL, had ever corporally removed him from one place to another, and in

what manner, he made answer in the affirmative ; that being in Valladolid, in the month of May last, (1537,) the said Cequiel had told him that Rome was sacked and entered the very hour that event happened, and that he had repeated what Cequiel told him, and the emperor had heard of it ; but he himself did not believe it ; and the following night, Cequiel perceiving that he would not believe it, persuaded him to go with him, and that he would carry himself to Rome, and bring him home again the same evening. And it was so ; for at four o'clock they both went out of the gates of Valladolid, and being without the city, the said spirit said to him, ' Have no fear ; no ill shall befall you ; take this in your hand ; (*no haber paura ; fidate de me ; que yo te prometo que no tiendras ningun displacer ; per tanto piglia aquesto in mano ;*) and it appeared to him, that the thing which was put into his hand was a knotty stick ; and the spirit said, ' Shut your eyes, Torralba,' (*cerra occhi,*) and he did so ; and when he opened his eyes again, he saw the sea as if it were so near that he could touch it with his hands ; and when he opened them again, he perceived a great obscurity, as if it had been a cloud, and then again a great brightness, from which he was filled with dread and alarm, and the said spirit said to him, ' Fear not, untutored beast'—(*noli timere, bestia fiera,*) and he did so : And so they went on, and in about the space of half-an-hour, he found himself in Rome upon the street ; and the spirit asked him where he thought he was, (*dove pensate che state adesso ?*) and that he told him. That he stood on the *Torre de Nona*, and heard the clock on the Castle of St Angelo strike five ; and that they talked and walked together as far as the *Torre Sant Ginian*, where he saw the Bishop Copis, a German ; and that they saw many houses sacked and pillaged, and observed every thing that was passing in Rome, and then came back in the same manner to Valladolid, (from which he thought he might have been absent in all an hour and a half,) and so he betook himself to his own lodging, which is near the monastery of St Benedict," &c.

There appears to me to be something very striking in the way in which the deluded man tells his story. The strange

jumble of languages he puts into the mouth of the spirit, increases the effect very much ; for it is as if all human tongues were known to the fiend, and as if he would not take the trouble to remember or use any one of them accurately. I think Goethe might not have disdained to take a hint from this for his Mephistopheles—who, scornfully mixing and exposing together, as he does, all the contradictions of human opinion, might, perhaps, have inspired a feeling of something yet more unearthly in his scorn and indifference, by throwing out occasionally such *disjecta fragmenta* of human speech.

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.

EDINBURGH :

Printed by James Ballantyne and Co.

